

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXII. — SEPTEMBER, 1888. — No. CCCLXXI.

PASSE ROSE.

I.

It was well known to all the inmates of the abbey of St. Servais that the abbot was ill, and it was whispered under the arcades of the great cloister and around the wooden tables of the refectory that his illness was unto death, — whisperings which were repeated by the guests in the hospitium and their servants in the monastery stables. It was known also that the monk Hugo, physician to the brotherhood, had exhausted to no purpose the herbs in the physic garden adjoining the dispensary, and that the abbot, who felt himself rapidly failing, had determined, as a last resort and without further delay, to have recourse to the blessed relics of St. Servais.

Many of those gathered about the refectory tables looked to see on this occasion the complete refutation of certain heresies which Hugo had brought from Salerno, touching the efficacy of herbs and potions apart from all intercession of God, invocation of the martyrs, or sprinkling of holy waters. On the other hand, without doubting the power of the martyrs to change the counsels of God, but remembering rather that to all men it is appointed once to die, the entire community were much disturbed by sundry signs and wonders foreshadowing the abbot's end; and the recollection of these marvels filled their thoughts to the exclusion of the sober words which fell from the lips of the reader as they

finished their noonday meal. Indeed, but an hour before, Lehun, the cellarer who drew the wine in the vaults below the larder, having fixed his light, as was his custom, in the iron ring of the pier between the casks, was suddenly enveloped in darkness, although no draught of air nor any other cause whatsoever could be assigned for the extinction of the torch. Thrice had he relighted it, and thrice was it extinguished in the same manner, as those with him also testified. Moreover, on the preceding day, one of the swallows having their nests within the west portal entered the church at the hour of morning vigil, and, after circling the nave at the height of the vaultings, passed suddenly within the veil of the sanctuary, extinguishing with its wings the light burning before the high altar. But most wonderful of all, before the abbot was seriously ill, being but slightly indisposed, and taking his repasts, for that reason, in his own house, while the two brothers who waited on him were serving his table, darkness filled the room where he ate, it being the sixth hour and the sun without shining brightly. Such were the marvels which agitated the minds of the monks, as the reader closed the volume on the pulpit at the sound of the chapel bell, and they rose from the refectory benches.

Meanwhile, the abbot slept on the stone seat in the convent orchard. Thither he had caused himself and his pillows to be carried, and there, to all appearance

unconscious of the agitation of which he was the cause, wrapped in his long robe, he dozed, and woke, and dozed again.

No sound disturbed him. It was the hour between the noon repast and nones, when, stretched on their narrow beds, the monks were given over to meditation and prayer. At the extreme eastern end of the inner precinct, on the very brow of the steep hill overlooking Maestricht, the orchard was removed from the clamor of the great western court without the abbey close, while the noises of the town were at this distance blended in indistinguishable murmurs. In the valley below, the river crept lazily in the bed it had won from the hills. The sun filled this valley with a lucent flood of misty light. It trembled on the hilltops, whose summits emerged as islands from an amber sea; it overflowed the dim horizon, where the river shone like a mirror suspended in mid-air. This was the abbot's favorite seat, under the scattered trees whose fruits gleamed in spots of flame-like brightness, and whose boughs overhung the frail wooden crosses which served to mark for scarce a year the sleeping-places of the dead. It were no wonder if to his weakened sense the breath of the tasseled laburnum exhaled a celestial sweetness, or that the dark verdure of the almond-trees and the scant leafage of the peach-rows appeared radiant with the light that knows neither waxing nor waning. Perchance, dozing among the graves, he mistook the chant which came faintly from the church over the orchard wall for the choir of the world to which he seemed hastening so fast. But as the solemn sounds drew nearer, first in the pillared aisle, then louder under the porch of the parvis, the abbot opened his eyes, listening attentively; and when the orchard gate creaked on its iron hinges, he raised himself on his pillows, and turned his head to the entering procession.

The hour of last appeal had come. The monks had laid aside their frocks, for the labor of the afternoon was suspended, and clad in their church robes they filed through the narrow door, filling the inclosure from the wall to the crest of the hill. One might have thought the occupants of the scattered graves had shaken off their heavy sleep, and stood each beside the bed where he had so long slumbered in silence, to welcome to his place their dying abbot. Four of the brethren lifted the sick man upon a litter; then, resuming the chant, which floated away over the cliff to the city below, the procession slowly retraced its steps.

The great bell in the tower of St. Gabriel, which rang only when the holy relics were exhibited, had already given its warning, and the abbey gates had long been thronged with the sick and the poor. Mothers whose love no deformity of nature could weaken brought their misshapen offspring in their arms; cripples had toiled up the rocky road on their crutches; the blind man, led by the child, held fast to the little hand in the press of the crowd; and one, a mother, had brought her dead babe, hidden in the warmth of her bosom. All these wretched beings, animated by so many hopes, fearful of delay, eager to be nearest the shrine, crowding the leper whose contact they feared, forgetting in their passionate desire the very compassion they invoked, filled the passage from the inner gate to the church, and fought their way up the steps of the porch with a desperate expectation. Those who were fortunate enough to have reached the screen which, just within the door, separated the public from the body of the church, clutching fast the rail to hold their place or withstand the pressure of the throng behind, peered anxiously between the openings of the barrier, their haggard faces pressed against its latticed panels and their lips trembling with rapid prayers.

Within the railing, to and fro before these hungry eyes, paced Friedgis, the abbey porter. His head was tonsured, but in place of the monkish habit he wore a short tunic, girded at the waist by a cord from which hung a bunch of ponderous keys. From time to time he threatened some more daring one of the crowd, who, either pushed from behind or desirous of bettering his position, would have climbed the screen but for the porter's forbidding eye. An old man, whose thin legs trembled under his palsied body, gazed pitifully upon the broad chest, the strong, supple shoulders, the firm, elastic limbs, as they passed back and forth before him, envious of all that beauty which announced the power to execute the desires of the will. The mother with her dead babe sought to attract the porter's eye as it glanced over the surging crowd, in some vague hope of coming nearer to the screen; and a woman whose flushed face contrasted strangely with the pale, sunken cheeks of the mother peered eagerly over the latter's shoulder. Whole of body, her sore was of the heart; for her lover had deserted her, and she had come to summon the aid of the saint to her fading comeliness, and to invoke that vengeance upon another which we so often secretly desire in claiming pity for ourselves.

On the stone floor, between the feet of those in the first row, crouched a girl of extraordinary beauty. The people called her *Passe Rose*. It was neither ill of body nor ache of heart, but only a burning curiosity, that had brought her to the shrine of the martyr. At break of day she had been first at the gate, waiting the hour when the public were to be admitted; and profiting by the momentary absence of the porter, gone in search of the hospitaler, to announce the arrival of merchants having cloth to exchange for the *potus dulcissimus* of the abbey, she had stolen through the door in their train, hoping to find some place

where she might hide till the opening of the gates, and thus enter the church with the first of the multitude. But finding no shelter, she was discovered by the porter on his return, and, seized like a child in his arms, amid the laughter of the merchants and the jeers of their servants, had been thrust without the gate. Notwithstanding this rebuff she had succeeded in reaching the screen, where, treasuring up the insult in her wounded heart, she muttered a curse under her breath whenever her assailant came within sight of her flashing eyes.

Heedless of all these emotions, Friedgis gave hardly a glance to the multitude. If he had cast *Passe Rose* rudely out the monastery gate, it was because the Prior Sergius, when instructing him in the duties of his office, had dwelt long upon this particular, affirming with much emphasis "that as neither David, nor Solomon, nor Adam himself, the perfect work of God, had escaped the caress or deceit of woman, so might one as easily hope to bear coals in his bosom without scorching his vestment as to do what had not been in their power," — instructions which Friedgis had not scrupled to carry out with the disdainful rigor of the Saxon slave who despised the strange conditions of life to which fate had subjected him.

Doubtless the Abbot Rainal, had he not fallen sick immediately on his return from the Saxon campaign on which he had accompanied the king, would have endeavored to bring Friedgis to a more loving service; for every serf of the domain, whether of those who belonged to the land when the king bestowed it upon the abbot, or of the Saxon captives whom the king had distributed among his vassals, knew that the welfare of his soul was the abbot's chief concern. But the Prior Sergius was more easily satisfied on this point, and, having administered baptism to all according to the canons, scrupled little to enlist the body in God's service, whether

the mind were willing or not, — a service which Friedgis, notwithstanding his contempt for a monkish life, executed as porter none the less zealously, and with such impartiality that had it been forbidden the brethren to leave the abbey close he would have thrown the transgressor over the wall with as little compunction as he had ejected the maiden.

Now it happened that when the side door was opened, and the chant of the entering procession began to fill the arches, Friedgis stood in front of *Passe Rose*, hiding from her all that was taking place. For some time she bore patiently with this obstruction of her view, thinking the porter would change his place before the service was over. The minutes passed, and still he did not move. When at last the monks began to chant the *Kyrie Eleison* her patience was exhausted, and after having in vain essayed to reach him with her silver bodkin, furious lest she should miss the moment when the reliquary should be exposed, she spat venomously upon his bare legs. Turning with the rapidity of a panther, Friedgis recognized his assailant, and before she could divine his intention, leaping the rail, he had seized her in his arms, and was bearing her through the press as easily as a ship's prow divides the water. Locked in his grasp of iron, she could not utter a sound, though her nails were deep in his bosom, and, before she realized what was taking place, she found herself once more without the walls, and the gate barred behind her.

While yet panting for breath the gate was reopened, and to her surprise Friedgis appeared again. The frail bodkin was still in her tightly closed fingers, and she clutched it closer, resolved to break it in her enemy's heart; but as he drew nearer she recognized in his hand her necklace of gold, which had become loosened in her struggles.

"Whence hadst thou this?" he asked,

holding it out to her. She extended her hand to take it, speechless with rage. "Answer," said Friedgis, with a gesture of impatience.

"Give it me; it is mine," she said, breathless.

"Answer," repeated Friedgis, advancing a step menacingly.

"Thief! brigand!" gasped *Passe Rose*, claspings her bodkin.

Seeing that he could effect nothing by violence, and fearful of remaining longer absent from his post, Friedgis resorted to persuasion.

"If thou answerest truly, thou shalt return," he insisted coaxingly.

"It is too late," she replied, tears of sullen rage filling her eyes.

"Nay, come," he said briefly.

She followed him, trembling with anger and joy, through the gate to the steps of the porch, crowded with those unable to penetrate within the church.

"Hold firmly," he said, lifting her to his shoulder.

"And the necklace, dear porter?" she whispered in his ear, encircling his neck with her arms.

"If thou wilt come to-night, and knock thrice at the small north gate, I will give it thee," said Friedgis.

"By St. Martin, I will come!" answered the girl quickly.

"Good. Hold fast," he replied; and, forcing his passage to the screen, he deposited her in the place whence he had so rudely torn her.

Careless of the wondering glances of her neighbors, she scanned eagerly the scene before her. The office was finished. The abbot's litter reposed at the foot of the choir stair; beyond, between the parted curtains, stood the reliquary, in front of the altar.

Whatever the record contained in the annals of the monastery of St. Servais, or in what manner soever the relics of its patron saint are therein connected with the wonderful recovery of its abbot, this is what happened: —

Having been transported into the church, whether from the coolness of the air or because the fever approached its natural term, or whether from the virtue of the herbs of Brother Hugo or the sight of the Prior Sergius, who intrigued to be his successor, the worthy abbot felt at the same time both an abatement of his fever and a ravishing sense of slumber; so that even before the reliquary had been brought from the crypt below the choir, the chant of the brotherhood, echoing above his head, between the narrow walls of the clere-story, seemed like the soothing song of a mother, and the voice of the celebrant died utterly away to his hearing. When he awoke, the light reflected from the yellow sandstone walls was gone, and for a long time he searched his memory to explain the star shining so close beside him in the night; till at last, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, he perceived the star to be the lamp of holy oil, and that two brothers watched and prayed near his litter. Remembering then all that had occurred, and recognizing by his refreshment the miracle that had been done, having offered thanks to God, he called to the monk nearest him. The monk, thinking the abbot beyond even the succor of St. Servais, shook with terror at seeing his lips move, so that when the abbot bade him summon the porter to assist in carrying him to his own room, the monk's knees sank under him and refused their support; whereupon his companion, who had also heard the abbot's request, hastened in his stead to the passage which led to the porter's lodging. It was by this passage that Friedgis entered the church to ring the bell for the daily offices. Muttering a prayer as he went, Brother Dominic — for that was his name — hurried down the corridor, and, being in haste, opened the porter's door precipitately, expecting to find the room dark and Friedgis in the sound sleep of midnight.

If from *Passe Rose*, who, faithful to her promise, sat on the edge of the low cot, the apparition of the pale face in its black hood called forth a suppressed shriek of terror, the sight of a woman of such loveliness in the chamber of the porter caused the monk a surprise greater than the devil himself could have effected; and before *Passe Rose* had finished her cry he was flying down the passage, pursued by its echoes.

Now, however opportune for the abbot had been his appeal to the compassion of St. Servais, his return to consciousness was exceedingly ill-timed both for Friedgis and *Passe Rose*; for the latter had not recovered her jewel, nor the former learned how she had obtained it. *Passe Rose*, indeed, had but just come when the appearance of Brother Dominic in the corridor caused her to spring to the door by which she had entered. This door opened into the walk between the church and the hospitium, next to the small gate by which access was had to the abbey close without passing through the great courtyard. Unable to move its heavy bolt, the girl sank upon the floor, convulsed with terror, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the monk had stood.

Friedgis, more concerned for the information he desired than for the consequences of the monk's discovery, in vain endeavored to allay her fear. "Come," he entreated, kneeling beside her and drawing the necklace from his pouch. "What dost thou fear? See, here is thy collar. Tell me who gave it thee." But terror had taken away *Passe Rose's* power of speech. She had even forgotten her jewel, and continued to gaze at the passage as if she still saw the livid face of the monk looking at her from its dark recesses. "I tell thee they shall not harm thee," said Friedgis, closing the passage door and turning its heavy key. "Fear nothing. I will crack them one by one, like fagots, over my knee.

See," he repeated, pressing the necklace into her hand, "here is thy collar."

"Let me go," implored the eyes of *Passe Rose*.

"On my faith thou shalt go. Look." The porter drew back the bolt. "Only tell me first."

As he spoke, footsteps were heard in the corridor. They did not escape the quick ear of the girl, to whom they imparted the energy of a fresh fear. "Save me! save me!" she cried, springing from the floor, and throwing herself upon the porter's neck.

"I will save thee; I will carry thee out myself," said *Friedgis* disdainfully, endeavoring to unlock the girl's arms. "See, we are going." And renouncing all hope of calming her, he lifted her in his arms. "Only tell me where I may find thee. Whisper it in my ear." But while he spoke the arms about his neck relaxed their hold, the head on his shoulder fell back, and the body slid from his grasp. *Passe Rose* had swooned.

Holding his burden as best he could with one arm, *Friedgis* sought to open the door by which the girl had come, and while his hand was on the latch the grating of a bolt was heard in the walk without. He threw his shoulder against the oaken frame.

The door was barred fast on the outer side.

II.

Passe Rose, when any one asked whence she came or who were her parents, lifted her eyebrows as if to say, What difference does that make? But when she chose to be communicative she had good listeners, whether her tale was grave or gay. Her family had fled from the vicinity of Toulon to escape the pest, which, however, overtook both her father and her mother before they reached the confines of Provence. She next appeared with a company of mountebanks and dancers at *Chasseneuil*,

where the king was assembling his vassals to invade Spain. Fluttering like a rose-leaf in the storm, *Passe Rose* was swept along in the throng gathering from Burgundy, Bavaria, Lombardy, and Austrasia to follow the banners of *Karle* beyond the Pyrenees, and reached *Chasseneuil* in season to dance before Queen *Hildegarde* at the Easter fêtes, — a performance of which she boasted proudly, and which she assigned to her sixth year. For while *Passe Rose* knew very well, by counting her rosy fingers, that eighteen and six make twenty-four, this fact taught her no fear and hinted no caution. Life was to her no cup of doubtful flavor, gingerly drunk with an eye on the bottom, but an ocean, over whose sparkling expanse she smiled, her lips at the rim, drinking alike the sweet and the bitter, with that thirst out of whose fullness spring courage and joy.

It would appear that after *Roncevaux* she followed the army northward on its way to quell the Saxon insurrection, but abandoned both it and her mountebanks at the Rhine. It is even possible that she passed into Italy, but this is doubtful, for to follow the itinerary of *Passe Rose* by her descriptions would be to travel over the known world. Certain it is, however, that she came to the fair of *St. Denis* with a company of Frankish merchants, at an age when her mere presence was their fortune; for whether it were pearls or perfumes, Egyptian linen and paper, oil or wine, buyers were plenty within the sound of her laughter and the glance of her eye.

When the fair was over, and the merchants were about to set out for England for purchases of tin and wool, either because they treated her ill, or because she had no desire to travel so far, or perhaps for graver reasons, — for of this matter she would give no account, — *Passe Rose* fled secretly in the night; and going a long way in a thick wood without finding any shelter, she lay down beside a wooden cross near the road,

where, after saying all the prayers she had ever heard, she fell asleep.

Now Werdric, a gold-beater of Maestricht, returning from the fair with two donkeys and a servant, was hastening home to his wife Jeanne, whom he loved above everything else in the world, and with whom he lived in perfect happiness, except — for they had no children, a lack which both sorely lamented. It was all in vain that Jeanne fasted, and that Werdric made a golden image exciting the envy of all who saw it, and which he gave to the church of St. Sebastian; so that, being now old, he thought no more about it, but Jeanne still prayed and fasted. Passing through the wood in the early morning, Werdric was astonished to see so fair a girl sleeping alone in such a place, and descending from his donkey he awoke her, asking where was her home, and if she would go thither with him.

“Willingly,” said *Passe Rose*.

“And where may it be?” asked Werdric.

“It is where thou art going,” said *Passe Rose*.

Thinking that she spoke of some village or hamlet to which they would soon come, he set her upon the servant’s donkey and pursued his way, marveling at her dress, which had silver lacing-cords and a hood lined with vair.

“How far may thy home be?” presently asked *Passe Rose*.

Then Werdric remembered the fasts and prayers of Jeanne, and deemed that God had answered them, — a fact of which Jeanne made no doubt when he told her how he had found the young girl alone and asleep by the roadside, under the cross.

Perhaps it was because she fared so much better with the gold-beater and his wife than with either the merchants or the dancers that *Passe Rose* remained with the former to this day. For Jeanne gave her a chamber above the shop, having a small turret in the corner over-

hanging the street, through whose window of horn one might see in both directions all who passed by or stopped below for affairs of trade. In the chamber was a bed with curtains, a prie-dieu chair with cushions on which were stamped a design of the sun, and a box for clothes, of which *Passe Rose* was very fond, although she had none to put into it except when she was in her bed, — a want, however, which Jeanne soon supplied. For there was nothing the goodwife would not have given her, even to a name. This name — *Theodora* — came to her thought in the middle of the night; but the girl would have none of it, and declared her name was *Passe Rose*. Perhaps this name recalled some vague memories of Provence. Certain it is that when she passed by, it was as a breath from the land of orange, and olive, and rosemary. The hues of the Southern Sea were in her eyes and under the rose-brown flush of her skin; the sound of its waves was in the ripple of her laughter; and the odor of samphire, myrtle, and lentisk, glistening wet in its spray, in her hair.

Nothing would persuade Mother Jeanne, as she might now in good truth call herself, that all this was not the gift of God; and when *Passe Rose* told strange stories or related wild adventures, Jeanne, with a faith undisturbed by such prattle and nonsense, smiled.

It is needless to say that many who passed the goldsmith’s shop were fain to gather this rose, and that many a gallant would have given his life for one of its petals, — “So they say,” laughed *Passe Rose*, knowing also that when the rose drops its petals, then it begins to fade. In a way she loved them all, at once and by turns, and so impartially that one would as soon think to be angry with the sun, which shines upon all, as with her. At all events, she was truthful and sincere. She hated when she hated vigorously and well, and laughed when she laughed from her red lips to

her sandaled feet. If she spat on Friedgis's bare leg, it was because she desired ardently to see the shrine of the blessed St. Servais; and if she whispered softly in his ear, it was because she wished very much for her collar of gold. She wounded pride and she flattered self-love, just as the rain disappoints and the sun cheers, as it were in the very course of nature, with a naturalness and good faith so complete as to disarm all complaint. If selfishness had gotten hold of *Passe Rose*! — ah, that would have been a different matter. Does any one call the sun selfish, even when he hides his face? When a lover tired her, *Aïe! aïe! aïe!* said *Passe Rose*, and, like the sun, went to shine elsewhere.

But the love of *Jeanne Passe Rose* requited. Thus, for a whole year she hoarded every copper denier in her chest, till one morning she set out with three silver sous in her crimson purse, to buy the marten's fur which she knew the dame desired for the border of her dress. On her way she met *Adelhaïde*, sister to Robert, Count of Tours, master of the hunt and of the king's stables; and this lady was attired so richly and had so great a retinue with her that at the sight of such splendor the three silver sous of *Passe Rose* seemed to her of no value. But after *Adelhaïde* had passed by, *Passe Rose* laughed, pressing the pieces together in her hand, and having gotten, by fair words or a fair face, the worth of four sous for three, ran home singing. On her part, the goodwife did all in the power of love to spoil *Passe Rose*; but the latter possessed too sturdy a nature to be far diverted from her own course, — sturdy and willowy, like a young ash in the wood, which sways to the wind, but grows straight upward without bend or flaw.

If one should contrast the safe and quiet life which *Passe Rose* now enjoyed with the troublous period of her early years, it might be thought that she

had determined to close the chapter of her wandering existence, and to order the remainder of her days in sobriety. For with all the pleasures of roving, hunger and cold and harsh words had not been wanting; and like one who, fleeing down a narrow street pursued by enemies, suddenly perceives an open door, and, entering quickly, closes it upon all disquietude, so *Passe Rose* had left all pursuing ills at the place where the goldsmith had found her. Such, however, is human nature that no sooner are former evils passed away than those which are present call to mind the pleasures which disappeared with them, filling the heart with regrets and sighs. *Passe Rose* was not discontented, but in her new condition new hopes and ambitions assailed her. She had put aside her mountebank's dress even to the armlets of Greek coin whose jingle made once such pleasing music in her ears; and with the garments which *Jeanne* gave her she had put on the disdain for her former companions which every good citizen felt, however eagerly they might flock to witness jugglers' magic or feats of dancers' skill. Only, while *Jeanne* despised their mode of life and did not hesitate to call them children of Satan, *Passe Rose* despised their condition. As to their mode of life, it pleased her well, for liberty was its motto; and this liberty itself, as well as the love of it, she carried in with her to her retreat when she closed the door. But whatever the plans she cherished or the hopes she nourished, her laugh was as merry and her hand as ready as ever. There was no menial labor she scorned to do, nor any courtly service she hesitated to demand. *Jeanne* herself scarce knew when to wonder most: whether when, in the kitchen, *Passe Rose* made savory pasties of cream and pounded almonds and pistachios, or when, having put on her favorite dress, fastened close about the waist and wrists, she went out to take the air. For being the gift of God,

how should she know the best flour was of the second grinding, or that jelly of apple was the better for rosewater, which on the other hand impaired the flavor of quince? Moreover, *Passe Rose* brought from God knows where new inventions: comfit of purslane, marchpane of honey and the white of eggs, and frumenty with poppy seeds. "Who ever heard of fennel in cheese!" Jeanne exclaimed; or, "Balm of mint in the soup, indeed!" she cried, opening wide her eyes. But *Werdric* smacked his lips, declaring such cheese and such broth were never tasted in *Maestricht* before.

As for the manner in which *Passe Rose* wore her apparel, it was not strange that Jeanne wondered; for however simple it was, whether because of her girlish beauty or her unconsciousness, the Lady *Adelhaide* herself was not so agreeable to the sight. So that while the knowledge *Passe Rose* had of household affairs caused Jeanne surprise, her knowledge of the art of dressing caused Jeanne fear. For it was neither right nor safe that the daughter of a goldsmith, selling at retail for the worth of two sous, should have a finer mien than the sister of the master of the king's horse. Be that as it may, it is sure that *Passe Rose*, unworthy as she thought the condition from which she had escaped, saw none above her to which she might not attain. If the sunlight is not altogether free, yet if the king's window be open it will enter without leave. Had not the slave *Ingonda* become *Clothar's* wife? Had not *Haribert* of *Paris* raised *Merofleda*, the daughter of a wool-comber and *Theodehilda*, the shepherdess, to his throne? And did not *Hilperic*, king of *Neustria*, choose *Fredegonde* from among the women of the royal service, and marry her with the ring and denarius, according to the laws of the Franks, thus making her his queen? So *Passe Rose*, when she walked abroad, without fixing her eyes upon any individual star, saw them

all, none the less, and the songs which related these events lingered in her ear longer than the chantings of the monks of *St. Servais*, which sometimes floated down from the abbey hill among the busy people of *Maestricht*. Yet for all her shortcomings Jeanne's love for her grew with the years, and although accurate comparisons are impossible in view of the uncertainty surrounding her previous career, it is quite likely that *Passe Rose* herself improved vastly. It is so much easier to begin a new life with new friends and fresh faces.

III.

So curiously in this world are trifles linked to things of moment that if *Passe Rose* had not known somewhat of cookery she would never have been imprisoned with *Friedgis* in the abbey of *St. Servais*. For it happened one morning, as she watched the spit turning before the fire, that she said to Jeanne:—

"In my country there grows an herb, in the wet places of the wood, very fit to serve with roasts and all kinds of sauces."

"What is its name?" asked Jeanne, at that very moment preparing the basting.

"I know not its name," replied *Passe Rose*, "but I know it well when I see it; and if thou likest, to-morrow we will search for it in the wood beyond the river."

And although Jeanne had great fear of the wood fays, she promised to go the following day, after exacting from *Passe Rose* the pledge that she would not trouble the pools, should they chance to come upon a wood spring. So in the early morning they set out, with an osier basket for the herb and a vial of blessed water for the fays.

Nothing was sweeter to *Passe Rose* than freedom. When the gate was passed and the walls of the town were

behind her, she was as one who has recovered her patrimony. The sunlight entered at every pore; the rills running under the cresses by the roadside and the flowers distilling perfumes in the shade whispered to her, "We are yours;" and she, seeing everything, hearing everything, answered with a familiar nod or smile all these signs and tokens, like a proprietor going over his estates. Jeanne must needs stop to inquire of every fowler they met the price of his starlings, and whether the quail were yet full fledged; of the fisherman at the river-bank whether any pike had been taken in his net, and what barbels would fetch a pound; and of the miller, whose water-wheel was midway on the bridge, what was the grinding-tax this year. "At last!" cried *Passe Rose*, when all these obstacles were passed. "Mother of God, defend us!" sighed Jeanne, thinking of the fays. Indeed, at the border of the forest Jeanne declared she could go no farther, that breath failed her, that the clouds boded rain, — in short, that she was no longer young and able to walk such a distance, but would wait in the open field till *Passe Rose* should return. So the latter, who neither lacked breath nor feared the rain, and would not be dissuaded, went into the wood alone. When she returned her basket was empty, her cheeks flushed with flame, and about her neck was a collar of gold.

It is certainly strange that *Passe Rose*, who when she danced before Queen Hildegard neither felt abashed nor was confused, should stammer and cast down her eyes before Jeanne, who was nothing but a little wrinkled old woman, with a vial of blessed water in her pouch. But so it was, and at the questions which assailed her she faltered and turned away, till at last she declared boldly that the collar was given her by a fay. Having made this assertion, her tongue was loosed and hesitancy disappeared: for the first step it is that costs; only

let this be taken, necessity and invention will manage the rest.

She told Jeanne that after searching far and wide she came to a spring which trickled over a mossy stone into a pool, and that while she sought the herb about the water's edge she saw a golden comb (Oh, *Passe Rose*!) lying among the wet leaves of an ivy branch. No sooner had she taken it in her hand than she heard wailing and sobbing, and, looking up, saw the fay, with no other garment than a veil, clasped about the waist by a girdle of gold, wringing its hands, and beseeching her to yield up the comb. "Then said I," continued *Passe Rose*, "'If I give thee the comb, thou wilt bewitch me with thy breath.' 'Nay,' replied she, unloosing her belt; 'only give me my comb, and thou shalt have my girdle, which is a charm against all fairy power so long as thou hast it clasped on thy neck.'" (Oh, *Passe Rose*!) "'Give me first the belt, then,' said I. So she gave it, and when I had fastened it I put back the comb between the leaves and ran. For this reason am I hot, and my power of speech is gone."

This and much more of the same sort she told and repeated to Jeanne, till, like one who sees a patch of shadow afar on the plain, and at one moment thinks it a tower, and at the next is ready to swear it to be a tree, she began to waver in her own mind between the false and the real, almost ready to put faith in her own words. But this was not at all the tale she told to Friedgis; for just as the sun sometimes shines fiercely on the tower till every line and angle of its stones stands out among the trees, and sometimes with mists and shadows confuses tower and trees together, so *Passe Rose* disclosed to Friedgis what she had concealed from Jeanne; and as sometimes, shining neither fiercely nor faintly, but obliquely, the sun shoots a slanting ray which illumines but a part of the tower, and leaves the

rest in the trees' shadow, so it were best to follow *Passe Rose* herself into the wood, lest, trusting only to what she revealed to *Friedgis*, some doubt should still linger as to what there transpired.

Albeit the great forest lying between *Maestricht* and *Aix* was well known to be the abode of fays (which were none other than Frankish princesses who had refused the religion of Christ), besides dwarfs even more venomous, and although the spirit of *Fastrada*, the wicked queen who had bewitched the heart of *Karle*, wandered here nightly in search of her magic ring, and although it was neither Saturday nor Sunday, evil days for all evil spirits, yet *Passe Rose* entered the gloomy shadow of the trees fearlessly. For a long time she sought faithfully for the herb among slender stems and powdery leaves, in the dark places where the wood-lilies delight to grow, under the junipers and pines whose resinous breath the violets love, in wet patches of woolly moss wherein her feet sank to the cross-bandage of her sandals; lifting every leaf which might hide her quest, turning aside for no vine which barred her way, till, discouraged in her search, she gave it over altogether, and began to fill her basket with beechnuts, and seek for the late strawberries nodding among feathery shoots of grass and mould of last year's leaves.

While thus engaged she heard the faint blast of a horn, and, setting down her basket, listened. Presently she heard it again, nearer this time, and now its mellow echoes were lost in the quick, short bark of hounds. *Passe Rose* began to listen in good earnest, half rising to her knees and sitting back on her heels, her lips parted as if they could assist her ears to locate the place whence the sounds came. The intermittent cry of the dogs became more distinct, the blast of the horn was mingled with the shouts of men, and in the pauses came the sharp snap of a dead branch or the

crash of young summer trees, till the beat of her heart grew loud and fast in her ears, like the muffled sound of the grouse's wing when he calls to his mate from the thick copse. Tales of the fierce *urus* and savage boar rose to her mind, and, overturning her basket of nuts, she sprang to her feet, seeing already in every dark thicket the cruel tusk or foaming mouth of some desperate beast, and bewildered by the gathering storm of sounds. So near were they now, and on every side, that if she had stopped to weigh the evidence she would not have been able to take a single step; but fear got the better of reason, and not knowing whither she went, holding fast, in her terror, to her empty basket, she fled between bush and tree wherever an open space beckoned her.

Whether because *St. Martin*, upon whom she called only on grave matters, was otherwise occupied, and *St. Servais* liked not to be thought second even to *St. Martin* himself, *Passe Rose*, invoking the aid of each alternately, thought herself abandoned by both; for at the very instant that a crash in the thicket before her drained the last drop of blood from her heart and all remaining strength from her limbs, her feet caught in a trailing vine, and she fell headlong. But as often, when the saints abandon us, we discover some hidden power of our own, so *Passe Rose*, caught like a sheep by the fleece in a thorn-bush, and expecting nothing but certain death, thought herself suddenly of the knife she carried to loosen the roots of the herbs, and, grasping it tightly in her hand, closed her fingers about the haft with the nervous determination of one brought to bay. Great, then, was her surprise, on lifting her head from the ferns and stems where she had fallen, to see a youth, mounted on a black horse, and gazing at her with a surprise equal to her own.

This youth was no other than *Gui of Tours*, son of *Robert*, Count of *Tours*,

and master of the king's hunt. This, indeed, *Passe Rose* did not know, but certain other things she discovered in less time than they can be told, namely: that he was of middle height, neither too heavy nor too slender, sitting well on his horse, and light of foot; that the hand which held the rein could hurl a spear adroitly and lance a javelin far; and that neither peril, nor thirst, nor hunger could turn his step aside from what his heart desired. All this she saw while the youth was dismounting from his horse and approaching her.

"Art thou hurt?" he inquired eagerly.

"Nay," she replied, regaining her feet, and shaking the leaves and mould from her dress as a bird shakes the dew from its wings.

"Surely thou art hurt," he repeated, stooping to look into her downcast eyes, for her cheeks were flushed with running and her bosom heaved.

"Nay; give me my basket, and let me go."

Such liquid eyes he had not seen nor heard such soft Roman speech since he marched against *Arigisus*, through the orchards of *Campania*.

"Go thou shalt, and where thou wilt, but I with thee; for if the stag turns there will be need of my spear."

"Thou wilt lose the hunt," objected *Passe Rose*, recovering her composure, and fixing upon him her brown eyes. His were an honest blue, and his skin fresh as an apple, without speck or flaw.

"I will not leave thee so for all the stags in France!" exclaimed the youth hotly.

"Set me, then, on thy horse," laughed *Passe Rose*, "for I think my ankle is sprained."

Alarm had died out of her eyes and confusion from her voice, but the flush that disappeared from her cheek seemed to rise on his. He called the horse to his side, and, holding the stirrup till her foot was secure, would have lifted her to the saddle; but she, grasping with one

hand his lancewood spear, sprang lightly to her seat, while the horse, docile enough before, feeling now a rider on his back, and hearing the noise of the hunt drifting away, began to chafe and tremble.

"Never fear," said *Passe Rose* assuringly. "Only do thou hold the bridle, for the branches are low."

Urged forward by the impatience of the horse, the youth had all he could do to check its speed and guide its way through the thick wood, while *Passe Rose*, bending now this way, now that, to avoid the branches, smiled whenever he turned to look at her winsome face and lissome form.

Mastering at length the confusion which tied his tongue, "What is thy name?" he asked.

"*Passe Rose*. And thine?"

Either her question was so sudden or her name so strange that he stammered over his own in reply; and then there was silence till the wood began to open, the sunlight to enter more freely, and between the trees appeared the fields of grain.

It was then that *Passe Rose* bethought herself of *Jeanne*, and sliding from the saddle to the ground said, "My mother is here waiting, and the way is clear. Give me my basket, and I will give thee thy spear;" and holding it out in her hand, "I thank thee much," she added.

"Where shall I find thee again?" asked *Gui*, recovering his speech at the thought of seeing her no more.

"It is very hard, — the world is so wide," laughed *Passe Rose*.

"Every bee that roves in the wood has somewhere a nest" —

"Which he hides lest the wild bear steal the comb," interrupted *Passe Rose*.

"I am no wild bear for thee," the youth retorted impetuously, unclasping at the same time the bracelet he wore on his arm. "But if ever thou hast need of the bear's claws, send me this token, and by the faith of *Gui* of *Tours*" —

"It is too large," interrupted *Passe Rose* again, looking from her arm to the band of gold.

"For thine arm, indeed, but see!" and passing the collar about her neck, he essayed to fasten the clasp at her throat.

Now it was impossible to fasten this clasp while looking into *Passe Rose's* eyes, and for this reason, doubtless, *Passe Rose*, losing patience at his clumsy fingers, pushed them aside, and clasped it deftly with her own; so that while the king's captain, the point of whose spear could find the heart of the stag in flight, was marveling that the clasp would not hold, the eyes into which he looked disappeared, and *Passe Rose* herself vanished with the rapidity of a startled deer.

IV.

Unknown to herself, the account which *Passe Rose* gave to *Jeanne* of the acquisition of her collar had made such an impression upon her mind that on recovering from her swoon in the porter's cell, being still afraid but not yet remembering why, conscious that something had transpired but not yet recollecting what, she murmured, "This had not happened had my collar not been lost." Then seeing it was *Friedgis*, and not *Jeanne*, who bent above her, a faint blush rose to her cheek and a smile passed through her eyes. Whether she smiled at mistaking *Friedgis* for *Jeanne* and blushed at repeating a lie to no purpose, or blushed to find herself alone with *Friedgis* and smiled at being entrapped in her own invention, there is no way to know; for immediately on raising her head from the couch on which she lay, the room began to swim once more, and, falling back again, both the smile and the blush vanished.

"It is better to lie still," said *Friedgis*, watching her. "There is nothing to fear."

Passe Rose, finding that by obeying this injunction she could open her eyes without dizziness, lay still, examining *Friedgis* attentively.

"I was not afraid," she said presently.

Friedgis smiled.

"I was only startled," she added, continuing her examination.

With the return of her strength came the pangs of curiosity. A hundred thoughts and questions succeeded each other. Who is he? Whence does he come? What grave eyes he has! How blue the veins on his arms,—and what arms! What can he wish with my collar? What does he think of me? Are there no women in Saxony? And although these arms had handled her roughly, the eyes imparted a sense of security. A feeling of confidence, mingled with a desire to strike a spark from the steel, possessed her. She had seen many of the Saxon prisoners dispersed in bands throughout the kingdom, and in spite of his shaven head had guessed his nationality aright.

Thus they gazed at one another in silence. For the first time the Saxon looked into the eyes of the South,—limpid, eloquent, idolatrous. *Frisia* had none such among its fens and snows, under its sad northern sky. Had the blood returning to her cheeks burst its channels, that it should suffuse itself, like the violet lustre of the sea, under the transparent skin?

Rising from his seat, *Friedgis* took a cup from a sort of embrasure in the thick walls, and filled it from a black jar. "Drink," he said, offering it to her.

"Great northern wolf!" said *Passe Rose* to herself, sitting up on the edge of the couch, and looking over the rim of the cup as she drank, "what kind eyes thou hast!"

"Hast thou my collar?" she asked, returning the cup. "I must go."

He took it from his tunic and handed it to her, draining at a draught the hy-

dromel left in the cup, while she fastened the collar about her neck.

Having adjusted the collar and shaken out her dress, *Passe Rose* went to the door.

"Thou canst not pass that way," said he; "it is barred on the other side." He looked to see the color die out of her cheek again; but *Passe Rose* only opened wide her eyes as the remembrance of what had taken place returned, and, resuming her seat on the couch, looked gravely into his face.

"What is to be done?" she asked energetically.

For an answer *Friedgis* moved aside a wooden bench in the corner of the room, and, lying on his back upon the floor, pushed with his feet one of the large stones forming the outer wall. The stone, from which the adjoining cement had been loosened, receded slowly, and suddenly fell with a dull sound on the ground without, leaving a black hole through which the night air entered.

"Is it far?" asked *Passe Rose*, who needed no explanation of this proceeding.

"The height of a man."

"Do thou go first," she said, peering on her knees through the opening, and hearing indeed the rustle of the leaves without.

Sitting on the floor in front of her, *Friedgis* made no reply to this proposition. His eyes were fixed upon the necklace, and *Passe Rose* saw plainly that she had first to answer some questions. To this, however, she offered no remonstrance, merely sliding from her knees into a sitting posture, and leaning her head against the wall. She had no intention of repeating the story of the golden comb, much as she prided herself upon the sharpness of the bargain she drove with the fay; but she did meditate between the truth and some new invention, better suited to the occasion.

"What is that to thee?" she said, answering his look.

Friedgis seemed to hesitate between prudence and desire.

"Is it thine, perchance?" asked *Passe Rose* ironically, urging him gently on.

He looked at her distrustfully for a moment; then rose to his feet, walking slowly to and fro in the narrow room without paying any heed to her, as if turning over some serious question in his mind. The feeble flame floating on the oil scarce reached *Passe Rose*. One would not have seen her at all but for a gleam which flashed now and then in the corner, from the polished surface of the jewel, when she moved. She knew that she had only to wait; but it taxed her patience sorely that a man should dally and turn like a sluggish stream in the meadow, which is sure after all to come to the sea. For *Passe Rose* made up her mind without delay, — like a mountain brook that leaps straight out from the crest of wood, and shoots the cliff at a single bound.

Suddenly, when near her, the Saxon stopped.

"Hast thou seen the sea?" he asked abruptly.

She nodded assent.

"But thou knowest not its boundaries. Beyond *Strandt* there is the sea. Beyond *Fossetisland* — the sea. Beyond *Anglia* — still the sea. Will the keel which follows the north wind along the sands of *Frisia* return again to its haven in the *Elbe*, like a swallow following the lake's margin? Surely its waves have space enough wherein to sport. Wherefore, then, are they so greedy, that they should call to the winds, saying, 'Come! here is a green land glad with flocks: let us devour it'? Then the winds gather the mist maidens, the waves hurl themselves upon the coast, the rivers, beaten back, overflow, the fields become a marsh, the flowers swim, the trees rock, and the sea, rejoicing in their fall, covers all things."

Passe Rose from her corner regarded him with increasing interest. What had this to do with her collar? Moreover, the sea which she knew did not behave in this manner.

"It is thus thy people have wasted Saxony. Is the bridge of heaven so small that they cannot breathe,—that they must creep from the Rohr to the Weser, and overflow the Weser to the Elbe? The grass which the flocks cropped is soaked with blood, the plains smoke, the altars of the gods are thrown down. Of what avail the gods, if they do not hear! Henceforth they are nothing to me. Does Freya listen? Does Odin see?"

"Peste," thought Passe Rose, carried away by this eloquence, "it is true."

"If I return thither, who will say to me 'Brother,' or 'Friend'? The people are scattered as leaves, the sword is broken, and Frankish women wear the jewels of the Saxon maidens."

"I am no Frank!" exclaimed Passe Rose indignantly, and coloring under his gaze. "My collar is no spoil, but a free gift. If it is thine"—She unclasped it quickly, and held it out to him.

"Tell me whence thou hast it," replied Friedgis disdainfully, "that I may find her to whom it belonged."

Passe Rose had to all appearances anticipated this refusal, for she was already refastening the collar about her neck. Her fingers proved as clumsy as those of Gui in the wood, and thus occupied she had time to reflect upon her answer. Living with the goldsmith, who had examined the fay's girdle and pronounced it of Greek workmanship, she had devised a very natural explanation of the manner in which it came into her possession; but being of a generous nature, which opened readily at the sight of misfortune, and having a devouring curiosity to reach the bottom of all mysteries, she put this temptation aside, and answered honestly that she had found it in the wood of Hesbaye. Thereupon

she related how she had gone thither to gather herbs on a day when the king hunted; and how one of those who followed the hunt, being thrown from his horse, which fell in a thorn thicket, had left the collar on the ground, it having doubtless been loosed by the fall; and that she, hastening homeward from the place where she lay concealed, had seen it glistening among the leaves. On finishing her tale, Passe Rose leaned back against the wall in the shadow.

Friedgis looked at her no longer; disappointment had succeeded the interest with which he had first listened, and he turned away.

"Is the maid of thy kin?" asked Passe Rose, watching him.

He turned again, and their eyes met.

"Aie!" she cried, leaning forward and clapping her hands; "maid or wife, thou lovest her well." The Saxon frowned, but Passe Rose saw only the color which rose to his cheek. "Was she also made prisoner with thee?" she asked eagerly. "Where sawest thou her last?"

"At Ehresberg, where the spoil was divided." He had sat down on the edge of the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

"At Ehresberg?" repeated Passe Rose. "Ay,"—prolonging the word with a sympathetic sigh, and nodding in token that she understood everything. "And then—ye were scattered as leaves." Suddenly her face kindled. "Wouldst thou know where the maid is?" She had risen to her feet, and touched him on the shoulder. He lifted his head, looking at her incredulously. "Listen. There is a blind woman who sits in the porch of the church of St. Sebastian, of whom the people say that she hath power to see what those who have eyes cannot discover, and that for a copper piece she will tell in good Latin speech whatever one desires to know. Tell me only the maid's name, for I have two silver sous in my chest"—

He hesitated, and the eager expression on her face changed to one of disappointment, the red lips pouted disdainfully, and, shrugging her shoulders, she was about to turn away, when Friedgis seized her by the arm.

"Stay! Her name is Rothilde."

"Rothilde?" repeated Passe Rose softly under her breath; then turning full upon him her large eyes, "I like thee well," she said, with a candor so sincere that the Saxon's heart warmed towards her. "Thy hand is heavy, and thou shoulderedst me yesterday as I were a miller's sack, but I believe thee as I would not the prior himself, and as sure as my name is Passe Rose I will not fail thee. Look!" she exclaimed, drawing a small dagger from her bosom. "When I came for the collar I said, 'I will have mine own, though it be in the wolf's den.' Take it; with thee I have no use for it; keep it till I come again."

Friedgis looked at her in amazement. There was not a trace of coquetry in her manner.

"Thou art not afraid."

"True," she replied, replacing the dagger in her dress, as she recollected

the lonely road from the abbey to the town. "Give me now thy cord."

"There is no need. Hold my hand, and thy feet will touch the ground."

"But the stone," said Passe Rose.

He loosed the cord from his waist, and without further delay the girl slid, feet foremost, through the opening, holding fast to his hand.

"For whom didst thou make this hole?" she asked, as she was about to disappear.

"The wolf has two holes to his den," replied Friedgis.

Passe Rose laughed. "Let go thy claws,—my feet touch,"—and he loosed her hands.

She secured the rope about the stone that he might draw it up in its place, and while thus occupied imitated softly the note of the cuckoo.

"Didst thou hear the cuckoo calling in the wood?" she whispered, standing tiptoe on the stone. "Listen for it again in three days' time. But stay thou here. They have shaved thy head; the next time they will slit thine ears. Farewell."

Then he heard the sound of her feet running on the road.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A WEEK IN WALES.

SHOULD it be the English Lakes, or North Wales? We were in Chester, and it was the week of the Queen's Jubilee. London was not to be thought of. To-morrow would be the great day itself, and even this staid old town, with its historic walls and towers, its queer "Rows," of which no description can convey an adequate idea, its picturesque streets and ancient houses, was alive with pleasant turmoil and excitement.

That night, at twenty minutes to ten,

I stood at my window in the Grosvenor, looking up at the dark spires of the cathedral. There was no moon and the street lamps were not yet lighted, nor were my candles. Yet I found by actual experiment that I could read common newspaper print with perfect ease, such is the length of the English twilight.

There was little sleep for Chester that night. Eastgate Street, and doubtless all the other streets, were alive with surging crowds, shouting and cheering, and

singing Jubilee songs. "God save the Queen! God save the Queen!" was the burden of them all. Jubilee cakes and Jubilee candies filled the shop-windows, to say nothing of flags, medals, and souvenirs of all sorts, from a pin-cushion to a diadem. The Queen's plain, matronly face greeted one at every turn, generally rising above the black robes she most affects, lightened only by the blue ribbon of the Garter. But occasionally might be seen a more ambitious attempt at portraying the splendors of royalty. Imagine her Majesty in a bright red gown, crowned and bejeweled to the last degree!

Towards morning Chester went to bed, and we fell asleep, only to be awakened at dawn by the chiming of the cathedral bells, almost in front of our windows. It was worth waking for, — to lie there in a half-dream, and hear the liquid music soar, and swell, and die away, at last, in strains too sweet for earth. In the afternoon there was a Jubilee service for the children, for which tickets were kindly sent us. Chester is one of the smaller cathedrals; yet on that occasion, though only the south transept was used, seven thousand children and many grown people were seated in its wide spaces.¹ The children did most of the singing, led by the trained choir and the great organ; and when the full chorus of fresh young voices rolled out grandly in the hymn,

"Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod,"

the effect was overpowering. It would have been overwhelming anywhere, that mighty river of song; but there, in that hoary cathedral, whose vaulted aisles had echoed with the sound of prayer and psalm for twelve hundred years, it was as resistless as the waves of the ocean. "Where the saints have trod"?

¹ Perhaps it should be stated that this transept is exceptionally large, — nearly as large as

Were they saints, those old monks? Not all of them. They were men of like frailties with ourselves; and the good and bad mingled in monastery walls, in what we call the dark ages, as in city streets to-day. But there were grand and saintly souls among them, who labored zealously, according to their light, for God and man. We had paced their cloisters, treading in the very imprints of their feet. We had loitered in their green, secluded closes. We had listened for the lingering cadence of their laughter in the vaulted Monk's Parlor, and in the chapter-house we had touched reverently the books they read and the missals from which they prayed. We had looked down the long, narrow vista of the scriptorium. Here, hour after hour, had the cowed heads bent over the parchment books the deft hands were illuminating with such fine tracery of leaf and flower. Perhaps the very ivies that were casting such flickering shadows on its gray arches were the direct descendants of those that dallied with "the winds that blew a thousand years ago." Who could deny it? We had wandered through the murky crypt, where their ashes lie; and one of us had found, with the aid of the verger, the initials of an old fourteenth-century abbot, S. R., entwined in the foliage of one of the carved capitals in the nave, — said abbot being, according to tradition, a far-off kinsman of her own. Afterwards, she was shown reverently, in one of the cloisters, a blackened, mutilated slab that had once covered his grave or coffin, on which the S. R. appeared again, cleanly cut, as if fresh from the graver's hand.

Charles Kingsley was for some years a canon of Chester, and the friendly vergers had many stories to tell of him and his doings. It was for his sake, in part, that we planned to go in a row-boat to Eaton Hall, thinking that per-

the nave itself, — and is known as the Church of St. Oswald.

haps we, as well as the boatmen, might still hear his Mary

“call the cattle home
Across the sands o’ Dee.”

All the rest of the folk who wished to shun London till the hurly-burly of the Jubilee was over seemed to be going to the Lakes. So Saint Katharine and I decided on North Wales, thus avoiding the whole crowd of tourists. Conway being our first objective point, we took the Chester and Holyhead section of the London and Northwestern Railway, which runs along the shores of the river Dee and the Irish Sea, of which, in fact, the river is itself an arm. The glimpses of scenery to be caught from the flying train are exquisitely picturesque, and we two lone women could not quite control our expressions of pleasure, even though a dignified Welsh gentleman sat at the other end of the compartment, absorbed in a newspaper. Now occurred one of the small delights of travel that it is so pleasant to recall afterwards; and once again we were compelled to congratulate ourselves on having chosen the sociable and friendly rep of the second class car, rather than the more exclusive plush of the first. Our fellow-passenger laid down *The Times*.

“I see you are interested in our Welsh scenery, ladies,” he said. “Pray exchange seats with me. The views from this side are much the finer, and it is all an old story to me.”

An intelligent man is really a much more interesting traveling companion than the very best guide-book; especially when he is good enough to show you a thousand points of interest, — little things that the guide-book grandly ignores, or that you would be sure not to recognize in the hurry of the moment. If it had not been for our new friend, we should hardly have noticed the chimneys of Hawarden, or strained our eyes in the attempt to see the house itself, hidden in its nest of greenery. But we

did see the unpretentious parish church where Mr. Gladstone often reads the service, to the edification of himself and others. If it had not been for our friend, too, we should have had occasion to go lamenting all the rest of our days that we had passed without knowing it the ruins of Flint Castle, where Richard held the memorable interview with Boilingbroke, and sighed to be “great as his grief, or lesser than his name.” It stands, what there is left of it, on a rugged hill, through which we swept in a tunnel, so that “the rude ribs of that ancient castle” were directly over our heads, and its “tattered battlements” loomed above us as we emerged into the sunlight again. The ruins of feudal castles that meet one at every turn in Wales are patent reminders that the whole land was long a bone of contention between two rival nations, and that here, time after time and generation after generation, the English kings summoned their men-at-arms in a vain attempt to subdue the valorous Welsh, secure in their mountain fastnesses. But the stronger won at last. Beautiful indeed was Gwrrych Castle that afternoon, in its setting of emerald woods, — a stately pile of cream-colored stone, with many towers and turrets, and a mountain for a background. It is a human habitation, not a ruin, and belongs to the Marquis of Mostyn. Very near it is Abergele, once the home of Mrs. Hemans. Modern “culture” does not thoroughly approve her of whom her greater sister in song, Mrs. Browning, said, “She never wronged that mystic breath, which breathed in all her being.” But those of us who are old enough to remember the days when it was allowable to read and admire her cannot fail to have noticed the strong hold Welsh history and Welsh legends had upon her imagination.

At Old Colwyn, “our Welsh friend,” as we like to call him, having no other name to know him by, pointed out to us

his own home on the hillside, divided with us a great bunch of white carnations he was carrying to his wife, shook hands with us cordially, and departed, smiling and lifting his hat as he vanished round the corner. How easy it is to do kindly things, if one only wants to!

Soon we rolled into what we more than once heard called the "stupid" town of Conway. The omnipresent porter took our luggage, and we walked a short distance to the Castle Hotel.

Conway is headquarters for the Royal Cambrian Society of Art. We wondered if that fact, or its having a landlady of artistic proclivities, accounted for the pictures, mostly oil-paintings, which covered the walls of our inn. The coffee-room and halls were lined with them, and the chambers held the overflow. In our hostess's private parlor, Kensington embroidery, old china, painted door-panels, painted milking-stools, etc., had a strangely familiar air, showing that Wales, like America, is in the march of progress. If we could only have found a decorated rolling-pin, we should have been happy. But in a conspicuous place hung two or three sketches of American scenery by Thomas Moran, sent to our hostess, as she was proud to say, by the artist himself, who had been for weeks a guest of the house. One morning, when we went down to breakfast, we found in the coffee-room an old gentleman and his wife: she, a tall, angular person, with her hair combed low on her cheeks, and then carried up over her ears, a huge cap with purple ribbons, and a gown that looked like a fifty-year-old fashion-plate; he, a curious figure that might have stepped bodily out of one of Dickens's illustrated pages. He was prowling about the room with an eyeglass, grumbling because his breakfast was not served, and venting his spleen upon those unfortunate pictures. "Abominable! Atrocious!" he kept exclaiming with a snort. "And I suppose, my dear, there are people who call

this *art*!" But why need he have given the things so much attention? It is well to know when to shut one's eyes. There were lovely flowers on the table, for which he had neither glance nor word.

The thing we had come to Conway to see was the castle. But on the principle of leaving the best till the last, we saw everything else first, keeping it and gloating over it as a child gloats over his sugar-plums, though it was always in our thoughts as in our sight, — the one dominant feature in the landscape, ruling it as a mountain rules the valley.

"Be sure to go up the river to Trefriw," our friend of the carnations had said, as a parting injunction. The next morning was hot, and the cool breeze from the river was delicious. What time could be better than the present? So to the dock we went, and for an hour awaited the arrival of the small steamer; the Conway being a tidal river, and completely ruled by the caprices of the lady moon.

But we were off at last, like a parcel of children playing at sea-going, in a toy boat on a toy river. Nothing more enjoyable can well be conceived. All was so sweet, so still, so serene, that it was like moving in a happy dream. The softly rounded hills, cultivated, and clothed to their summits with all imaginable shades of green and olive; the lovely stone cottages, picturesque on the outside at least, springing up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, — now clinging to some sharply defined point far up the hillsides, now nestling deep in sheltered valleys, but all alike mantled with ivy and bright with roses; the fern-clad banks of the stream; the arched bridges; the ancestral farmhouses, gray with age; and here and there the stately splendor of hall or castle, made a series of pictures never to be forgotten. Our captain was very accommodating, and helped to carry out the illusion that it was all play. If he saw a would-be passenger

strolling leisurely over the fields towards the river, he quietly turned his prow to the shore, and waited till the new-comer leaped on board. If a woman wanted to land where there was no dock, that she might shorten the distance homewards by going "cross lots," she had only to suggest it, and she was put ashore forthwith, — sometimes, as it seemed, at the imminent risk of an overturn. At Trefriw, which certainly had very little to show for itself except its ferns and its long ranks of pink and purple foxgloves, there was time for luncheon, if anybody wanted it. Beyond this point the river is not navigable, and we were soon on our return voyage, "going out with the tide." The little Conway was famous for its pearl fisheries even before the Roman Conquest, and Wales boasts that a Conway pearl is one of the ornaments of the English crown to-day.

Near the head of High Street stands the Plas Mawr, or Great Mansion, built more than three centuries ago by one Robert Wynne. Its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that its owner had the honor of entertaining Queen Elizabeth for some days. The old house is just as it was then, save for the ravages of time, which are many. But the great courts, the floors, the wood-work of paneled oak, now black as ebony, the window-sashes, the small diamond-shaped panes of greenish glass, the fireplaces, and the stairways remain unaltered, for the most part. The Plas Mawr was freshly decorated and adorned for the reception of the queen, and the letters E. R., Elizabeth Regina, appear over and over again, both in wood-carvings and on the ceilings, in connection with the royal crest. The ceilings have been barbarously white-washed, but they must have been very beautiful when they shone in green and gold, with rich emblazonry of heraldic colors. In the great banqueting-hall — people seem never to have eaten, but

always to have banqueted, in those days — are the identical tables and chairs of massive oak used by the royal party. We entered the private drawing-room of the queen, and her bed-chamber; and tried to imagine her, in the prime of her haughty womanhood, sitting in a low chair before the broad fireplace, dreaming, perhaps, of the very lovers whom she spurned. But nothing brought back the romance of the past so vividly as when our escort, the secretary of the above-named art society, said, throwing open another door, "The Earl of Leicester was in attendance upon her majesty. This was his chamber." If so, at this small, deep, diamond-paned lattice he must often have stood, as he buckled on his sword or arranged his slashed doublet. Were his thoughts of fair Amy Robsart, pining at Cumnor Place, or of the proud woman next door?

That evening, as it was growing dark, we heard the sound of strange, unearthly music, and forthwith rushed to the window. A woman of middle age, swathed in widow's weeds from top to toe, and leading a little child, dressed also in black, was moving slowly along the middle of the street, singing a wild, weird air, set to Welsh words. Her voice was almost painfully pathetic, but her walk was quite beyond description. She would take three or four slow steps with a sort of rhythmic swing, and then stand stock still, rolling her eyes as in a fine frenzy, while she poured forth those uncanny strains with a power and pathos that made one's heart beat. Then came the swing again. The little child faithfully copied her every movement. "Is she crazy, Saint Katharine?" I asked. "Or is she a broken-down singer, on a hunt for pennies?" For her voice, cracked now and harsh in some of its tones, had been fine once. But no one paid the slightest attention to her; none of the passers-by recognized her presence even by a turn of the head. At length, slowly, still singing, she and the

child passed out of sight, fading away in the gloaming.

The parish church at Conway, which is built on the site of the monastery of Aberconway, has a fine old font and a beautiful rood-screen. The latter is said to have belonged to the abbey, but traditions differ. In the chancel are monuments to the Wynne family; and in the floor, which is lower than that of the nave, is a rude stone, with the inscription "Y. Z. 1066," — the very date of the Norman Conquest. Another bears this curious record: —

"Here lyeth ye body of Nich's Hookes of Conway Gent. who was ye 4Jst child of his father Wm. Hookes, Esq, by Alice his wife, and ye father of 27 children who dyed ye 20th day of March 1637."

Query: Did the twenty-seven children all come to an untimely end on "ye 20th day of March"?

At length, one perfect day, we went to the castle. The old man who has the place in charge took the small fee, unlocked a door, and left us to our own devices. The whole glorious ruin was to all intents and purposes our own. During that long golden afternoon not a soul came near us, not a voice disturbed us. Could one describe a cloud, or a wave, or a sunset, so that a blind man could see it with his mind's eye? Could one give a deaf man an idea of a bird song or the peal of an organ? As well try to do this as to describe the solemn grandeur of those time-worn, ivy-grown, moss-covered battlements, left now to the sweet winds of heaven, the flocks of rooks that fly in and out of turret and tower, and the climbing roses that brighten it with their beauty. From court to court we wandered, from tower to tower, from battlement to battlement. Here, all unroofed and open to the stars, lies the great banqueting-hall, more beautiful, more imposing, now, it may be, in its ivy-wreathed desolation, than when the gay revelers of Edward's

court made its vast arches ring with song and laughter. Here still are the wide fireplaces, rich with carvings, the very ghosts of past comfort and delight. Here is the oratory, with its traceried window and lofty groined arches, where Eleanor the Faithful prayed. Here is her bed-chamber, communicating with that of the king, and still retaining traces of its rich ornamentation. Leading from it is an arched recess still called Queen Eleanor's Oriel, the windows of which, according to a contemporary poet, must have been finely stained: —

"In her oriel there she was,
Closed well with royal glass;
Filled it was with imagery,
Every window by and by."

Here are stairways worn by feet that were stilled long centuries ago, and, in the deep thickness of the walls, the passages, dark and tortuous, through which those feet strode on errands of business, or pleasure, or intrigue. Here are stone benches that seem still to keep the impress of the forms that through the slow generations shaped and hollowed them. We looked through openings in the "crannied walls," through which death and destruction had rained on many a besieging army.

Far below us, as we stood on the lofty battlements, lay the walled town, with its massive semicircular towers, so powerful once for defense or attack, so useless now as they slept in that serenest air. Close about the castle clustered the cottages and gardens of the people, but they only added to the impressiveness of the picture. Just at our feet was a pretty stone house, its courtyard gay with flowers, the castle wall forming one of its boundaries.

It is with the beauty and grandeur of the hoary pile that we have to do; not with its history. Yet it may not be amiss to say that it was built by Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, and a nephew of William the Conqueror; and was rebuilt and enlarged by Edward I., in 1284.

Descending from the heights at last, after many a lingering look at the winding river, the quiet valley, green and golden in the sun, the distant hills, and the bold headlands jutting seaward, we went down into the inner court and out on the terrace, under the windows of Queen Eleanor's Tower. Surely she must often have sat there with her knights and ladies, the fair, sweet woman whose memory is fragrant even yet, rejoicing as we did in the soft sunlight and the beauty of earth and sea.

At last we tore ourselves away, and the next morning took the earliest train for Caernarvon, pausing at Bangor for a view of the Menai Straits and of the two famous tubular and suspension bridges. Both are beautiful in their strength and symmetry, but the woman must know more than I of scientific engineering who undertakes to give any idea of them. Let us hasten on to Caernarvon.

The town itself was not attractive to us: solely, it may be, because it happened to be hot and dusty. It was founded by the Romans, who gave it the name of Segontium. The river that flows near the town is called the Seiont, but whether the river named the town or the town the river is an open question. *Coed-helen*, a wooded height opposite, tradition says was so called in honor of the Empress Helen, the mother of Constantine. In addition to its Roman history, Caernarvon was the headquarters of the English government in Wales after the conquest by Edward, — all which goes to prove that it ought to be of great interest to the antiquarian.

Leaving our luggage at the station, we sallied forth to find the castle. Traveling, like life, is a succession of choices. One cannot see, or do, or have, or be, everything. How to choose the best is the great problem. We chose the castle here. Shall I confess it was a disappointment, as oftentimes more important choices are? "More picturesque than Conway," say the guide-books, and

"much finer." Externally it is in a state of almost complete preservation, and it is undeniably a grand and beautiful structure, with its well-kept walls and imposing towers. But its commonplace adaptation to the uses and needs of to-day, the ground floor of the Queen's Tower being a Freemason's hall and an armory, and the second a museum, while the lower basement of the far-famed Eagle Tower is a magazine and a drill-room, made it to our minds far less impressive than Conway, sitting silent in its proud desolation.

Yet Caernarvon, too, has its keen human interests, the associations that give it the glamour of mystery and romance. To its mighty walls, as to a fortress, Edward brought Eleanor in the spring of 1284, — before Conway had been made ready for her reception. The stronghold was but just finished, and it is said to present to-day, externally, the same appearance it presented when the beautiful and stately queen first entered the stupendous gateway which is still known as Queen Eleanor's Gate. Miss Strickland places this gate in the Eagle Tower, which is on the southwest corner, commanding the Menai Straits. But this must be a mistake, unless the local traditions and the very ground plans of the ancient castle are greatly at fault. The Queen's Gate, composed of two great towers and of Gothic arches, is at the extreme east. It is at a great elevation from the ground outside, and was approached by a drawbridge only.

At the foot of Eagle Tower we stood looking up at a small window, a mere slit in the heavy masonry. Should we venture the climb? For in a chamber lighted only by that window Eleanor gave birth to the unfortunate Edward II., the first Prince of Wales. There was but one answer to the question. Up, up, up, a flight of winding stone stairs, dark and narrow, and worn into great uneven hollows that made the footing most insecure, we ascended, till we reached a

little room, a veritable eyrie, far up in the tower. Dreary and gloomy enough it is now. It was dark, cold, and forbidding even in the brightness of that summer day. But Eleanor was the first woman in England who used tapestry as garniture for walls, and the marks of the tenter-hooks are still visible in the small den. For it is only that, — more unhome-like than a prison cell. Let us hope that when its rough stones were well lined with soft hangings, and when perhaps warm furs and soft cushions covered the floor, it was a warm and cozy nest for the wife whom Edward was proud to say he loved “above all earthly creatures,” *la chère reine* to whose memory he erected the thirteen crosses. The view from the top of Eagle Tower may well be as magnificent as the ancient chroniclers declare, but we were content with our present altitude and went no higher. “*Facilis est descensus Averni*”? Perhaps so. But the descent of the stairs in Eagle Tower is a thousand times worse than the going up. It is to be hoped that when Queen Eleanor had occasion to come down, there was some more royal road to *terra firma*.

Three days after his birth, — from the Queen’s Gate, it is said, — Edward presented his son to the haughty Welsh barons as their future ruler, the Prince of Wales. “Give us,” they had cried, “a native prince, whose tongue is neither French nor Saxon; and if his character is void of reproach, we swear that we will accept him.” They were caught in a trap, yet what could they do but submit? Surely the child was a native prince, he spoke neither French nor English, and his character was unimpeachable!

It was late in the afternoon when we left the castle, and strolled slowly back towards the station. “Saint Katharine,” I said, “I’m hungry. Can’t we manage to get our lunccheon in some place that shall have a Caernarvonish flavor? The Hotel Royal will be just like every

other royal hotel. Let us do something new!”

For answer she darted into a bookstore we were just passing. I followed, to find her making suit, after her own gentle fashion, to a calm-faced, gray-haired man, who was smiling benignly at her from behind the counter. “Certainly,” he was saying. “Go to Mrs. Pownal’s. That is the place you want;” and he pointed out the way.

Mrs. Pownal’s proved to be, on the first floor at least, a little shop, a sort of bakery, whose small counters were laden with buns, seed-cakes, tarts, and muffins ready to toast, all giving out so sweet and spicy an odor that they would have met the warm approval of Tom Brown and his Rugby friends. There should have been a school close by. “There must be,” said Saint Katharine. “Think of so many tarts, and never a schoolboy to eat them!” For in all our wanderings in England we found the dame’s shop-window, full of goodies, was sure to be very near the gate of the school close. This time, however, they did not seem to be in conjunction.

“Lunccheon? Up-stairs, if you please,” said a little white-capped maid; and up we went, through a narrow, winding way, into a cool, shaded room, with green hangings, a long, empty table, plenty of chairs, and a sofa. Its sole occupant was a gentleman, who sat before a grate in which a small fire was smouldering, notwithstanding the warmth outside. It was purely for ornament. He saluted gravely, and went on reading his newspaper.

“If you want anything foreign, you must go to the Continent,” said our friends, before we started. But the whole atmosphere of that little place was foreign, even to the flavor of the gooseberry tarts. You could find nothing like it in America if you hunted from Maine to California. Why can’t one put the soul of a place into words? Mrs. Pownal’s was as unique, in its way, as Bloss-

soms, in Chester. The gentleman finished his newspaper, and departed. A spotless cloth was spread for us on one end of the long oaken table, and a plentiful luncheon of cold meats, thin bread and butter, some of those fragrant tarts, and ginger ale was served, for the enormous sum of ninepence each. That, surely, was "foreign" enough for anybody. The price, I mean.

Rested and refreshed, we took the five o'clock train for Llanberis, where we were to pass the night. Thus far we had seen only the fair, fertile, park-like valley of the Conway, the green heights about Bangor, and the straits of the Menai. Hardly had we left the station at Caernarvon when the whole landscape changed as by magic. Towering ranges of hills arose on either side, rough, weather-beaten, and frowning. Hedges gave place to stone walls. Over the wild and rocky pastures sheep and cattle were roving. Several times we crossed the Seiont, famous for its fishing. Near Bont Rythallt station we caught a fine view of the Eryri Mountains, with the Llanberis lakes stretching to their feet. Passing on, to the left lay the great slate quarries; to the right, the rugged hills; while directly in front of us Snowdon pierced the clouds with its mighty shaft, and the venerable ruins of Dolbadarn Castle overlooked the blue expanse of the lake. This was more like the Wales of our dreams; but before we had had time to take in the magnificent panorama we rolled into Llanberis, where a comfortable, if high-priced, hotel received us. Comfortable, if it had not been for the glaring white walls of our chambers, with the beds facing the great windows, uncurtained save by white shades, that did but intensify the glare. But we pinned up our shawls, and made the best of it, remembering Shakespeare's tourist, who says, "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content."

We were tired enough to go to bed;

but there was the pretty, picturesquely set town, at which we were fain to take a peep. Its slate quarries employ twenty-five thousand men. The owner gave them three days' holiday at the time of the Jubilee, and offered to pay the fare of all who wanted to go up to London. Only forty out of the whole small army accepted the offer. I asked why. The answer was that to the Welsh quarrymen London seems as far off as the moon, and almost as inaccessible. No such remote and hazardous journeyings for them. The wise man stays at home of a holiday, and smokes his pipe at the door of his cabin; or he takes a stride over the hills; or, if musically inclined, he goes to an Eisteddfod.

We had been shown a photograph of a charming little inn, all gables, and bay-windows, and shaded porches, vine-covered to the chimneys, rose-wreathed, and embosomed in stately trees. It was in Bettws-y-coed, if you please,—pronounced, as nearly as I can come to it by phonetic spelling, Bettüs-y-coyd,—and it looked like a very haven of rest. There we determined to put up for repairs; and after having come to that conclusion (for we were not traveling by rule and measure), everything imaginable, from sewing on buttons and mending gloves to the writing of interminable letters "home," was put off till we should get to Bettws-y-coed, the fair "Station-in-the-Wood." It became a standard joke, a by-word. Everything would come to pass when we got to Bettws-y-coed. Thither we went the next morning,—a sixteen-mile drive through the famous pass of Llanberis,—in a queer vehicle called a "break," not unlike a Scotch wagonette, but capable of holding at least a dozen people. A fine coach starts from another hotel, but as to this fact our landlady was, unfortunately, in the depths of ignorance. But whether by break or by coach, the drive was something to store away in one's memory. All the way,

even when we could not see it, we felt the near presence of the monarch of Welsh mountains, and knew it was towering above the long valley, with its attendant peaks, Lliwedd and Crib Coch, on either side. Much of the way the rugged hills shut us in, lifting their strong, bare, rocky shoulders close beside us, to right and to left, and leaving just space enough for the roadway. This was as smooth and level as a floor, though we gradually ascended to the height of 1250 feet. Bordering the road, in lieu of the English hedges, were broad stone walls, so solidly put together that they looked as if they might last forever. Occasionally we caught sight, beyond, of Alps on Alps sharply defined against the clear blue sky, while the low valleys lay deep in purple shadow, or golden with the indescribable glory of that summer day. At length we drew up before the door of the little inn of Pen-y-gwryd, "at the meeting of the three great valleys, the central heart of the mountains." As the hostlers watered the horses, we looked about us with interested eyes, for this is the scene of a powerful chapter in Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*; and it was from this hospitable door that Elsley Vavasour rushed, like the madman that he was, for his fearful midnight flight up the Glyder Vawr. "P-e-n-y" — spelled Saint Katharine, looking with dismay at the array of consonants. "How are we ever to pronounce it? And how are we to remember it unless we can give it a name?"

"We call it 'Penny-go-rood,'" laughed the soft voice of a young English lady. "Be content with that. Of course it is not right, but you will hardly get any nearer to it." Therefore as Penny-go-rood the bright little spot, with its look of hearty good cheer, was labeled and stored away, — a picture to keep through all the coming years.

Here two Welshwomen, of perhaps the lower middle class, though it was not quite easy to place them, strode out

of the inn, each with a black hand-bag, and scrambled into the two vacant seats in the break. They were incredibly ugly, — sisters, if not twins, — as alike as two peas; both tall, gaunt, hard-featured, without one trace of womanly grace or softness. Both wore plain, straight-skirted gowns of shiny black alpaca, which were well enough; but on their masses of coarse hair were perched jaunty little white straw sailor-hats, with bands and streamers of blue ribbon, forming two most incongruous haloes for their harsh, middle-aged faces.

At Capel Curig we stopped for luncheon. When we reached Bettws-y-coed, the driver reined up at the door of a hotel which was not the one for which we were booked. Not for love nor money would he go an inch further. "The end of me journey, mum," he reiterated over and over, the sole response to all our entreaties and expostulations. Out came the landlady, a tall, slight, graceful young woman, who cordially begged us to alight. The pretty inn looked inviting, and she was entrancing, with her soft dark eyes and cooing voice, tender as a dove's. But we explained as well as we could that we had engaged rooms at the house of her rival, and that there our letters were to meet us, etc. Finally she magnanimously ordered her own "Boots" to drive us to the other hotel, waving us an adieu with the grace and suavity of a duchess.

The photograph had not done it justice. The low stone cottage, wide, roomy, and rambling, with its garniture of ivies and roses, now in the perfection of their bloom, in its own fair, shaded, yet flowery grounds, was prettier than any picture. The village itself is, indeed, "beautiful for situation," with the "mountains round about it, as they were round about Jerusalem." The house was full, and there was much coming and going, — coach rides and "tramps" to the hills, to the waterfalls, to castle

this and castle that, and, more than all, to Snowdon. But the mending being done and the letters written, we were content to sit and rest, dreaming the hours away in pleasant idleness, two happy lotus-eaters that we were. Why should we try to see everything?

When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do: which, being interpreted, means, when you are in Wales, go to the Welsh church. When Sunday came, as the long, peaceful day drew near its close, we went down the shady road and over the bridge, in search of the parish church. There is also an English church, much finer and more exclusive, we were told. But we abided by our first choice. The building itself is modern, but the grounds look so old that it is probable it occupies the site of an older structure. A pavement of broad slate flagging runs round it, bordered with shrubs and flowers. Some very old graves were in the inclosure. There were several doors, and it was a question at which we were expected to enter. Two chubby-faced boys came round the corner in great haste. "Choir boys," I said, and was fain to ask for guidance; but they vanished like two flashes of lightning. At length, by ones and by twos, the worshipers began to assemble, and we followed the crowd. It is a curious place, to American eyes, that low Welsh church, — long, narrow, with stone walls, immense stone columns, brick-paved floor in the nave and choir, and tiled floor in the chancel. 'Imperishable it looked, even though it is the product of our ephemeral to-day, — as if it might outlast the pyramids; and it is as severely plain as any flagstaff. The congregation, made up as it was of the common people, the working classes, interested us greatly. There was hardly a person in the seats who would have been called, in common parlance, a lady or a gentleman. The clothes worn were rough and plain, but generally clean and

comfortable. Many of the men were in their shirt-sleeves. Behind us sat an old woman in black, the oddest of apparitions, who stared at us as if we belonged to another world. So small, so withered, so weather-beaten, was she, in a costume that belonged to past ages, that we certainly felt as if she did not belong to ours. A surpliced choir of men and boys — alas that I should have to say it, but those surplices badly needed soap and water! — discoursed sweet music, singing to Hamburg and other familiar old tunes their wild Welsh hymns. The air of the place was reverent. The voices in the responses were low and earnest. The young men and maidens were quiet and attentive; their elders were devout. As for the sermon, I understood but three words of it, "Apostle Paul" and "Galatia;" but it was, after all, as interesting as any I ever listened to. Earnestness is contagious, and the pale, earnest speaker held our absorbed attention from first to last. But it was easy to follow the service, which was that of the Church of England, and prayer is prayer, whether the tongue be Welsh or English.

At the close of the service a baby was presented for baptism, a tiny creature, with a long white robe and short sleeves tied with blue ribbons. The young mother was in deep black, as was the godmother. One of the surpliced choir acted as godfather, and we fancied the child's real father was dead.

With Bettws-y-coed our week in Wales ended. We wanted to go to Llangollen, sacred to the memory of the Ladies of Llangollen, and up the vale of Llanrwst, and to see the wild gorges of Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewelyn. But life is short, and journeyings are long. So we retraced our steps to Chester, thus gladdening our eyes with another sight of beautiful, many-towered Conway, and then slowly made our wandering way southward.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE : AMONG THE WOMEN.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON says that there are two things "very much needed in these days," and the first is "for rich men to find out how poor men live." The individual manufacturer can do little to ameliorate or alter the workings of the present industrial system, but if each were to do that which he can, the aggregate effort would greatly ameliorate and alter the system. If manufacturers possessed an intimate knowledge of the daily experience of their operatives, it would awaken a sympathy which must constrain them to do all they could to benefit them, and to try constantly to find methods in which to do more. By way of promoting this intimate acquaintance, it has seemed to me well to make the effort to approach as closely as possible to the daily existence of the operatives, and to describe their homes in this paper. There are some results of tenement ownership by the manufacturers which, while they affect the material fortunes of the male operatives, also influence very decidedly the conditions in which the stream of ordinary life moves for the women and children. When a whole village or a large portion of it belongs to one man or to one company, whose function of landlordism is only accessory to another business, it is true that sanitary regulations may be enforced on a wholesale scale; but in addition it is unfortunately true that the large and varied demands of the whole business occasionally make sanitary neglect quite possible, and cause unsavory corners to be overlooked. No moral excuse can be made for such carelessness, but it is probable that the women and children are at least as secure from the dangers arising from such neglect as they would be if the houses were owned by many different landlords, who would not act in concert as to such matters.

The village institution as at present administered, and perhaps inevitably, renders removal from town to town so easy as to foster a nomadic spirit which is inimical to domestic thrift; still, it affords a probability of shelter in any place to which an operative family wish to go, actuated by the hope of getting easier work or better pay, and this feature of the system must often be a decided comfort to anxious souls and weary bodies. If a family has in it members who can work, it is pretty sure of being able to obtain in any village a dwelling within convenient distance of the mill in which they are to be employed. This probability, so cheering to those who need the home, must be held to offset, in a measure, the pain which, as has been intimated in a former paper, is sometimes caused when a family which is no longer able to contribute to the factory service is obliged to vacate in favor of new-comers, and to seek some less loved or more expensive residence. The mill tenements are cheap. No landlords except the mill proprietors would maintain the rents at such a low rate. They do it, not, it is to be feared, from motives of humanity, but because it is to their interest to attract a population which can furnish them workers; and they are the more able to afford it, because they are certain of being paid out of the wages of their help. Each mill-owner wants his property together, so that the oversight of it all may be easier; and he also desires to have his tenements, if possible, nearer to his own factory than any other, in order that stray members of the force will not be likely to seek less convenient employment. Such proximity of dwelling and working places could hardly be secured by any other system at all harmonious with the general institutions of property and busi-

ness that distinguish the society of this age.

The land near the mills is now so valuable that the workers can, unfortunately, seldom be householders. Or if they did come into possession, they would probably soon become landlords themselves, using their property to bring in to them a money income. All owners except the manufacturers would lack alike the security as to payment of house-dues, and the motive for trying to accommodate the operative class as tenants. Rents would be raised, and the mill families driven to seek homes in the distant suburbs. The land now occupied for tenements would probably be diverted largely to business purposes, and this would accelerate the removal of the factory population to habitations less convenient for their use than their present ones.

It is of some importance to a fourteen-year-old girl, as she trembles on the verge of womanhood, whether she must walk a mile or only a few rods, before half past six in the bitter-cold mornings of winter, as she goes every day to her labors. It concerns her, moreover, somewhat that her often too scanty wages shall not be worn away in paying car-fare, when the distance is such that she cannot walk it, or the cold is too fearful for prolonged exposure. The weary mother, also, who has housework as well as millwork to do, is glad that she needs not to consume much of her time in going from one scene of labor to another. The women who inhabit factory tenements, while they may have troublesome neighbors, or even drunken ones, are reasonably safe from the danger of having to live in any house in which liquor is sold. So much alleviation to their lot is secured by this dubious system of tenement ownership by the manufacturers.

A long acquaintance with factory-village life has brought to my knowledge some incidents and phases of experience

among the women, which I propose to relate in order to illustrate their condition. They will not all be found to bear directly on what is called the labor question, but they go to show how the people live and feel, out of whose needs and wishes, whose hopes and ideals, the labor movement has sprung.

First let us consider briefly the history of a woman who shall be called Hannah. She was of Irish birth, but came to this country when a child. She married a man who was intemperate, and after a while he left her, and died away from home. The oldest of her three children, a girl, developed epilepsy when only five or six years old. Hannah had two unmarried sisters. She kept house, and they lived with her, worked in the mill, and handed over to her their wages as if she had been their mother, or as if the family were constituted like some Russian peasant households, and she were its head. She had a bachelor brother, who, though he sometimes assisted her generously, did not make a common home and common purse with her, as the girls did. "My sisters," said she once, "might have saved hundreds of dollars but for helping me."

After several years one of the sisters died of consumption. She had been described to me as a fresh young girl, with beautiful hair. She looked like a worn old woman, as she lay on her death-bed. The last scene was a touching one. Hannah sat mourning in the kitchen, but in the tiny chamber a number of neighbors gathered about the couch. One woman read prayers aloud. A brown garment lay on the bed, and once some one lifted the gown and touched it to the lips of the dying girl. It was to be her shroud, and it had been blessed by the priest. Why she was expected to kiss her own burial-robe I do not know, and can only fancy the significance of the strange, sad rite.

After her death, Hannah went herself to work in the mill. She and her

remaining sister did their housework at night and in the morning. This rendered it difficult for them to be very economical about their food, as they were obliged to cook such viands as could be made ready in a short time, and the sister Ellen had to have meat. She could not work on bread and tea. They used, perforce, beefsteak at sixteen or eighteen cents the pound, in preference to cheaper meats that can be stewed, but which require long half-days of preparation.

Two of the children attended school, but the epileptic child could not be admitted, and it was difficult to know what to do with her. Sometimes her mother left her locked all day in the house. Sometimes she allowed her to wander at will. The village folks all became familiar with the figure of the crazy child. She was very crazy by the time she was ten years old, but she was straight and lithe, and carried herself with unusual grace. Her motions were quick and silent. Her dark hair was commonly tangled, and she had pathetic, beautifully shaped eyes. Hannah was very anxious about her. She trembled when any one came near her in the mill, lest he had come to tell bad news of the little one. Her forebodings of evil experience naturally increased as the helplessly ignorant girl grew towards womanhood. The mother's health began to fail under the strain of anxiety, hard work, and exposure to the weather as she went to and from the mill, and she showed symptoms of consumption. She could not wear very heavy clothing while at work in the factory, and when she came out into the cold winter air her shawl protected only her shoulders, and her thin skirts did not prevent her limbs from being chilled even in the short walk she took to her home. This is, I believe, the way many factory women dress and how they injure their health, and the knowledge of this fact may serve as a hint, to philanthropic

persons, of a good subject for popular instruction. These women really do not know how to clothe themselves. They do not even know that they need different clothing from what they have. They suffer with that curious submissiveness characteristic of their sex whenever dress is in any way the cause of their pain, and they do not think of altering the shape of a garment in order to insure comfort, any more than their well-to-do, well-laced sisters think of it. The gift of a long, thickly lined cloak, which protected limbs as well as body, actually marked a turning-point in Hannah's life. She ceased to have violent coughs, and grew stronger.

She was a very honest woman. The epileptic child needed expensive medicine. Sometimes it was given her, but the merest hint was sufficient to let her know if any particular bottle was not intended as a gift. She never failed to save up her money and pay the debt as soon as she could.

At times the Mission Fathers came to a neighboring church, and then Hannah took her afflicted daughter to them, hoping, perhaps believing, that they might cure her. But no such miracle was ever wrought. The terrible malady continued to prey steadily on the young life. One of its effects was to release the child from all consciousness of rank or caste, though she seemed to know something of race prejudices; for she surprised me once by asking wildly "what made the Yankees hate the Irish so." She did not sit, like Mordecai, at the gate, but stole silently and swiftly through the unguarded door of her richest neighbor, and appeared by his side as readily as by the hearth of the poorest man or woman. She came up fearlessly to whomever she would, and stood or walked in such company as she desired, without hesitation. Thus I remember her standing one autumn day in the garden, under the arch of grapevines, while she said, "Do you know what I

am wishing all the time? That I was in heaven, where I'd never be sick any more." Two or three days afterwards, she went on to the railroad just as the cars came along. Some one shouted to her, but she paid him no heed. The engineer saw her, and vainly tried to stop the train. She knelt down between the rails, — she was only a child eleven years old, — and as she knelt, looking at the engine, she put up her hands as if praying, and waited quietly till it struck her.

Her mother mourned, but her death was a blessing, and after that Hannah's fortunes mended somewhat. Relieved of her constant anxiety, she grew brighter and younger looking. She began to lay by a little money. Thirty dollars were saved out of her own and her sister's wages in the course of a year or two. Then the tidings came that an uncle had died in a neighboring State, leaving a small property. She and her sister were among the heirs, some of whom lived in Ireland, and had never been in this country. Hannah's lawyer wrote her that the property was mostly real estate, and if divided equally among the relatives would yield her and her sister together a little more than a hundred dollars. But he told her that if any of the heirs living in America chose to protest, the proceeds of the real estate might be prevented from going to the Irish heirs. If this were done, the sisters would have a much larger sum, about five hundred dollars. It was more than these women could hope ever to amass, or to obtain in any other way that life on this earth, in this century, made possible to them. Hannah did not hesitate at all. She said at once that she did not think it would be fair to keep her Irish cousins from receiving their portion, and she relinquished for herself, for her sister, and her children what must have seemed to her a fortune, and instructed her lawyer to let the property be divided equally.

Hannah's two remaining children

have grown up to be a comfort to her. The boy, however, has been delicate, and in consequence of his illnesses she has had to use some of the money she had laid by. The daughter does not earn very large wages, but she is employed in labeling the cloth made in the mill, and works in a nice room. "It does not seem like working in the mill," the mother said, with pardonable satisfaction. The girl is fond of music. Her father's family contain some persons who are professional musicians in a small way, and Hannah, with the help of the bachelor uncle, has bought for her a second-hand piano.

This is the history of a woman who has perhaps done her very best under the conditions in which life has placed her. Let us now consider briefly a factory family who have not done the best they could.

About ten years ago, a kindergartner, in a Rhode Island village, found two little girls in the street, who informed her that their father and mother were both at home sick in bed. Investigation revealed the fact that both parents were drunk, and further acquaintance with them established the additional fact that both were habitual drunkards. The father died in the course of a few years, and after that the family came directly under my own observation.

Mrs. Phelan is a woman of dissolute, haggard appearance; a shattered rather than a depraved looking person. She is not without ability. She usually keeps her floors in a condition approaching neatness, as such people understand neatness. She draws the line of effort, however, at her kitchen door, and her entry and staircase are dirty and foul.

Six or seven years ago, one of her sons was ill, and he was carried to a hospital. Learning there that he must submit to an operation, he became frightened, and insisted on being taken immediately home, and he has been ill ever since, and practically bedridden. A year

or two after this, a grown-up daughter, named Mary, died of consumption. During her last days she begged me to talk to her sister Maggie, a young married woman, and urge her never to drink. Soon after Mary's death, Mrs. Phelan's oldest son, a man about twenty years old, a hard drinker, fell a victim to consumption, and died. A little longer period elapsed, and then the youngest child, Katie, a pretty, delicate little creature, twelve years old, gave up her work in the mill, and lay down to wait for death. There was something terrible in the way these young creatures accepted death as their natural portion. They were passive and hopeless from the first. But more fearful was the neglect from which they suffered because of Mrs. Phelan's drinking. When sober she is a home-keeping body, but when there is illness in the house she wanders about all the time, drinking and rehearsing her woes, and neglecting to care for her children, sick or well. Yet when some charitable persons thought that Katie would be more comfortable in the almshouse, which was on a pleasant farm, the mother would not let her go, and the child did not want to go. So after lingering some months, never having a room nor a bed to herself during all her weary illness, the little one died at last.

During these years the married daughter, Maggie, stayed at her mother's a good deal of the time, so that she could leave her babies under her care while she was at work in the mill. Her husband seemed to be neither very good nor very bad. His own mother was a rough, drinking termagant, who had a habit of seizing her grown-up daughters by the hair, and striking them with such things as the stove-lifter. One of those daughters, by the way, though inefficient, was a most gentle, unselfish girl, whose history would serve to suggest a doubt as to who may be the fittest to survive, under a strict application of the law of evolution.

I do not know the exact details of Maggie's life, but she bore several children, and endured the frightful double burden which poverty joined to maternity lays on working women. It is quite common for mothers to work in the mill till a very short time before their children are born, and somewhat less common for them to go back very soon afterwards. I have been told of one woman that she went to work when her baby was only five days old. I have known of one case where the mother had moved from another town and had worked a day or two by the time that, according to her statements and to appearances, her baby was two weeks old. This woman was a worthless creature, who willfully neglected her children, and it will not do to hold society wholly to blame for all the miseries in individual lives, even when those lives have been brought under heavy pressure from social and economic institutions. Still, if the noblest men and women are to be called the "products" of our civilization, is it not necessary to admit this wretched mother to a place as also a "product" of that same civilization?

Maggie's health finally failed, and she "quit work," according to the mill phrase, and prepared to die. She had had a hard life, and she turned dry, sad eyes on her visitor one day, while she was still able to sit up and to sew a little for her children. "There's no cure for me," she said. "It's leaving them four young ones I mind."

There was money enough coming into the family at this time to make them quite comfortable but for Mrs. Phelan's intemperance. There was a son who would not work, and whom the mother would shelter and feed in spite of much advice to turn him out; but Maggie's husband earned good wages, and there was another sister, Lizzie, a fifteen-year-old girl, who was industrious. The Associated Charities also helped, but nothing could bring comfort into this house.

After Maggie took to her bed, lying in one room, while her bedridden brother lay in another near by, there would often be no one in the house for hours together, but the little children, to do anything for either sufferer. Mrs. Phelan was drinking worse than ever, and roaming about. When she was at home she was idle. Poor Lizzie generally went to the mill without eating any breakfast, and worked till noon on an empty stomach. "It ain't good for her," sighed, helplessly, the sick brother. He feared lest she should break down too, and his fears will probably be justified in the course of time. It is likely that Mrs. Phelan's cooking was not such as to tempt a delicate appetite, but factory women are often unable to eat before going into the mill; and though they do not usually go till noon without eating, they often work one or two hours before taking breakfast.

As death drew near, Maggie opened her heart a little to a visitor, and spoke of the suffering her mother's habits caused. "I'm strong enough," she said, "to have my bed changed, but mother does not offer to make it oftener than once a week; and Lizzie's so tired when she comes home, nights, from the mill that I can't bear to ask her to do anything for me." So day and night had she lain there, under conditions which cannot be described, and had refrained from asking service of her tired young sister. Out of the lowest depth of wretchedness that poor creature attained to such unselfishness. But it was all very pitiful, and death, when it finally came, must have been truly a comforter but for the "four young ones" she left behind, to grow up, probably to live, perhaps to die, as the old ones had lived and died.

Two years ago a ten-hour law was enacted in Rhode Island. Philanthropists and workmen urged the passage of the bill. They were concerned about the health of the workwomen, the under-

mining of whose strength involved not only suffering, but the weakness of the next generation. The manufacturers, so far as they took any action, opposed the law. Some of them were sure their business would be ruined, if it went on to the statute book. Others were merely afraid that financial disasters would be the result. The women themselves were not consulted, and, according to the fashion of the republic, had no part nor lot in deciding their own destiny. Various sorts of men, workmen, manufacturers, and legislators deliberated together about woman's flesh and blood, considered her maternal capacities and her muscular strength, and compared them with the exactions of business and of machinery. She stood and waited — or rather she worked and waited — their decision that sixty hours a week in a factory was enough for her and for her little children. The bill passed, and there was no financial collapse.

There is a young girl working in a thread factory in the State who was much pleased to have some more leisure time. She was taking a Chautauqua course of reading with her mother. She lives some distance from the mill, and so does not go home to dinner. Under the new arrangement she had an hour's recess at noon. She carried her book as well as her lunch, and employed the extra moments in reading. She was anxious to obtain a complete copy of the *Iliad*, having read some portions of it in the prescribed course, which made her desire to know the whole poem. She read translations of some of the Greek plays, and was glad to have the opportunity to borrow a version of the *Electra* of Sophocles; and when she returned it, she said she liked it better than any of the others she had read. This girl is, however, unique in my experience. She is a Protestant, of English parentage. From childhood on she has shown an earnest nature. She always tried to do what seemed right to

her, or what might help some one else. It was a terrible cross to her to be obliged to leave school when she was about fourteen, and go into the mill, but she did it; and her character shows its fine fibre now, in that she does her duty simply, trying constantly to improve herself, but not trying to get into any place which she is not fitted to fill thoroughly. She is not a sham lady nor a sham worker because she has a desire for something besides spindles and a taste for something other than clothes. She dresses simply, and is very willing to use her Saturday half-holidays visiting in behalf of the Associated Charities.

Homely but pathetic was the rejoicing of a hard-worked Irish widow over the ten-hour law. She had been the mother of thirteen or fourteen children, but most of them died; and last of all, her husband, a handsome man, whom she seemed to consider a being quite superior to herself, died, after a protracted illness. He did the housework long after he could not do other labor, so that she might be the chief wage-earner of the family. After his death, she said: "I fretted a deal for him, — I could n't help it. I know he had been sick a long time, but you miss a person just the same if they have been sick; an' he was such a clean man about the house, an' kept it so neat when he was able to be about."

In a worldly way she manages very well without him. She and a grown girl and two young lads work in the mill. Two younger children profess to guard the house, and sometimes go to school. The daughter takes books occasionally from the village library, and she has read *The Scarlet Letter* and even the *Blithedale Romance*. She said she liked these stories about as well as she did Marion Harland's novels. The mother found the ten-hour law a great help. "Why," said she, "the extra quarter of an hour at noon gives me time to mix my bread; an' then when I comes home at night, at six o'clock, it is ready to put in the pans, an' I can do that while Katie sets the table; an' after supper, an' the dishes are washed, I can bake; an' then I am through, an' ready to go to bed, mebbe afore it's quite nine o'clock. Oh, it's splendid, the best thing as ever 'appened. I used to be up till 'way into the night, bakin', after my day's work in the mill was done."

She probably was glad of the Saturday half-holiday, because it gave her a good chance to do her washing. Holidays, to women like her, mean little but the time to do some different kind of work from that by which they earn their living. Her boy rejoiced in healthy fashion. "Saturdays," says he, "when you are let out at one o'clock, you don't feel as if you'd been at work at all."

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

BOSTON MOBS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

KING GEORGE III., whose virtues would have shone radiantly in a narrow sphere and a lowly station, was a conscientious dullard, with so little intellect that there was no room for him to wander in his mind, and there was no need of his going far to wander out of it. He was

VOL. LXII. — NO. 371.

21

the prime cause and mover of American independence. While meaning to be a stern step-father, he unwittingly became father of a country that disclaimed him, and he deserves to be commemorated in statue, portrait, and history for his unintended yet genuine paternity. In the

good which he did not mean to do he was seconded, on this side of the Atlantic, by a noble array of as pure, unselfish, and self-devoting patriots as the world has ever seen, — men whose names grow brighter as the years roll on, — many of them as well known to lovers of liberty in the Old World as to those who share the heritage of their wisdom, toil, travail, and blood. Among them, the foremost place undoubtedly belongs to citizens of Massachusetts, — a primacy which Virginia alone could pretend to challenge. These men had among their most earnest and efficient helpers almost all the Congregational clergy of the province, and the pulpit, as in the time of the late civil war, often voiced in advance the utterances of the town-meeting or the representative assembly. There was, too, a large body of quiet, substantial citizens in full sympathy with the leaders of opinion, and ready, when the time should come, to give material aid, and to take up arms in vindication of liberty and right.

There was, at the same time, in and about Boston, a large mob element, professing ardent patriotism, and commonly regarded as having been auxiliary to the movements which issued in the war of independence. But it will appear to the impartial student of history that this element was in every respect as harmful and detrimental as it was unlawful and immoral; that it thinned the ranks of the patriots, disgusted many worthy citizens with the cause which it professed to further, and inured mainly to the benefit of the northeastern provinces, where refugees from Massachusetts sought new homes.

The navigation acts of the seventeenth century, affecting all the British colonies, had greatly restricted the commerce of the North American provinces, and had necessitated the establishment of custom-houses and the appointment of revenue officers. At the same time, the policy that has proved so ruinous to

Ireland was pursued, — that of prohibiting or obstructing the manufacture of such commodities as the mother country could furnish. But the duties demanded were not oppressive, and were regarded as regulative rather than revenue-yielding; their collection, it was said, costing their entire amount several times over. The colonists had become accustomed to the existing state of things; their investments and industries had taken shape in the mould furnished by the home government, and they were in a highly prosperous condition. The provincial governments had levied taxes, not only for their own support, but largely for the maintenance of military operations against the French, yet always by the vote of the provincial legislatures, though sometimes not without strong pressure from royal governors.

On the accession of George III. there was a general feeling of contentment. Had the mother country made no further encroachments on the liberty of the provinces, though independence would have been a necessity of the remote future and the fond dream of far-seeing souls, the new king might have lived out his long life-day before the British Empire would have been dismembered. But his mania was to rule no less than to reign, and to make his rule felt rather than to have his reign rejoiced in.

Shortly after his accession, there was a legal skirmish about "writs of assistance," with which the king had nothing to do. Application was made to the superior court for added authority in searching private premises for smuggled goods. One who should come to the study of this chapter of our history without inherited opinions would feel certain that smuggling had become the rule, and not an exceptional practice, among the merchants; that the then existing administration of the customs was made utterly inefficient by evasion and concealment; and that Hutchinson, as chief justice, could not have failed to

set aside the very ingenious technical objections urged by Thacher and Otis as counsel for the merchants. The writs were pronounced legal; but the general feeling was so adverse to them that but little use was made of the liberty thus granted. The excitement with reference to them seems to have subsided, and James Otis, who had fought against the writs, and whose honest and ardent patriotism became in coming years a consuming fire for both soul and body, when he officiated as chairman of the Boston town-meeting in the spring of 1763, made an introductory speech as loyal as could have been uttered by the most courtly sycophant. His words were: "The British dominion now extends from sea to sea, and from the great rivers to the ends of the earth. Liberty and knowledge, civil and religious, will be coextended, improved, and preserved to the latest posterity. No constitution of government has appeared in the world so admirably adapted to those great purposes as that of Great Britain. . . . Some weak and wicked minds have endeavored to infuse jealousies with regard to the colonies; the true interests of Great Britain and her plantations are mutual, and what God in his providence has united let no man dare to put asunder."

Meanwhile, in the heart of the king, who, like that splendid historical personage, Nehemiah, was wont to take sole counsel with himself, but with a self as devoid as that of the Hebrew ruler was full of wisdom, and, under his controlling will, in the imperial Parliament, it had been determined that efficient measures should be taken for the taxation of the North American provinces; not, as before, for the restriction of their commercial intercourse, but for the avowed purpose of creating a revenue. The home government thus openly assumed the rightfulness of taxation without representation, and squarely met the issue, already raised prospectively by

the colonists, who had maintained that taxes could not be rightfully levied where the tax-payers through their representatives had no voice.

In 1764, a duty was laid by Parliament on various articles which, when imported in vessels belonging to Great Britain or her colonies, had been previously exempted from such charges, and especially on sugar and molasses from the British West Indies, which up to that time had been free of duty. In 1733, a heavier duty had, indeed, been laid on sugar and molasses, and on rum too, when imported from any other sources of supply than the British islands. But this act had been a dead-letter. The natural course of trade sufficed to bring from those islands all the sugar and molasses required for use; and though there had actually been a considerable amount imported from elsewhere, the duties had been almost uniformly evaded, and sixpence a gallon on molasses, unpaid, under the act of 1733, seemed much less than threepence, to be rigidly exacted, under the act of 1764. The principle involved and virtually avowed in this act, unless it should be disowned, meant, and could not but issue in, remonstrance, resistance, rebellion, revolution. It brought strong minds and brave hearts, public spirit and patriotism, into reconcilable antagonism against the home government. From that time onward, by non-importation agreements, by abstinence from dutiable goods, by public meetings, and through the press, legitimate action was taken with firmness and efficiency, and the patriot cause was in hands worthy of it, and under advocacy that could not but be intensely forceful.

At the same time, the molasses clause of the act, while equally odious with the rest in the minds of the whole community, drew forth the implacable anger and ungovernable resentment of the less sober and orderly portions of society. In great part in consequence of the

policy which had narrowed the range of provincial industries, rum distilled from molasses had become the principal manufacture of Boston, the only other industry that made any approach to it being that of the numerous rope-walks, with gangs of operatives that furnished a great array of consumers for the products of the distilleries. Rum was in universal favor. Documents of the time speak of it as the staple commodity; as the grand support of the trades and the fishery, without which they could no longer subsist; as a standing article in the Indian trade; as the common drink of laborers, timbermen, mastmen, loggers, fishermen, and whalemens; as merchandise made use of to procure corn and pork; as exported to Guinea, and exchanged for gold and slaves. Indeed, if the present dealers in strong drinks, who probably have not a great deal of literary talent at their command, should institute propagandism by the distribution of tracts, the best thing that they could do in behalf of their traffic would be to reprint the very able pamphlets issued in the rum interest after the act of 1764, thus corroborating their cause by the normal appeal to the wisdom of our ancestors.

We can find no authority as to the precise number of distilleries then in Boston. The sites of eight are marked on a very imperfect plan of the town drawn in 1733; there were at least thirty before the close of the century, and there cannot have been less than twenty in 1764. This state of things alone can account for the turbulent and obstreperous patriotism of the class of men who would have been the chief clientelage of the distilleries, but who had very little concern in the impending Stamp Act, which was an atrocious grievance to the merchants and the men of business, but which, had it preceded the molasses act, would hardly have been understood or cared for, still less opposed and resented, by the populace.

In March, 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, — strangely enough, though in close accordance with the royal will, without the royal signature, but signed by a commission; for the king was seriously ill, and though it was not then avowed, subsequent events leave little doubt that such feeble intellect as he had was then clouded by his first attack of insanity. This act, in itself arbitrary and tyrannical, was oppressive in the last degree, as it negatived the validity of transactions of every conceivable description in which unstamped paper should be used, and at the same time made the price of stamps exorbitantly high; for instance, two shillings for every advertisement in a newspaper, and from fourteen to nineteen shillings a ream for all paper used in printing.

The passage of this bill called out the intense and resolute opposition of all true patriots; the strong resentment of those on whom its provisions would have imposed a heavy burden; and the blind, brutal rage of the class of people who were not in the least affected by it, but who had been already stung to madness by the molasses duty, and welcomed the earliest plausible occasion for the outpouring of their wrath.

The first great riot was in anticipation of the arrival of the stamps and the inauguration of the stamp-office. On the morning of August 14, there appeared at what is now the corner of Washington and Essex streets two effigies hanging on an elm-tree, — one of them supposed to represent a stamp-officer; the other, a huge boot with head and horns protruding from it, intended to personate Lord Bute, the king's confidential friend, though no longer his prime minister. In the evening these images were carried on a bier, in procession, as far as Kilby Street, where was a new unfinished government building, falsely supposed to have been erected for use as a stamp-office. This the mob completely demolished, and, taking portions of its

wood-work with them, they proceeded to Fort Hill, where they made a bonfire in front of the house of Andrew Oliver, who was to have been stamp-agent; burning the effigy of Lord Bute there, and committing gross outrages on Oliver's premises. The next evening the mob re-assembled at the same place, and built a pile of combustibles for another bonfire, in which Oliver was to have been burned in effigy; but learning that he had resigned his perilous office, they lighted the fire in his honor, gave three cheers for him, and did him no further harm.

Hutchinson, the lieutenant-governor, who was Oliver's kinsman, and was in his house at the time, urged the sheriff, though in vain, to take measures for suppressing the riot. This, of course, when it became known, was imputed to him as lese-majesty against the sovereign people. It was reported, too, that he had favored the passage of the Stamp Act. This, it seems very certain, was a groundless charge. In the previous year he had written to the secretary of the chancellor of the exchequer an earnest remonstrance against the taxing of the colonies, in which he had expressly said: "It must be prejudicial to the national interest to impose parliamentary taxes. The advantages promised by an increase of the revenue are fallacious and delusive. You will lose more than you gain. Britain already reaps the profit of all their trade and of the increase of their substance. By cherishing their present turn of mind you will serve your interest more than by your present schemes." There is not the slightest proof that Hutchinson had changed his opinion, or had up to that time said or written anything which he might not have avowed with the entire approval of every intelligent citizen of the province who was not an ultra Anglican and royalist. Of course, after the passage of obnoxious measures which he had deprecated, it was his part, as a public functionary, to favor and counsel

submission to the law. The only alternative would have been the resignation of his office, and this probably no one would have demanded or expected of him.

But on the night of August 16, the night after the mob had left Oliver's house unharmed, substantially the same body of men surrounded Hutchinson's house, in Garden Court Street, at the North End, and called for him to appear on his balcony, to give an account of himself as to the Stamp Act. He barred his doors and windows, and remained within. One of his neighbors, alarmed, no doubt, as to the safety of his own property, coined a convenient lie, telling the mob that he had seen Hutchinson drive out just at nightfall, and that he had gone to spend the night at his country-house in Milton. On hearing this, the mob dispersed, having done no other damage than the breaking of windows.

The popular fury had now become so ungovernable and perilous that the governor took refuge in the Castle, leaving Hutchinson to bear the brunt of this vehement hostility. Shortly after his retreat, on the 26th of August, occurred a riot as disgraceful as any on record on either side of the Atlantic. It commenced at dusk with a bonfire in King, now State, Street. One of the firewards attempted to extinguish it; but after an ineffectual endeavor to warn him off, he was driven from the ground by a severe blow from some unknown person. The fire was doubtless kindled as a signal for the assembling of a ruffianly body of disguised men, armed with clubs and staves. They first went to the house of the register of the admiralty court, broke into his office in the lower story, and fed the fire, hard by, with the public archives in his keeping and with all his own private papers. They next went to the house of the comptroller of customs, in Hanover Street, tore down his fences, broke his windows, demolished his fur-

niture, stole his money, scattered his papers, and availed themselves of the wine in his cellar as a potent stimulant to still greater excesses. They then proceeded to Hutchinson's house. He and his family had barely time to escape; otherwise murder would, no doubt, have put the climax to the criminal transactions of the night. The rioters hewed down the doors with broad-axes; destroyed or stole everything that was in the house, including nearly a thousand pounds in money, much valuable plate, and papers which, if preserved, would, in antiquarian eyes, be worth many times their weight in gold; and still further maddened by the contents of the cellar, broke up the roof, and commenced tearing down the wood-work.

There exists competent evidence that the municipal authorities had timely notice of the pendency of this riot, and the only tenable hypothesis is that they felt utterly unable to cope with the infuriated populace. They did, however, what men more prudent than brave are prone to do: they carefully closed the barn door after the horse was stolen. They held a town-meeting the next day; denounced the rioters by a unanimous vote, in which, it is said, many who had been foremost in the affair gave their assent to their own condemnation; and desired the selectmen, the magistrates, and all good citizens to use their utmost endeavors to prevent a repetition of such proceedings. That the real patriots had no sympathy with this turbulent element of society appears from an extant letter of Samuel Adams, by far the most democratic of their leaders, in which he calls these doings of the mob "high-handed outrages."

The custom-house was selected for assault and pillage on the following night. The collector somehow gained information of this purpose. He had in his custody about four thousand pounds in specie, which could not be removed so secretly as to elude the espionage of

eyes intent on rapine and plunder. The governor had ventured into town from his hiding-place, and at the urgent demand of the collector called out the cadets, who constituted his special guard. The mob assembled. The commanding officer addressed them first with persuasion, then with threats, but in vain. Driven to extremity, he ordered his company to prime and load, and then begged the rioters to retire. They remained immovable until the order was given to "aim," when a tumultuous retreat ensued.

Several of the rioters of the 26th were arrested and committed for trial; but a formidable body of sympathizers, undoubtedly fellow-criminals, went by night to the jail, forced the jailer to deliver up the keys, and released the culprits.

There were subsequently various public demonstrations of a disorderly character; effigies of unpopular members of the home and the provincial governments were hanged and burned, and there were frequent displays of violent hostility to the administration; but it was not till June, 1768, that there was another dangerous and destructive riot. In this there cannot be the slightest doubt that the mob had on their side as little moral justification as legal right. A sloop belonging to John Hancock arrived from Madeira, laden with wine. The tide-waiter who should have taken account of the cargo was forcibly confined in the cabin, while the cargo was taken out of the hold in the night, and removed in drays. The captain of the sloop, the next morning, entered at the custom-house four or five pipes of wine, and perjured himself, as every one knew, in swearing that this was all that he had brought into port. The vessel was very properly seized for false entry, and removed to a mooring where she could be guarded by a frigate then lying in the harbor. A mob was speedily collected, and as the rabble could not get posses-

sion of the sloop, they attacked the revenue officers. The collector, his son, and two inspectors received the most barbarous and brutal treatment, were badly bruised and wounded, and hardly escaped with their lives. The mob next went to the house of the inspector-general and to that of the comptroller of customs, and broke their windows. They then dragged the collector's boat to the Common, and burned it there. That the good citizens of Boston did not consider this a normal or creditable proceeding would appear from the course adopted by the municipal authorities in a case that occurred in the following month. A vessel laden with molasses was seized for violation of the law of entry, and a company of law-breakers confined the officers in the cabin and carted off the cargo. The selectmen took possession of the molasses thus illegally removed, and caused it to be replaced on board of the vessel.

When we consider the lawless condition of Boston, there cannot be any question that Bernard, the royal governor, was fully authorized to seek the presence and support of an armed force. The crown officers were in rightful possession of their offices; it would have been the most culpable poltroonery for them to desert their posts and set sail for England, and thus leave anarchy behind them. Meanwhile, their lives were in peril, and they had an unquestionable right to demand competent protection. This they could have only by sending out of the province for it. There was then no part of the civilized world in which the phrase "police force" would not have been a contradiction in terms. Even in London, the happy admixture of senile and anile attributes was the chief characteristic of the nominal guardians of the public peace, and Dogberry's part on the stage had enough of verisimilitude to seem no caricature. The colonial militia could not have been relied upon; for the mob must have

been largely represented in its ranks. Nor could dependence have been placed on the cadets; for Hancock, in whose behalf the last great riot had been perpetrated, was an officer of that corps. The only recourse was to the importation of troops,—a measure which legal modes of remonstrance and resistance by patriots worthy of the name would never have rendered necessary or justifiable.

The British soldiers were, of course, a burden, a nuisance, and an annoyance, and they could not have been otherwise. Individually they were not gentlemen, and they could not have been expected to be so. Yet had their presence been desired or welcome, there is no reason to suppose that there would have been any unpleasant collision with them.

Two regiments, of about five hundred men each, arrived on the 28th of September, 1768. The first token of resentment on the part of the populace occurred but eleven days after their arrival. The colonel of one of the regiments had ordered a guard-house to be built on the Neck. The site was visited in the night by a party of the aggrieved towns-people, who tore down the frame of the building and cut it in pieces, so that no part of it could be put to further use. From that time there were perpetual quarrels and a brisk interchange of contumely, abuse, and insult between the soldiers and the inhabitants, in which the gangs of rope-makers bore a prominent part. Some of these affairs were of a serious and alarming character. There was, undoubtedly, no lack of ill blood on either side; but after patiently reading the contemporary record of what took place, we are inclined to adopt the statement of Samuel G. Drake, whose loyalty as a loving citizen of Boston no one can call in question, and who writes, — "That outrages were committed by the soldiers is no doubt true; but these outrages were exaggerated, and they, probably in nine cases out of ten, were the abused party."

Passing over intervening dissensions and tumults, we come now to the Boston Massacre (so called), on the 5th of March, 1770, — an occasion on which the loss of life was inevitable, and the only question was whether it should be among the soldiers or their assailants. The usual causes of strife between the ropemakers and the soldiers had of late been multiplied, and in the personal conflicts which almost necessarily ensued the soldiers were generally worsted. The special provocation on the 5th of March had not been such, on either side, as to account for what took place in the evening. The riot was evidently predetermined, as one of the bells was rung about eight o'clock, and immediately afterward bands of men, with clubs, appeared in the streets. Early in the evening there had been some interchange of hostilities, chiefly verbal, between soldiers and towns-people; but an officer had ordered his men into the barrack-yard and closed the gate. About nine o'clock, a solitary sentinel, in front of the custom-house in King Street, was assailed by a party of men and boys, who pelted him with lumps of ice and of sea-coal, and threatened him with their clubs. Being forbidden by the rules of the service to quit his post, he shouted for help, and from the barracks hard by, in Brattle Street, a corporal and seven soldiers were sent for his relief. They were followed immediately by Captain Preston, whose object manifestly was to prevent or allay further disturbance. By that time the crowd was numerous, intensely angry, and determined on violence. The mob supposed the soldiers helpless, as it was believed that they were permitted to fire, under such provocation, only when ordered so to do by a civil magistrate. The rioters repeatedly challenged the soldiers to fire if they dared, and the torrent of coarse and profane abuse poured upon the soldiers is astounding, even in its echoes across the century, and might furnish

materials for an appropriate and edifying inscription on the forthcoming Attucks monument. The soldiers stood on the defensive while their lives were endangered by missiles, and till the crowd closed upon them in a hand-to-hand conflict. The leader of the assault was Crispus Attucks, probably not then a slave, if he had ever been one, for he had previously been foremost in a not unlike riot; and if he were any man's property, especially if, as some accounts say, he belonged to a Framingham man, his time would not have been at his own disposal. Then, too, if he had had an owner, the destruction of valuable property would have been among the atrocities charged upon the soldiers. The negroes claim him as of their race. His surname, and undoubtedly his father, appertained to the Natick Indian tribe. His mother may have been a mulatto, or of joint Indian and negro parentage. He can hardly have been more than a quadroon as to negro descent; for his stature, six feet two inches, his immense strength, and the savage war-whoop with which he led the mob indicate a minimum of black blood and a full share of the Indian physique. He knocked down one of the soldiers, got possession of his gun, and would, no doubt, have killed him instantly, had not the soldiers fired at that moment and killed Attucks and two other men, two more being fatally wounded.

There is no evidence that Captain Preston ordered the firing, though if he did he certainly deserved no blame, as the firing was for the soldiers the only means of self-defense. He was tried for murder, and acquitted. Chief Justice Lynde, eminent for his judicial integrity and impartiality, said, on the announcement of the verdict: "Happy am I to find, after such strict examination, the conduct of the prisoner appear in so fair a light; yet I feel myself deeply affected that this affair turns out so much to the disgrace of every person

concerned against him, and so much to the shame of the town in general."

The soldiers were also indicted for murder, and six were acquitted, — two, convicted of manslaughter, on evidence connecting their fire immediately with the death of persons slain. The most important testimony in the case was that of the celebrated surgeon John Jeffries, who attended Patrick Carr, an Irishman, fatally wounded in the affray. It is as follows: "He said he saw many things thrown at the sentry; he believed they were oyster-shells and ice; he heard the people huzza every time they heard anything strike that sounded hard; he then saw some soldiers going down towards the custom-house; he saw the people pelt them as they went along. . . . I asked him whether he thought the soldiers would fire; he told me he thought the soldiers would have fired long before. I then asked him whether he thought the soldiers were abused a great deal after they went down there; he said he thought they were. I asked him whether he thought the soldiers would have been hurt if they had not fired; he said he really thought they would, for he heard many voices cry out, 'Kill them!' I asked him, meaning to close all, whether he thought they fired in self-defense, or on purpose to destroy the people; he said he really thought they did fire to defend themselves; that he did not blame the man, whoever he was, that shot him. . . . He told me he was a native of Ireland; that he had frequently seen mobs, and soldiers called upon to quell them. Whenever he mentioned that, he called himself a fool; that he might have known better; that he had seen soldiers often fire on people in Ireland, but had never in his life seen them bear half so much before they fired."

That Attucks and his associates were patriots and martyrs is a recent discovery. They were not so considered in their own time. The event was com-

memorated by an annual oration for the next thirteen years. The first oration of the series refers to its occasion only in a few confused words in a single sentence about the "sudden dissolution of life, and the indiscretion, rage, and vengeance of unruly human passions," and then dismisses the subject for vague generalities. It was evidently too early for eulogy, or even for plausible excuse. The last of the series does not so much as mention the event which it was designed to keep in memory, and without even a single verbal change might have made a moderately reputable Fourth of July oration for this current year. Some of the intermediate orations speak with pity of the victims of that night, but not one glorifies them for the act for which they suffered. Indeed, the orators have a great deal more to say about Greece and Rome than about their own country, though there runs through all of their addresses a strong sentiment against standing armies and the quartering of troops upon a peaceful community, which if Boston had been, the troops would not have been there. The only seeming exception to this statement is the oration of John Hancock, in which he does not indeed pretend that the rioters were engaged in any lawful act or enterprise, but calls the transactions of that night "inhuman, unprovoked murders, planned by Hillsborough [who can have known as much of the affair as the man in the moon] and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston." This is the only instance in which even the most vehemently patriotic writers charge premeditation on the adverse side, and all the circumstances of the case show that if there was premeditation of murder, which we do not believe, it was on the part of the leaders of the mob.

We will omit the not infrequent causes and occasions of popular disturbance that intervened, and pass on to the destruction of the tea, in December,

1773. In this transaction some very respectable men were engaged, and they and their posterity were proud of it. But they were not proud of it at the time. In their disguise as Indians they were not recognized, and the few known names among them were not divulged till the rebellion became a successful revolution. None of the prominent leaders on the patriot side claimed to have been present, or to have advised the measure in advance, though we have evidence that some of them regarded it, if not with approval, at least as propitious to their cause. It probably made no patriots. We have proof that it turned the scales against the patriot cause with some who had sympathized with it and taken part in it. It may have hastened the inevitable appeal to arms; but if so, less haste might have been the better speed. Delay would have been more mature preparation, and might have shortened the war, and lessened its suffering and its bloodshed. Then, too, if the tea had been landed, no one was obliged to use or to buy it; and it was private property, therefore not rightfully at the disposal of those who took violent possession of it, and who were inflicting on its owners an injury for which they knew that there was no redress. This, however, may be said in behalf of the men engaged in the abnormal discharge of those cargoes, which can be said, so far as we know, of not a single other transaction of the kind in human history, — that the specific object was effected without the slightest damage to life or limb, or to any property save that destined for destruction. .

The illegal seizure of the tea was in a certain sense parallel to the (so-called) respectable mob that in the infancy of the anti-slavery movement nearly killed Garrison, and made the jail his only safe place of refuge. Had slavery triumphed, and had the South held the North in willing subserviency and sycophancy, that mob would at this day be

the object and the subject of popular glorification: every man who belonged to it, or who was present, abetting and encouraging it, would claim his share of the glory; and it would furnish a roll of honor to hand down for a centennial celebration, in which every slaveholder in the land would bear part. But now that slavery is dead, and that the statue of Garrison has its place in the most fashionable avenue in Boston, there is no longer any merit in the endeavor to buttress a fallen cause. Had our Revolution failed, the disguise of the men who threw the tea overboard would never have been removed, and the best that history could say of them would be apology, not praise.

We have brought our narrative down to the eve of armed resistance. The disturbances of which we have spoken have generally been regarded and treated as subsidiary to the more sober deliberations which issued in open war and in the Declaration of Independence. But we are glad to find that one of the most honored citizens of Boston, a man, too, whose labors in various historical fields entitle him to the highest reputation, takes a very different view. Dr. Samuel Eliot says, in his *History of the United States*: "It is wiser to pass by such things with regret than to pause over their details as if they were the deeds of heroes. They sprang from strong feelings, we must allow, but not from strong principles; and so far from aiding the colonies in obtaining justice, did more than anything besides to increase the oppressiveness of the mother country. Bitterly, therefore, were they deplored by men like those who met in the Congress, or approved its acts of magnanimity." Dr. Eliot writes still further: "A constant tendency to riot on the part of a portion of the townspeople required as much energy on the part of the better class as any provocations from abroad against which they were contending." How true this must

have been, and what an unspeakable annoyance, discouragement, and hindrance all this popular fury must have brought upon the real patriots, will appear from the mere recitation of some of the names foremost in our grateful remembrance. Who can imagine such men as John Adams, Josiah Quincy, James Otis, James Bowdoin, as inciting, abetting, or sanctioning the sacking and pilage of private houses, the almost fatal outrages committed in defense of smuggling and perjury, or the murderous assault in which Attucks was the fit and honored leader? The marvel is that, with such heavy handicapping, the men to whom our country owes its birth were not driven back in despair to seek refuge in legal and measured oppression from lawless and immeasurable violence.

We find ample reason for believing that the spirit of misrule so rife in the lower strata of society greatly diminished the numbers of those actively opposed to the existing government,—that among the best men and citizens who remained loyal there were many who would have been ready to move at even pace with the leading patriots, had they not feared the ascendancy of a vicious populace. Massachusetts lost among persons occupying a high social position hardly less of sterling worth and of eminence either won or merited than she retained. The number of persons driven into exile from this province very far exceeded that of the banished from any other province. South Carolina alone can be compared in this respect with Massachusetts, and that, only because her soil was for a time hopelessly subdued, and occupied by the royal forces.

Nor is it by any means necessary to impute interested or sordid motives to the royalists. It was an open question whether a community liable to such outbreaks of popular fury did not need a strongly repressive government; and especially when the possibility of a separa-

tion from the mother country was contemplated, it was a matter of doubt whether such a people was fit for self-government,—a doubt which we have often uttered, heard, and read with reference to the French people in their long series of revolutions, and equally with regard to some of the Spanish-American republics,—a doubt which our Revolution certainly did not silence; for the disturbing elements which had their issue in the Shays Rebellion—embers of a fire smothered, but not quenched—rendered our state government insecure till it was welded into the Federal Union, and bore a large part in making nearly all the best citizens of Massachusetts Federalists, as opposed to the larger autonomy of the several States.

Hutchinson might have been saved for his country but for the vile treatment to which he was subjected. Born in Boston, a graduate of Harvard College, and, as his posthumous papers show, a lifelong lover of his native land, he cannot be proved to have favored any arbitrary measures of the home government until his house was robbed and gutted; and it is pardonable to human weakness that he should thenceforward, though evidently not without strong relunctings, have been a strict constructionist on the government side.

There was little or no rampant or demonstrative royalism in Massachusetts. The royalists were, in general, quiet citizens, indisposed to take part in public affairs, and desiring only to be let alone. Almost the only active partisanship on the royal side was such as was embodied in the discharge of official duties by the crown functionaries; and of the more important of these, several resigned their offices, yet without ceasing to be the objects of popular hostility, while several persons of high standing declined appointments under the government, yet incurred odium and violence by the mere fact of their having

been appointed. A man suspected of loyalty to the crown was not left at peace, but was liable to peremptory banishment unless he would swear allegiance to the Sons of Liberty; and if he returned he was subject to forcible deportation, and to death on the gallows if he returned a second time.

No less than three hundred and eight citizens of Massachusetts left the province, many of them driven away by mobs. Most of them lost all or the larger part of their property: some by arbitrary confiscation, and fully as many by outrages committed without even the pretense of legality. There may have been, there doubtless were, bad men among them; but we look in vain through the list of the banished and the refugees for a Massachusetts name on which rests any tradition of disgrace or infamy, while there were many who are known to have been among the best citizens of their respective communities. Cambridge lost nearly all her men of mark and high standing except those immediately connected with the college, and there were many of our country towns that were thus bereft of the very persons that had been the most honored and revered. Among the exiles were nearly one hundred graduates of Harvard College; and while we make no exclusive claim for the college, if the character of those men for intelligence and virtue was not below the average character of Harvard graduates in our time, they must have been no small loss to the infant State. It should be said here that the royalist tendencies of these graduates were not due to their college training. Harvard College was regarded as the hot-bed and seed-plot of sedition. Long before resistance was contemplated in political circles, from the time when, in 1755, John Adams appeared on the Commencement stage, there had been within the college walls a spirit of prophecy fraught with not far-off visions of freedom and independence.

Among the earliest non-importation agreements was that of the Harvard students, and in 1768 the senior class took their degrees in homespun apparel. As the crisis approached, it required tight reins and bits, not spurs, to keep the students in the foremost ranks of legitimate patriotism, and to make the existence of the very few that came from royalist families merely endurable.

Among the proscribed and banished were members of the old historical families, as of the Saltonstalls, the Sewalls, the Winslows, — families of which the exiled members were not one whit behind those that remained, in intelligence, respectability, and moral worth.

We find seventy or more of the Massachusetts royalists holding offices of greater or less importance in the still loyal dependencies of the crown, many of them having been put into places of high trust and large influence. They and their sons filled for more than half a century the chief offices in the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick judiciary; and they must have contributed to a degree not easily estimated to the elevation and progress of those provinces.

It is impossible to say how many of these royalists would have been on the patriot side, had the party opposed to the crown been kept under the control of its leaders. But they were, most of them, of the class of men that would have the lowest amount of tolerance for outrage and rapine; and when we consider how closely they were identified with the institutions and memories of their native province, and how little remains on record of anything like rancor or malignity on their part, there can be little doubt that a considerable proportion of them would have been saved for the republic, but for the very acts which posterity have been foolish enough to applaud; and for their loss our commonwealth was appreciably poorer for more than one or two generations.

We should not have brought this

chapter of our history into vivid remembrance, had we not been anticipated by the legislature in voting a civic monument to Attucks and his associate ruffians. It must be borne in mind that the State has not yet paid this honor to any one of her generals or statesmen of the revolutionary epoch, nor yet to Andrew, who made himself fully their peer in the throes of the country's second birth. About the time when this public

tribute was decreed to the rioters of the last century, there were within three or four miles of the State House two brutal mobs, professing to hurl stones and brickbats in championship of the rights of labor, for whose leaders, had they been slain by the police, our legislature must in self-consistency have voted commemorative bronze or marble, with inscriptions indicative of public respect, reverence, and gratitude.

Andrew Preston Peabody.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE third episode of the Prometheus begins with the sudden and unannounced entrance of Io. She is an innocent maiden, daughter of Inachos, an Argive river-god. Being wooed by Zeus, she excited the jealousy of Hera, queen of heaven, whose priestess she had been. Hera partially or wholly transformed her into a cow, and she is wandering over the earth, watched at first, in Hera's interest, by the monster Argus, with his hundred eyes; after his death, goaded on by a gadfly. After world-wide roaming, she is to reach the delta-land of the Nile, where she will find rest, and in after years bear to Zeus a son, Epaphos.

Io seems, therefore, to be a signal example of injured innocence, suffering through the lawless caprice of Zeus. Prometheus so regards her; but the spectator is aware, and is, in fact, informed by Prometheus in this very scene, that her later life will be happy and honored, and that she is to be "the mother of a mighty race;" how mighty and glorious, indeed, Prometheus little knows. Here again, therefore, Prometheus, with his much-vaunted prophetic wisdom, is regarded by the poet as too short-sighted

rightly to measure the far-reaching beneficence of Zeus.

This strange character, Io, was originally, according to the interpretation usually accepted, merely the wide-wandering moon. The many watching eyes of Argus are the stars of heaven. Whatever its starting-point, however, the myth has certainly been modified through the knowledge obtained by early Greeks of the horned Egyptian goddess Isis, and of Apis, who appeared in the form of a bull. Indeed, Epaphos, the name of Io's son, is stated by Herodotus to be merely the Greek form of the Egyptian name Apis.

In Greek works of art Io is often represented as a cow. In our tragedy she has a human face and figure, but is horned. The monster Argus has been slain already by Hermes, Zeus' son and trusty messenger; but as this fact would tend to give a better impression regarding Zeus' treatment of Io, Hermes' name is here suppressed, for dramatic reasons.

It may be added that the poet's excuse for drawing into his plot the pathetic figure of Io, which so effectively heightens the momentary impression of Zeus as a cruelly unjust tyrant, is that her

descendant in the thirteenth generation, Heracles, is to release Prometheus.

THIRD EPISODE.

Io (staring wildly about her). What land,
and what race? Whom, pray, do I see
Yonder, so curbed in a bridle of stone
And beaten by storms?
Of what misdeeds does he suffer the pains?
Reveal to me where
On the earth I in misery wander.
Ah me! ah me!

In rising excitement, *Io* bursts into a lyric lament over her wretched fate:—

*Still the gadfly stings me, wretched one!
Avaunt! Alas! with dread
Earth-born Argus' shape
I behold, the herdsman hundred-eyed,
Who with crafty glance doth go,
Whom not even in death the earth conceals!
In my misery he hounds me,
Crossing from the dead below;
Drives me fasting over pebbly beaches!*

The pipe *Io* now fancies she hears is perhaps a reminiscence of the music with which *Hermes* lulled *Argus* into a deep sleep before slaying him:—

*Soft and clear the well-waxed reed resounds
Slumbrous melody!
Whither do my wanderings lead me on,
Wanderings afar?
How, I pray, O son of Kronos, how
Hast thou found me sinful, who am yoked
Thus to agonies?
Why with goading terror waste away
So a trembling, frenzied girl?
Burn me! Hide me in the earth! Or give me
To sea-monsters for a prey!
Do not grudge for me
This, O lord, my prayer!
Long enough my wanderings manifold
Weary me, nor can I learn
Where my miseries I may escape.
Dost thou hear the hornèd maiden's cry?*

And *Prometheus* accepts as an appeal to himself what were really the closing words of *Io*'s prayer to *Zeus*, and responds:—

Why hear I not the gadfly-driven girl,
Inachos' child, who warmed the heart of *Zeus*
With passion, and a journey exceeding long,
Hated of *Hera*, now perforce completes?

Io is amazed at this familiarity with her mishaps:—

*Who thou art who speak'st my father's name,
Tell a wretched one.*

*Prithee, who, O sufferer, in my pain,
Rightly greets me thus?
Thou hast told my curse, by gods imposed,
Which doth waste and goad me—woe is
mine!—*

*With its maddening sting.
Pangs of hunger drove me bounding on,
In my furious haste,
Victim to the plots of foes infuriate.
Who, alas, of wretches, who
Suffers like to me?
But, I pray, reveal
Plainly what awaits me yet to bear:
What the limit or the cure
For my troubles, if thou knowest, say;
Speak, and tell a wretched wandering maid.*

To this request *Prometheus* readily accedes, and a dialogue in calmer tone begins:—

Prometheus. Plainly I'll tell thee all thou
fain wouldst learn,
Not weaving riddles, but in simple speech,
Even as is right to unseal the lips to friends.
Thou seest *Prometheus*, giver of fire to men.

The name, though not the figure, of the devoted lover of mortals is evidently well known to the *Argive* girl. She replies:—

Thou general blessing of mankind, for what,
Wretched *Prometheus*, art thou suffering so?
Prom. I ceased but now bewailing my distress.
Io. This boon, then, unto me thou wilt not grant?
Prom. Speak what thou wilt. All mayst thou learn from me.
Io. Tell who in this ravine has bound thee fast.
Prom. *Hephaistos'* hand, but the decree of *Zeus*.
Io. And for what sins dost thou atonement pay?

But *Prometheus* cannot endure this repetition of the sea-nymph's inquiries, to which he has made full response, and curtly answers:—

So much alone may I reveal to thee.

Io's thoughts turn at once to the prophetic knowledge which the Titan doubtless possesses concerning herself:—

Io. Yet show me, too, what time shall be the goal
For me of wandering and of suffering.
Prom. Herein is knowledge worse than ignorance!

Io. Pray hide not from me what I must endure.

Prom. This boon, indeed, I do not envy thee.

Io. Why dost thou hesitate to utter all?

Prom. I grudge not, but am loath to vex thy soul.

Io. Shield me not more than I myself desire.

Prom. Since thou art eager, I must speak : attend!

But here the leader of the chorus interrupts Prometheus, and insists that Io's previous mishaps be first narrated. In general, the reader will admire the skill with which the long story of Io is divided and taken up into the dialogue, instead of being permitted to detach itself from the drama proper, like the long speeches of Euripides' messengers. In such matters Æschylus by no means seems to "do right without knowing why," as Sophocles is stated to have remarked. It is rather the elaborate skill of an artist fully conscious of his art.

Chorus. Not yet! Accord me too in that delight

A share. Her troubles first let us inquire,
While she narrates to us her weary fate.

Her later toils let her be taught by thee.

Prom. Io, to gratify them is thy task;
The more as they are sisters of thy sire.

(Again Æschylus follows the Theogony of Hesiod, who says:—

"Tethys unto Okeanos bore the eddying rivers."

Hence Inachos, the river-god, Io's father, is brother to the sea-nymphs, who are also children of the same parents. It may be remarked, however, that Io's nature, and also her former life in her father's home, seem to be described quite as if she were a mere mortal maiden.)

For to bewail and mourn our destiny,
When we are likely to obtain a tear
From those who listen, well repays the time.

Io. I know not why I should not trust in you,
And you shall hear all that which you desire,
In simple speech. I grieve even while I tell
How on me, in my wretchedness, there came
This heaven-sent tempest, and my loss of form.

For nightly visions, haunting evermore
My maiden-chamber, with their gentle words
Enticed me: "Wherefore, O most blessed maid,

Dost tarry long a virgin, when thou mayst
The loftiest nuptials gain? For Zeus is struck
By passion's dart, through thee, and fain would
join

With thee in love. And spurn not, girl, the couch

Of Zeus, but to the fertile mead go forth
Of Lernè, to thy father's flocks and stalls,
And sate the eye of Zeus of his desire."

And with such visions every night was I,
Poor wretch, encompassed, till I dared to tell
My sire what dreams in darkness came to me.
And he to Pytho and Dodona sent
Repeated messengers, to learn what he
Must do or say to please the powers divine.

(Pytho is the original name of Delphi.
Dodona is a still more ancient oracle of
Zeus, among the oak-groves of Epirus.)

They came reporting dubious oracles,
Ill understood, mysteriously phrased.

At last arrived an utterance distinct,
That speaking plainly enjoined on Inachos
To thrust me from my home and fatherland
To wander far on earth's remotest bounds.
If he would not, the fiery bolt from Zeus
Would come, and utterly destroy his race.

Urged on by such replies of Loxias,
He drove me forth and barred me from his home,

Against his will and mine. The curb of Zeus
Forced him by violence to do the deed.
Straightway distorted were my form and mind.
Hornèd, as ye behold me, goaded on
By the shrill gadfly, with a frantic bound
I darted toward Kerchneia's current sweet,
And Lernè's source. Insatiate in his rage,
The earth-born herdsman, Argus, followed me,
Watching with countless eyes the paths I trod.
But unexpectedly a sudden fate
Bereft him of his life; yet, gadfly-driven,
I wander, scourged of gods, from land to land.

Thou hearest what has been. If thou canst tell

What toils remain, speak out! Nor, pitying me,
Console me with untruthful words. A bane
Most shameful do I call deceitful tales.

'The sea-nymphs' sympathies are deeply stirred by Io's pathetic story, and they cry out in excited tones:—

Ah me! Ah me! Refrain! Alas!
Never had I prayed that alien words
To my ears should come,
Nor that sorrows, griefs, and terrors
Hard to see and hard to bear,
With their goad two-edged should chill my soul.
Destiny, destiny! Woe is me!
'... Shuddering on Io's fate I look!

The uncomplaining sufferer upon the cliff says calmly : —

Beforehand thou dost groan, and full of fright
Art thou ; but hold, until the rest thou hear.

Cho. Speak thou, explain. To those in trouble, sweet

It is to know in full the pain to come.

The curiosity of the ocean-nymphs concerning Io's previous experiences being fully gratified, Prometheus takes up the tale of her later wanderings. Addressing first the chorus, he begins : —

Lightly your former wish, at least, have ye
Obtained from me ; for first ye craved to hear
While she related all her own distress.

Now hearken to the rest : what sufferings
This girl at Hera's hand must yet endure.

(*To Io.*) Inachos' child, take thou to heart
my words,

That thou mayst wholly learn thy journey's
goal.

The vague geographical ideas embodied in the following account of Io's adventures were doubtless derived from the Greeks, who had established trading-posts in the Crimea and upon the neighboring shores of the Black Sea. Students of Herodotus will be frequently reminded, during this whole scene, of his later and somewhat more accurate accounts.

From here, first, toward the risings of the sun
Turn thou, and tread across the fields untilled.
Thou 'lt reach the nomad Scythians, who aloft
In wicker-huts on well-wheeled wagons dwell,
Equipped with bows, and arrows flying far.
Approach them not, but, keeping close thy feet
To the sea-beaten coast, pass through the land.

And on the left hand dwell the Chalybes,
Workers of iron, whom thou needs must shun.
Untamed are they, unfriendly unto guests.
Thou 'lt reach the Hybristes River, rightly
named.

(That is, River of Outrage.)

This cross not, — for 't is difficult to ford, —
Until the highest Caucasus itself
Thou nearest, where the river bursts in might
From the rock's face. The summits, near the
stars,
Thou needs must climb, and southward turn
thy way.

Then to the host of Amazons thou 'lt come,
Haters of men, who shall hereafter dwell

By the Thermodon at Themyskyra.
There is the cruel Salmydessian strait,
Unkind to sailors, step-mother of ships.
They will be guides for thee right joyfully.

Io, it appears, can safely trust the womanly feeling of the Amazons. Incidentally, Æschylus endeavors to reconcile the accounts which placed this mythical race near the river Thermodon, in Northern Asia Minor, with the less familiar legend which located the nation of warrior women about the Sea of Azof. For this is the evident object of the prophecy of a migration in later times, a matter of no concern to Io or the daughters of Okeanos.

And now at the sea's narrow gates, thou 'lt
come

To the Kimmerian isthmus. Fearlessly
Leave this, and traverse the Mæotian strait.
The story of thy passage shall be famed
Among mankind forever. Bosphorus
Shall it be called. But leaving Europe's plain,
Thou 'lt reach the Asian mainland.

(The Bos-poros, "cow-ford" according to the popular but probably erroneous etymology, is the channel just east of the Crimea, and is regarded by the dramatist as the boundary between the continents. All the regions heretofore mentioned are to be assigned to Europe.)

Here the poet avails himself of the opportunity for a natural pause.

Dost thou deem
The king of gods in all his acts alike
Lawless ? He wished, a god, to join to him
This mortal, and such wanderings has imposed !
A bitter suitor for thy wedlock thou
Hast found, O girl ! for what thou now hast
heard

Consider hardly as the prelude yet !

Io. Oh, woe is me !

Prom. Thou criest again, and deeply groanest ? What

When thou hast learned the evils that remain !

Cho. Wilt thou, pray, tell her more of troubles yet ?

Prom. A harsh and stormy sea of fatal woe !

Io. What profits, then, my life ? Why did I not

Cast myself down at once from this rude crag,
Earthward to plunge, and gain from all my
toils

Release ? Far better is it once to die
Than all our days to suffer wretchedly.

There is both pity and disdain in the Titan's tone, as he contrasts her repining and his own stoicism; his centuries of agonizing torture and her briefer pilgrimage, with peace and glory assured to her beyond it:—

Prom. Truly thou wouldst endure my agony

But weakly, who am destined not to die,
For that were an escape from wretchedness.
And now there is no limit set for me
Of miseries, ere Zeus shall fall from power.

This allusion arouses Io's curiosity, and thus the dialogue turns naturally to a different theme:—

Io. Could Zeus, then, be deprived of sovereignty?

Prom. Thou wouldst rejoice, methinks, to see that chance.

Io. Why not, since I from Zeus am suffering wrong?

Prom. Then mayst thou learn from me that this is true.

Io. Who shall his royal sceptre wrest from him?

Prom. He, from himself, by empty-minded plans.

Io. How? Tell us, if no harm thereby is done.

Prom. He makes a marriage which he yet shall rue.

Io. Divine or human? Say, if thou mayst speak.

Prom. Why ask with whom? This may not be revealed.

Io. Shall he, pray, lose his throne through her he weds?

Prom. A son she'll bear, more mighty than his sire.

Io. Is there no rescue from this lot for him?

This much, then, Zeus also doubtless hears; but the most important word of all, the name of the fatal bride, Prometheus is too crafty to utter. His next remark so astonishes Io that she interrupts it midway:—

Prom. None, unless I myself, released from bonds—

Io. Who shall release thee against the will of Zeus?

Prom. This falls to one of thy posterity.

Io. What! shall a son of mine free thee from ills?

Prom. In the third generation after ten!

VOL. LXII. — NO. 371. 22

Io. (after a pause). The prophecy still is hard to understand.

Prom. And do not seek to learn of all thy griefs.

Io. Proffer me not the boon, and then withhold!

Prom. Of utterances twain I'll grant thee one.

Io. Tell me of what, and give to me the choice.

Prom. I grant it. Choose if I shall plainly tell

Who will release me, or thy latter woes.

There seems to be no serious meaning in this choice offered by Prometheus. Indeed, he readily consents to satisfy the curiosity of the chorus in both matters. The identity of Thetis is not, however, indicated by Prometheus at any later point in the play, though that is what is here promised. Io is too excited by her own coming miseries, of which she is presently informed still more in detail, to tarry and listen to other words, and the entrance of Hermes soon after put an end to all confidential talk. This passage indicates that Prometheus' caution is deserting him.

Cho. Bestow on her the one, the other grace
On me, and do not disregard my words.
Relate to her the wandering yet in store,
To me thy rescuer. This is my desire.

Prometheus. Since ye are eager, I will not resist,

But utter all, so much as ye have craved.

Thy mazy wanderings, Io, first I tell.

On thy heart's mindful tablets this engrave.

Passing the stream that parts the continents,
To the sun-trodden flaming Orient

The stream meant is of course the Kimmerian Bosphorus, where the thread of the narrative was broken before. But just here, lines, perhaps even pages, of the libretto are missing. After the gap we find Io in a purely fabulous region, probably imagined by the poet as in the southeast quarter of the earth.

Crossing the roaring sea, until thou reach
Kisthenè's plains Gorgonean, where abide
The Phorkides, three venerable maids,
Like unto swans, who have one eye for all,
A single tooth; whom neither with his rays
The sun doth look on, nor the nightly moon.

And near them are the wingèd sisters three,
The Gorgons, serpent-locked, abhorred of
men,

Whom never mortal sees and keeps his breath.
Such as I tell thee are the guardians there.

But hearken to another hateful sight.
Against the voiceless, keen-fanged hounds of
Zeus,

The griffins, guard thee, and the one-eyed host
Of Arimaspians, who abide
By the gold-flowing source of Pluto's stream;
Approach them not.

The farthest land thou 'lt reach,
And a black race, who near to Helios' springs
Inhabit, where the river Aithiops is.

This river Aithiops (that is Niger, Black)
is shown by the context to be merely
the upper course of the Nile, which the
ancients believed took its rise in the Far
East. Even Alexander and his follow-
ers fancied the Hydaspes was the upper
portion of the Nile! The latter name
was especially applied to the stream
from the last cataract downward.

Creep by his banks, till to the cataract
Thou comest, where the Nile his current sweet
And holy from the Byblis mountains sends.
He 'll lead thee to the land triangular,
Neilotis, where the distant colony
Thou, Io, and thy children are to found.
If aught hereof is dark or hard to guess,
Ask yet again, and clearly learn the whole.

The chorus again reminds Prometheus
of his promise to reveal whom Zeus will
be tempted to wed, but their words serve
merely to afford a moment's rest to the
exhausted protagonist.

Cho. If thou hast aught, remaining or
passed by,
To tell her of her fateful wanderings,
Speak. But if all is said, then grant us too
The grace we seek and thou rememberest.

Prom. She has heard the goal of all her
journey; yet
That she may know she hearkens not in vain,
What she has suffered ere she hither fared
I 'll tell, to prove the truth of mine account.
The greater mass of words will I omit,
And reach at once her wanderings' very close.

Accordingly, Prometheus does not tell
how Io passed from her Argive home to
Epirus. The Suppliants, the only extant
drama of Æschylus which has not
been already mentioned in the present

essay, deals with the fortunes of Io's
descendants, the Danaides. The tale of
their ancestress' wanderings is taken up
in a choral ode of the play, but the
account cannot be reconciled with the
present one, nor will it serve to fill the
gap at this point.

For when thou hadst approached Molossian
lands,

And steep Dodona, where is the abode
And oracle also of Thesprotian Zeus,
And, marvel past belief, the talking oaks,
(By which thou plainly, not in riddles, wert
Saluted as the illustrious spouse of Zeus,)
Then, gadfly-driven, thou didst rush along
The seaside road to Rhea's mighty gulf,
And thence returning now art tempest-tost.

Rhea's gulf is the Adriatic. By "re-
turning" can only be meant turning in-
land again from the sea, or perhaps
facing about eastward toward Prome-
theus' place of torture.

In time to come shall that sea-gulf be called,
Know well, Ionian; a memorial
Unto all mortals of thy wanderings.

An ancient writer is rarely fortunate in
his ventures into etymology. The Adri-
atic was called the Ionian gulf, it is true,
but not from Io.

This of my wisdom is a proof to thee,
Which more than is apparent doth behold.
The rest to you and her at once I 'll tell,
Returning to the track of former words.

Accordingly, he now describes in some
detail the fortunes of Io after reaching
the delta, and of her posterity:—

Canobos, outmost city of the land,
Lies at the mouth and margin of the Nile.
And there will Zeus restore thy mind again,
Touching thee only with a hand unfear'd.
And thou shalt bear—from Zeus' begetting
named—

Dark Epaphos, who will harvest all the land
That Nile with widening current overflows.

Æschylus fancies the name Epaphos is
derived from a Greek verb (*ἐπαφίσκω*),
meaning to touch caressingly.

Fifth in descent from him, a female brood
Of fifty children shall unwilling come
To Argos, fleeing marriage with their kin,
Their cousins. But the suitors, mad at heart,
As hawks that follow close upon the doves,

Shall come to hunt the marriage which shall
not

Be won. A god shall grudge them even life.
Pelagia shall receive the maids; the youths
In deadly strife with women shall be quelled,
Wakeful and bold. His bride of life shall rob
Each man, and dip in blood the two-edged
sword.

—So to my foes may Aphrodite come!

The last line is a fierce curse uttered
by the tortured Titan, as he thinks of
the similar danger to be brought upon
his own arch enemy through wedlock.
The incidents here alluded to occurred
to the daughters of Danaus, and, as has
been already mentioned, are treated in
part by Æschylus in his early drama,
the *Suppliants*.

But yet, one bride shall love beguile to spare
Her spouse, and dull the edge of her intent;
And this alternative will she prefer,
A coward to be called, not murderess.

In Argos she shall bear a kingly race.
To tell this clearly would much speech require;

But from her seed shall spring a valiant one,
Famed with the bow; and he from this dis-
tress

Shall free me. Such a prophecy to me
My Titan mother, ancient Themis, gave:

But how, or where, long time 't would need to
tell,

And it will nothing profit thee to learn.

It is an interesting question — and
one of the utmost importance in the
tragic plot — just how much *Prome-
theus* is supposed to know in regard to
his own future destiny. It is tolerably
clear from the present passage that he
has no unlimited prophetic insight of his
own, but has simply been informed by
Themis of the events to which he here
alludes. He probably does not even
know whether Zeus will actually escape
the danger menacing him through Thetis
or not. He apparently supposes that
his own release through the agency of
Heracles is to be a confession of error
and injustice on Zeus' part, and perhaps
expects still to be free to save the king
of gods from ruin, or to keep silence,
at his own pleasure. Such questions
are involved in some doubt, because we
have lost the other plays of this trilogy.

Io now relapses into the frantic con-
dition in which she arrived at the be-
ginning of the scene, and with these
wild words she rushes away upon her
long journey: —

Woe is me! Woe is me!

The spasm again and the madness wild
Are burning me, and the unforged dart

Of the gadfly stings!

My heart in terror is smiting my breast;

Mine eyes are rolling as whirls a wheel.

Now forth from my course on the furious
breath

Of frenzy I rush, not ruling my tongue;

And at random are striking the gloomy words

On the hateful billows of Atè!

[*Exit.*

This closes the third and last episode.
The third Stasimon is a fervent prayer
of the sea-nymphs to be spared such a
lot as Io's: —

THIRD STASIMON.

Chorus. *Wise, ah, truly wise was he
Whoso first in thought did ponder well
And in language told the tale,
That an equal match is better far.
Not with them that in their wealth delight,
Nor with those exalted by their birth,
Should the humbler one desire to wed.*

*Never, nevermore, I pray,
May ye, Moirai, see me drawing near,
As his bride, the couch of Zeus.
May I no Uranian suitor wed!
Io's unbeloved virginity,
Shuddering, utterly devoured I see
By far-wandering toils, from Hera sent!*

*Not of wedlock in an equal station,
Free from terrors, is my dread;
But lest Passion from the gods supernal
Gaze on me with eye that none may shun!
This a war is, not to be contested,
Working what may not be wrought! I know
not*

*What my fate may prove! Nor can I see
Whither I the craft of Zeus might fly!*

In the first portion of the *Exodos* the
sea-nymphs and *Prometheus* are alone.
The latter is so excited by the scene
with Io that he now breaks forth into
words even more rash and presumptu-
ous than heretofore.

EXODOS.

Prom. Zeus surely, though so arrogant of soul,
Shall yet be humbled; such a marriage he
Devises, which will cast him forth from power
And throne into oblivion. Kronos' curse
Shall even then completely be fulfilled,
Uttered as from his ancient throne he fell.

A refuge from these woes, except myself,
None of the gods could clearly show to him.
I know the means and way. So let him sit
Secure, and trust his thunder high aloft,
Brandishing in his hands the fiery bolt.
For these may naught avail, but he shall
fall,—

A shameful fall, and unendurable.
So great a foe he now himself prepares
Against himself, most dread, invincible.
The following lines refer to the son
whom Thetis would bear, if wedded to
a divinity:—

He shall a stranger flame than lightning find,
A roar which thunder mightily excels:
And this shall rout the pest that shakes the
earth,
The trident of the sea, Poseidon's spear.

The allusion to the trident is out of
place here, as Poseidon has not been re-
ferred to until now. These lines are, in
fact, a clear reminiscence of the passage
cited from Pindar's ode early in the
present essay, in which Themis warns
Zeus and Poseidon not to wed Thetis.
Though Æschylus transfers the custody
of this secret to Prometheus, and leaves
Poseidon quite out of the tale, he can-
not refrain from borrowing this striking
poetic passage.

Unto this evil fallen, Zeus shall learn
How wide are power and slavery apart.

Chorus. 'Tis but thy wish for Zeus thou
utterest!

Prometheus. Both what shall be, and my
desire, I tell.

Cho. Ought we to look for one to master
Zeus?

Prom. And harder tasks than mine shall he
endure!

Perhaps the sea-nymph gives a timid
glance skyward, as she replies:—

How dost thou fear not, uttering such words?

Prom. What should I dread, who am not
doomed to die?

Cho. Yet he might give thee bitterer tasks
than these.

Prom. So let him do. All is by me fore-
seen.

Cho. They who to Adrasteia bow are wise!
Prom. Revere! Adore! Fawn on the ruler
still!

But less than naught is my regard for Zeus.
Let him for this brief season act and reign
As he desires. He rules not long the gods.

Certainly at this point in the tragedy
no ancient auditor could escape the con-
viction that Prometheus is fatally in the
wrong. This last prophecy is not only
impious, but untrue, thus at once falsi-
fying his vain boast,—

All is by me foreseen.

Even the sympathy which was excited
by his awful suffering is largely alien-
ated just now by this rude outburst
against his gentle and devoted friends.
The dramatist makes us see the truth
concerning his hero just before the final
catastrophe. Prometheus' next words
announce the beginning of the end:—

But yonder I descry Zeus' courier,
Who is the youthful tyrant's messenger.
Surely to bring new tidings he is come.

Hermes now enters, doubtless descend-
ing from above. He haughtily addresses
Prometheus:—

Thou wondrous wise, exceeding bitter one,
Who wrong'st the gods, bestowing gifts upon
Ephemeral men,—the theft of fire I mean,—
The father bids thee make that marriage
known,
Vaunted of thee, through which he falls from
power.

And this not enigmatically speak,
But all the truth. On me do not impose
A double journey; and thou seest that Zeus
Is nowise lenient unto deeds like these.

The heroic rebel hurls back defiance at
his tormentors, in words that yet stir
the pulses of men who admire courage
and proud endurance:—

Pompously mouthed, indeed, and full of pride
Thy tale, as fits the servants of the gods!
Young are ye, young your power, and ye ex-
pect

To hold your towers untroubled. Have I not
Beheld two monarchs driven from them forth?
The third, too, who now governs, I shall see:
Most shamefully and swiftly! Do I seem
To dread and cower before the youthful gods?

Nay, far indeed from that am I!

And thou,
Speed back again the road which thou hast
come.

Naught shalt thou learn whereof thou ques-
tionest me.

Hermes. Even before, by wisdom like to
this,

Amid these tortures thou hast anchored thee!

Prom. Thy servile duty with my wretched-
ness,

Be thou full well aware, I would not change.
Better, methinks, to serve this rock, than be
The trusty messenger of father Zeus!

So to insult the insolent is fit.

Herm. Thou revelest in thy present lot, it
seems.

Prom. I revel? So may I behold my foes
Reveling: and of them I count thee one!

Herm. Dost thou accuse me, too, for thy
mishaps?

Prom. I — in plain words — hate all the
gods whoso

Return me wrongful harm for benefits.

Herm. I hear thee rave in frenzy nowise
mild.

Prom. Ay, if 'tis frenzy to abhor our foes.

Herm. If fortunate, thou wouldst be un-
bearable!

This allusion draws a sigh from the
Titan, for which he is taunted by the
messenger god: —

Prom. Alas!

Herm. That is a word Zeus does not know!

Prom. Time teaches all things, as he older
grows.

Herm. But thou not yet hast learned to be
discreet.

Prom. Else thee, a servant, I had not ad-
dressed.

Decidedly worsted in this verbal fencing,
Hermes returns to his proper mission,
with the words, —

What Zeus commands thou art not like to say.

Prom. I should, indeed, return the thanks
I owe!

Something in the bitter mockery of this
line makes it cut more deeply than
the ruder words before, for Hermes ex-
claims, —

Thou dost revile me, as I were a child!

Prom. Art thou not childish, and more fool-
ish yet,

If thou expectest aught from me to learn?

There is no outrage, no device, whereby

Zeus shall impel me to that utterance,
Ere my dishonorable bonds are loosed.

And so, then, let the lurid flame be hurled;
With white-winged snow and rumblings of
the earth

Let him confound and frighten everything.

For none of these shall bend my will to tell

By whom he is doomed to be cast out from
power.

The dread sounds and sights alluded to
by Prometheus have no doubt already
begun.

Herm. See now if this shall seem to avail
for thee!

Prom. This was foreseen and thought of
long ago.

In Hermes' next words we hear some-
thing like a tone of pity for the coura-
geous foe: —

Venture, O rash one, venture thou, for once,
In these thy sorrows to be truly wise.

Prom. Thou wear'st me, like a wave, with
pleadings vain.

Never suppose that, dreading the decree

Of Zeus, I would grow womanish at heart,

And would beseech that most detested one,

With feminine upliftings of the hands,

To free me from these bonds! Far, far from
that!

Herm. Much, yet in vain, it seems, I speak.

By prayers

Thou 'rt nowise melted, nor made soft of heart.

Champing the bit, even as a colt new yoked,

Thou fightest violently against the reins.

In thy weak wisdom thou 'rt presumptuous;

For arrogance, in one not truly wise,

Even less than nothing of itself avails.

Bethink thee, if thou yield not to my words,

How great a storm and treble wave of ills

Inevitable comes on thee. For first

This jagged cleft with thunder and the flame

Of lightning shall the father smite, and hide

Thy form. An arm of rock shall hold thee
fast.

A mighty length of time shalt thou complete,
And come again to light.

This time upon Mount Caucasus. It is
not clear what poetical end is attained
by this violent burial of the immortal
culprit, and his resurrection, long after-
ward, in another land. It appears like
a desperate device to reconcile the rival
claims of two localities, since either form
of the myth was too widespread to be
ignored. Later antiquity connected Pro-

methens' torture rather with the Caucasus, and in the poem of Apollonius Rhodius the Argonauts hear his groans as they sail the Euxine.

The wingèd hound
Of Zeus, the dusky eagle, ravenously
Shall rend the mighty fragments from thy
frame,

Stealing unsummoned to his all-day feast.
Upon thy blackened liver he shall feed.

Expect no limit to such agony
Until a god appears to bear thy pains,
Willing to rayless Hades to depart,
Amid the gloomy depths of Tartaros.

This seemingly impossible condition was to be fulfilled through the centaur Chiron, who, incurably wounded, through accident, by Heracles' poisoned arrow, gladly surrendered his immortality to escape his pain.

Thereon deliberate; because this vaunt
Is not invented, but most truly said.
The mouth of Zeus knows not to speak deceit,
But every word shall be fulfilled. Do thou
Consider well and ponder; nor suppose
Willfulness ever better is than prudence.

Cho. To us it seems that Hermes fittingly
Has spoken; for he bids thee to put off
Thy willfulness, and for wise prudence seek.
Obey, since for the sage to err is shame.

The voice of the chorus, here as elsewhere, must be accepted as the general voice of the community, so to speak, and approximately as the voice of the poet himself. The sea-nymphs love and admire Prometheus: they are ready to share all perils with him; but his stubbornness is unwise, and his arrogance is sinful:—

Prom. These tidings he unto me proclaims,
Who knew them well; and to suffer wrong,
A foe from foemen, is no disgrace.
Therefore upon me let there be cast
The curling flash of the forkèd flame;
Let the ether with thunder be roused, and the
shock

Of savage winds. May the blast upstir
From her foundations the rooted earth.
May the wave of the sea, with its eager surge,
Cover the paths of the heavenly stars;
And, uplifting me aloft, may Zeus
Into darksome Tartaros cast my form,
Into Necessity's merciless whirl.
At least he will not destroy me!

Herm. Such are the counsels and words,
indeed,
To be heard from those who are smitten in
soul!

For how far short does his destiny fall
Of frenzy? How is it than madness less?

(*To the sea-nymphs.*) But ye, at least, who
sympathize

In his calamities, get ye forth
Somewhither, straightway, out of the land,
For fear that ye may be struck to the heart
By the merciless roar of the thunder.

Cho. Speak and suggest aught else unto me,
And persuade me thereto; for surely the word
Thou utterest is not endurable.

Why dost thou bid me the coward to play?
With him I would suffer whatever must be!
For the treacherous I have learned to abhor;

Nor is there a vice

That I more than this have detested!

Herm. Why, then, remember what I fore-
tell;

And do not, when hunted by Atè down,
Be wroth at fate, nor ever declare
That into calamities unforeseen

Ye of Zeus were plunged.

Not so; but ye by yourselves alone.

For with fullest knowledge, not hastily,

Nor secretly,

In Atè's web, whence none escape,

By folly shall ye be entangled!

Prom. But now, not merely in words, but
in deed,

Has the earth been tost.

The thunder's sea-born echo roars.

The flashes of lightning, full of flame,
Are shining forth.

The whirlwinds are driving the dust around,
And the breaths of all the winds that blow

On each other leap,

Revealing the strife of opposing blasts.

The ether is with the sea confused.

Such is the storm that, sent from the lord,
Inspiring dread, falls clearly on me.

O reverend Mother, O Ether that rolls

The light that is common to everything,

Behold how unjustly I suffer!

In the storm which he himself so vividly describes, Prometheus sinks from sight, cliff and all, and thus the play abruptly ends. Hermes has, doubtless, already withdrawn, rising aloft after his last words. The chorus share Prometheus' fate, and vanish into the earth with him.

This play, when originally performed, was followed immediately by the Pro-

metheus Loosed. Of that drama many fragments are preserved by later writers; the longest one through a metrical Latin translation by the orator Cicero. From these fragments, and from allusions in the play we have just read, the outline of the *Prometheus Loosed* can be discerned. The scene is laid on Mount Caucasus, thirteen mortal generations later than the events described in the *Prometheus Bound*. The chorus was composed of Titans released from Tartaros; their appearance in freedom on earth being in itself a token of reconciliation, and of Zeus' gentleness, now that his throne is more secure. Heracles comes, with Zeus' permission, to shoot the eagle and release Prometheus, but the latter must first promise that he will immediately afterward reveal his fatal secret, and release Zeus from this vague dread. A complete restoration of harmony between Prometheus and Zeus must have followed.

In the most ancient manuscript of Æschylus' seven plays, at Florence, is preserved an alphabetical catalogue of seventy-three tragedies which were apparently known to an ancient transcriber. This tantalizing list includes *Prometheus Bound*, *Prometheus Fire-Bearer*, *Prometheus Loosed*. The order of mention, of course, proves nothing; and, indeed, we have positive ancient statements that our play immediately preceded the *Prometheus Loosed*. It is very generally accepted that the three plays formed an organic whole. The prevailing belief has been that the *Prometheus Fire-Bearer* came first, and described the theft of fire. But two, at least, of the latest and best commentators, Westphal and Wecklein, have upheld, very persuasively, a different arrangement. They contend that our *Prometheus* does not

require, and hardly permits, a preliminary drama, being quite self-explanatory; and they assert that the *Fire-Bearer* closed the trilogy. *Fire-Bearer* is the regular title of Prometheus in the state religion of Attica, and such a closing play might well have ended with the joyful reception of the Titan god by the Athenians into their state cult, where he had an honorable place in close association with the firegod, Hephaistos.

Curiously enough, only a single line of the *Fire-Bearer* has been preserved, and that one does not settle the discussion. It is simply,—

"Mute where 't is fit, and uttering timely words,"

and is cited by Aulus Gellius.

But a trivial remark of the ancient Greek annotator upon our play is very important to this question. Upon line 94 of the *Prometheus Bound*,

"Wasting away through unnumbered years,"

this scholiast adds: "For in the *Prometheus Fire-Bearer* he declares himself to have been bound (δεδέσθαι) thrice a myriad years." The use of the perfect infinitive is a distinct proof that the *Fire-Bearer* followed the other plays, and can be avoided only by supposing that the commentator's pen slipped, and that he meant to say, "In the *Prometheus Loosed*."

A careful reading of the last play of Æschylus' great Oresteian trilogy, the *Eumenides*, in which the baffled and enraged Furies are conciliated, and finally take up their permanent abode in a sacred cave at the foot of the Areopagus, will give the reader a very good idea of the manner in which Æschylus might, and probably did, treat the *Prometheus* myth in a similar final drama.¹

But of one point we may in any case

Persians formed a part. This is undoubtedly the play alluded to by an ancient author under the title *Prometheus Fire-Kindler*. Like most of the satyr dramas, it had already disappeared when the list of plays mentioned above was drawn up.

¹ For the sake of completeness it may be mentioned that Æschylus wrote still a fourth play on this subject. It was a satyr drama, or serio-comic afterpiece, and was appended to a group of tragedies upon a totally different subject, namely, the trilogy of which the extant

be quite certain. Not merely the superior power, but the higher wisdom and justice, of Zeus from the beginning became evident to every spectator, as the poet believed that they were made clear to the great sufferer himself. Our sympathies are drawn inevitably to Prometheus. Indeed, later antiquity doubtless had the same feeling, else why is this act of the great drama, in which Prometheus has the last word and seems so nearly innocent, alone preserved for us, although the picture of the Titan on Caucasus, tortured by the vulture and released by Heracles, was far more familiar in ancient literature and art? Doubtless because Prometheus still defiant and confident in the justice of his cause pleased the later Greeks better than the scene of penitence and humility.

There is no especial need to defend the popular Hellenic conception of Zeus. "Great Pan is dead!" and all the Greek world of mythic gods has crumbled into nothingness with him. But Æschylus is still a living voice among men, and it should not be forgotten that he had as earnest and unquestioning a faith in the eternal goodness and wisdom as Whittier himself. If he could know that many of his noblest and wisest modern hearers bid us approve and emulate his defiant, unrepentant rebel, he would receive it as Milton would have received the remark of a gallant English nobleman who had just read the opening books of *Paradise Lost*, and who, on being asked his opinion of the Miltonic Satan, exclaimed, "A mighty fine fellow, and I hope he'll win!"

The closing portion of the fine soliloquy of Prometheus on the Rock, written forty-five years ago by the poet Lowell, illustrates the prevailing sympathy and admiration for the heroic Titan; and it also exemplifies the inevitable tendency

of modern man to turn such a conception as Prometheus back again into an allegory: only, the influence of Christian thought, directing the eyes of the soul inward upon itself, and making the individual the supreme object of interest, is at work here as everywhere.

. . . Therefore, great heart, bear up! Thou
art but type

Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
Would win men back to strength and peace
through love:

Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and
love

And patience, which at last shall overcome.

It is not to be questioned that such treatment of Greek myths in the hands of modern men of genius and wisdom has a precious value of its own. Often a deeper and nobler significance than the classic poet ever dreamed may thus be gained for us.

An elaborate discussion of such modern poems on the theme of the Promethean myth lies, however, wholly beyond our present scope. It is the single aim of this paper to make the drama of Æschylus intelligible to a thoughtful modern reader essentially as it was received by the poet's contemporaries, so far as our fragmentary knowledge makes this still possible. To this end, the one constant and unmistakable element in Æschylus' creed, as stated and illustrated in every drama, must be kept always in mind:—

The world is governed by infinite wisdom and unfailing justice. Men err fatally who impute to the gods the petty jealousies or weaknesses of humanity. What seems to our eyes injustice is but a partial and distorted view of the cycle through which the divine purpose sweeps.

William Cranston Lawton.

DANIEL DRAWBAUGH.

ABOUT three miles west from the city of Harrisburg, Penn., is a little hamlet sometimes called Milltown, but commonly known as Eberly's Mills. The adjacent country consists of arable land, owned chiefly by well-to-do farmers of Dutch descent. The village is a very small one, the greater part of it being included in the grist-mill property from which the name is derived, and which comprises the mill itself, a stone house, and two or three wooden houses with the grounds appurtenant, the whole covering about ten acres.

The inhabitants of the village are of a miscellaneous character, and not nearly so well off as the neighboring farmers. Besides the miller and his assistant, there were, early in the seventies, Daniel Fetrow, the blacksmith; Amos Frownfelter, a day laborer; Norman Kahney, the cooper; old John Heck, who "worked around with the farmers;" the shopkeeper, and a few others. Henry Yetter once kept a small tavern at Eberly's Mills, and also "carried on butchering." Scarcely anybody stayed there long, and the residents changed entirely at least as often as the human skin is said to renovate itself. There was no carpenter or shoemaker; but, as one of the witnesses stated, in the case of the American Bell Telephone Company *v.* The People's Telephone Company, "a good many cobbled around a little sometimes."

Eberly's Mills is not on the line of any railroad, but the villagers take the cars at the White Hill station, on the Cumberland Valley road, only a mile or so distant, whence also they get their mail every day by "foot-power," as another witness, who himself had been "honored with the mail-messengership," facetiously remarked.

The centre of gossip was, of course,

the "store;" which, as is usual in such neighborhoods, served as a sort of clubhouse for the male inhabitants. On Saturday night, they used to have "ice-cream and so on" there, and the attendance was always large. As a commercial depot it does not seem to have been a success. It changed hands pretty often, and once was almost annihilated by an explosion. This was in the time of Abner Wilson, who, to quote again from the testimony, "had store there for a while, but having a keg of powder too near the fire, blowed him up, or the goods. Some lit, and some did not; some burnt up before they lit. It so completely busted the shell of the house in which it was that he left, and never returned. After which, perhaps a year, a new shell was prepared to keep store, in which Jeremiah Fry kept some few articles. That is all I recollect of the store business at Eberly's Mills."

There was another spot which furnished a meeting-ground for the villagers and out-of-town people. On Saturday nights especially, "we boys and a party that usually congregated in there" often enjoyed a quiet game of "seven-up;" and it is on record that once a turkey-shoot was "played off" at the same resort. This was the shop of Daniel Drawbaugh, mechanic and inventor. Its situation was picturesque. Back of the grist-mill, a road, bordered by grass and shaded by trees, runs down through a short distance to an old, unused mill, in one part of which was Drawbaugh's shop. Cedar Run, the stream which turns the grist-mill, flows close to the shop, and just below it unites with the Yellow Breeches Creek, so that the old Clover Mill, as it is called, stands on a peninsula.

Here it was that "Dan," as everybody called him, mended the clocks and

tools of the country-side, and invented, or at least manufactured, those devices which were the admiration of the villagers. Like other historical personages, Daniel Drawbaugh has been painted in colors so diverse that the two portraits can scarcely be referred to the same original. It was, of course, the object of the Bell Telephone Company to represent him as an impostor and a charlatan, and it was also for their interest to prove that he had plenty of money at all times, and could easily have afforded a patent for his alleged invention of the telephone. The Bell Company's Drawbaugh, therefore, is the richest man in the village, but an ignorant, unscrupulous, vain, and meretricious character. The other picture is the work of the People's Telephone Company, a corporation which in the year 1879 bought up Drawbaugh's claim to the telephone, and which consisted at first of Messrs. Klemm, Loth, Marx, Wolf, Levy, and a few others. According to their story, the mechanic at Eberly's Mills is a man of wonderful inventive genius, the creator of numerous valuable contrivances; a simple-minded, ingenuous, strictly honorable person, who for many years devoted himself to the invention of the telephone with such ardor that he fell into abject poverty, and his family were continually in want of the necessaries of life. In fact, he was so poor, they say, that he could not afford to take out a patent, and it is for this reason that, although he made the invention at least as early as 1874, it was not heard of in the world at large until 1879.

It will be obvious that both of these portraits are merely outlines, and that many details can be filled in without necessarily doing violence to either. It is clear from Drawbaugh's testimony that whatever else he may be, he is an intelligent man, who talks well and has no lack of humor. He has read such books, especially scientific or mechanical treatises, as have come in his way, and is

mainly self-taught. When asked if in his youth he attended an academy or only the common schools, he said, "Just common schools; and when I went, they were *very common*." He is also, without doubt, an industrious man, though much of his industry has been of the puttering kind, and productive of very little benefit to himself or to others. He was continually taken to task for throwing away his time in fruitless labors, when he might have been following his trade as a mechanic. His brother John, commonly known as "Squire" Drawbaugh, often remonstrated with him on this score. "When I first discovered," he says, "that he was working on this talking-machine, as it was then called, I accused Dan'l quite severely of wasting his time on foolish inventions. I told him that they would amount to nothing, and that he had a large family, and that he should turn his attention to something that would support his family better than by working at these foolish things; and that it would amount to nothing in the end, and that he was an extraordinary good mechanic, and that the people knew him to be that; that he could get employment readily, and could make a good living for his family." Mrs. Drawbaugh is mentioned only incidentally, here and there, but enough appears to show that she was the mainstay of the household. It was probably owing to her efforts that the children were neatly dressed and the house well kept. She took boarders, occasionally; and, like a wise and prudent wife, would not consent to a sale of the homestead unless the purchase money should be put into another house. Mrs. Drawbaugh naturally disapproved, more emphatically than any one else, of her husband's vagaries at the shop; and, as is not unusual with thrifty, energetic women, she had perhaps a little of the shrew in her disposition.

All the inhabitants of Eberly's Mills obtained their drinking-water from a

spring which was close to the wall of Ephraim Holsinger's house. This was bad from a sanitary point of view, but it was conducive to gossip, and Holsinger repeats some remarks that Mrs. Drawbaugh made in his hearing, while she rested a moment after filling her pail. "I heard her say," he testifies, "that Dan was at that — old shop, fooling his time away, while they, the family, hardly knew how to get anything to eat. She also told me in my office that she smashed up a lot of photographing and other things about the house, in order to stop Dan from fooling with them."

It is in evidence, also, that Daniel Drawbaugh was a temperate man. Nobody testifies to the contrary, and one witness says: "I don't think that I ever seen him drink a drink of whiskey: chance times he would take a glass of beer, but not unless somebody bought it for him."

Drawbaugh, then, was certainly intelligent, humorous, hard-working, sober. What his character was otherwise, whether or not he had inventive genius of a high order, and how poor he may have been, I shall try to discover presently; but first it might be well to let him speak for himself. In 1878, some years after the time when, according to his story, he had invented the telephone, a history of Cumberland County, which includes Eberly's Mills, was published, and in an appendix a short biography of Drawbaugh was printed. For this privilege the subject of the sketch paid ten dollars, furnishing the manuscript himself. He employed a school-teacher to write the account, and rewrote it with his own hand.¹

The original (from which the printed copy differs very little) is in part as follows:—

"Daniel Drawbaugh, one of the greatest inventive geniuses of this age

¹ The defense denied that this sketch was Drawbaugh's work, but Drawbaugh himself

(so prolific of great men), is the subject of this sketch. Daniel Drawbaugh was born in the year —, in the quiet, secluded village of Milltown, three miles southwest of Harrisburg, where he has spent the greater portion of an active life, conceiving and producing, as a result of the conceptions of an unusually fertile brain, a score of useful inventions, machines, and devices. It appears by an examination of a list of his inventions that the manufacturing interests of the place in his boyhood days gave direction to his thoughts and incentive to his actions." He proceeds to enumerate a list of his inventions as follows: "His first invention was an automatic sawing machine; then a number of machines used in wagon-making; then a machine for boring spoke tenets; then a machine for sawing tenets; a barrel stave jointing machine, patented in 1851. This machine was pretty generally introduced, and its merits appreciated. An automatic grinding machine was next invented, to meet a demand created by the introduction of the jointer; then followed several machines for making stave headings and shingles, all of which were patented in 1855; after which machines for rounding, heading, crozing, dressing, and finishing outside of barrels were invented; these were again followed by a device for running mill-stones, one for dressing mill-stones, a device for elevating grain in mills. He then invented and had patented four improvements in nail plate feeding; next a tack machine and a new design in tacks. Photography next engaged his attention. He fitted himself for action in this field by manufacturing his own camera, ground and fitted achromatic lenses for camera, prepared the necessary chemicals, and improved the process for enlarging pictures. Next electricity and electrical machinery attracted his attention, and an electric machine was produced throw-

was not called to dispute it, and Judge Wallace concluded that he was virtually the author.

ing out of consideration the galvanic battery and electric pile; then a machine for alphabetical telegraphing; then the justly celebrated electric clock, and the machinery necessary for its construction; and several kinds of telephones, one of which is operated by battery and another by induction." He concludes as follows: "It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Drawbaugh has penetrated vast fields in search of information, and with what success we leave it to the readers to determine. We are proud to own Mr. D. as a citizen of our township, and deem him worthy of a position at the head of the list of our prominent men, and are happy to accord him that position."

This sketch was not referred to in the Supreme Court opinion, but it was quoted by Judge Wallace, who decided the case against Drawbaugh in the court below, as being very significant. It will be noticed that several kinds of telephones are mentioned in a cursory way at the end of the list, as if they were improvements upon what Bell or others had done, rather than original discoveries due to the genius of Drawbaugh himself. This, however, admits of an explanation. In 1879, when the biography was written, the commercial value of the telephone was appreciated by very few persons, and could not have been imagined at Eberly's Mills. Even if Drawbaugh had made the invention, it is possible that he should have thought it of less importance than some of the other contrivances which he enumerated, although this theory was not put forward.

But there is no mistaking the tone of the autobiography. It indicates that the writer was vain, ignorant, and fantastic; nor does the formidable list of inventions turn out well, when it comes to be examined. None of them ever proved to be of much value, and the electric clock was filched from an encyclopædia which Drawbaugh had in his house, a slight improvement only being invented

and patented by him. And yet this clock was regarded as his great achievement. He dealt with it as an original invention, selling it to a company organized for its manufacture, and receiving \$500 and a share of the prospective profits in return. There are contemporary references to it in the local newspapers, of which the following is an example (it should be premised that the "Lower End" means that part of Lower Allen Township, Cumberland County, in which Eberly's Mills is situated): "Daniel Drawbaugh, of Eberly's Mills, has invented a clock that just suits the 'Lower End,' as it requires no winding up, the motive power being a very small wire, running into the cellar, which is connected with a small magnet between the arms of the pendulum. He has one of these clocks in his shop that has been running continuously for two years, and, unless some spiritual or temporal brokers get up a corner in electricity, it is bound to keep running until the wheels wear out. He has also invented a compensating pendulum, which is not affected by extremes of heat and cold, and the clock, being very simple in its construction, is bound to keep the most perfect time. Dan has invented many things, both useful and ornamental, but he cries 'Eureka' over the clock, and it will richly reward both the curious and practical to go to his shop and see it in motion. Another thing that will surprise them is *the quality of the work done*. The cases are covered and finished in the very best style, and the work is all done by himself. This is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has been effected yet, and there is no nonsense about it."

Drawbaugh's next-door neighbor, Ephraim Holsinger, whom I have quoted before, wrote a little article about him in 1875, which was published in another country paper, and the only invention that he alluded to was the "electric clock without a battery which is being

gotten up in our town by Daniel Drawbaugh, to be exhibited at the Centennial next Fourth. It will be one of the things not dreamt of by every one, and be a credit to the nation, for its wonderful simple workings and great convenience."

It appears, then, that Drawbaugh, though a skillful and ingenious mechanic, never exhibited — the telephone apart — any creative ability; and it might be inferred also, from the episode of the clock, that he was not above palming off as his own, by implication at least, an invention which he had derived from a book. The next consideration is that of his alleged poverty. On this score a vast amount of evidence was taken by one side and the other, and every dollar that he received, and every cent that he paid out from 1867 to 1879 were ascertained and set down in the proper columns, so far as the task could be accomplished. This, as I have suggested already, was an important matter in the case; for the People's Company, and Drawbaugh himself, explained his neglect to apply for a patent on the ground that he was absolutely incapable of doing so by reason of extreme penury. It was shown by the Bell Company that during the period mentioned Drawbaugh received a few considerable sums. In 1867 and 1869 he was paid \$5000 by the Drawbaugh Pump Company for his faucet invention. In April, 1869, he received \$1000 for the sale of another faucet contrivance; but this sum he generously applied to the purchase of a house and lot for his father. Of the \$5000, he invested \$2000 in real estate, and lost \$400 in an apple speculation. Between 1867 and 1873 he paid \$1200 to the Drawbaugh Manufacturing Company for assessments on stock held by him. In July, 1873, he received \$425 in cash from the company upon its winding up, and in April, 1878, as we have seen already, he was paid \$500 for the electric clock. If we deduct from the

sums thus received the \$2000 which Drawbaugh paid for his house, the \$1000 that he gave to his father, the \$400 that he lost in the apple investment, and the \$1200 that he paid in stock assessments, there remains the amount of \$2325 which he received in ten years, or an average of \$235 per annum. This sum is not a large one, considering that Drawbaugh had a family to support, but it was in addition to his wages as a mechanic. He paid no rent, and received \$110 a year from a tenant. Moreover, it seems to have been proved beyond a doubt that there were various ways in which he might have obtained the thirty-five dollars or the fifty dollars necessary for patenting his telephone. Daniel Petrow, the blacksmith, had annual dealings with Drawbaugh from 1869 to 1876, and at the end of every year, when the account was settled, the balance was always in Drawbaugh's favor, sometimes to the extent of fifty dollars. He had also a running account with a lumber firm, which dissolved in 1877, owing him seventy-seven dollars.

His credit was good. Jacob Reneker, for example, testified that Drawbaugh was poor, and was in debt to him at one time, and that he had much difficulty in obtaining payment. But the question was asked, "How did he come to owe you the money?" "Why," said Mr. Reneker, "he came to me one day in the field, when I was ploughing, and said he wanted twenty dollars; and I pulled it out of my pocket and lent it to him, and I was quite a while getting it back." Of the \$425 which he received July 1, 1873, \$300 were immediately applied to the payment of a lien on his house. If, then, as Drawbaugh and the People's Telephone Company asserted, he had in his shop an invention which he knew was capable of making him the richest man in Cumberland Valley, it is hardly credible that he should not have obtained a patent for it with some of the money at

his command now and again. Poverty, be it remembered, is the only excuse that he offers. Undoubtedly he was poor. His house, however, was well furnished: when he moved, as he did in 1873, from Milltown to Mechanicsburg, and back again, it took twelve or fourteen horses to haul his goods and chattels; but he was often in want of ready money. Much of his time was taken up in profitless experiments, when he should have been working at his trade.

He was shiftless, improvident, and always in debt. If he outran the constable it was only by a neck. Judgments against Daniel Drawbaugh were frequently recorded in the local courts; his taxes were in arrears, and he was sometimes hard pushed for a dollar. Samuel Hertzler, a farmer at Eberly's Mills, has a pathetic story to tell:—

"Dan came to my place in the evening," he says, "when the next day the funeral of his father was to be, and wanted to know if I would give him money enough to pay his way. I then asked him whether he was going alone. He said his wife should go, but he was afraid he could not get the money for them both. I asked him about the children. He said that they had not got the clothes. I think that was the excuse he made about the children,—that they had not clothes suitable. I then asked him how much the fare would be to Newville, where his father lived, and he thought about ninety cents one way would be the cost of a ticket. Then I asked him whether he thought five dollars would be enough. He said that it would. I gave him five dollars, and he gave me a due-bill, and promised that he would pay it in a very short time. He never paid it in money; he spoke of it at different times, and said that he was ashamed that he could not pay me, but that he would pay it before long."

"How did he pay that, if he ever did?"

"I don't think he ever gave full value

for it; he filed my saws several times, and done me favors in that way," etc.

George Free sold Drawbaugh a coat for \$2.50, and he gives the following account of his third attempt to obtain payment:—

"Dan tried to draw my attention to this machine, and my attention was after the \$2.50. This instrument that he had I thought was so insignificant, in my estimation I thought it was hardly anything. Says he, 'George, if I have this thing accomplished' . . . I then told him this: I still had in my mind that he was drawing my attention to this kind of foolery. I was after the \$2.50; didn't care about his infernal machine. I then said, 'Dan, if you don't make a fool of yourself, as you did about the faucet'—'It is better than the telegraph; it works by electricity,' I think he said. I didn't pay attention; it was the \$2.50 I was after. Says I, 'Dan, I am after the \$2.50.' Says he, 'You must be damned hard run.' 'Not so very, Dan,' says I. Says he, 'If you are so very hard run, I will get it for you.' 'All right,' says I; 'that is business on the first floor.' Then he says, 'Come along; I will get the money for you.' And we went to Yetter's Hotel, where he borrowed the \$2.50, and gave it to me."

One of his nephews testified as follows:—

"He buried two children, I think, in one day, or near; and for a long time he had a daughter living, a living skeleton. I never heard of any person so light as she was. He had another daughter who might be called an invalid, as she was subject to spasms. She told me that they had been getting her a great deal of medicine from New York, and it was doing her a great deal of good, and it was very expensive, and she wanted some more, but they had not the money to get it. Dan told me this, too."

It must be remembered that the ob-

ject of these witnesses was to represent Drawbaugh as reduced to the lowest possible state of penury; but it is probable that the facts which they related were substantially true. Some evidence, also, was given showing that he applied to others to assist him with money in obtaining a patent; but, on the whole, his case failed on this crucial point. The theory was, as has been stated already, that Drawbaugh knew the value of his invention, and that poverty alone stood in the way of his turning it to account. This degree of poverty was not established by the witnesses; and although his reputation as an inventor stood high in the community, and a great deal of money had been expended in manufacturing his other contrivances, not a cent was devoted to the telephone. If the case had been put in a different way it might have been easier to believe. It would, for example, have been not absolutely impossible that an ingenious mechanic, with no higher intellect and no more information than Drawbaugh had, should, by experimenting with the Reis apparatus for the reproduction of pitch, have stumbled upon the invention of the telephone. The contrivance of Reis can, by a slight change, be made to transmit speech; and although this change was the very one which those best informed in the matter would not have introduced, still it might have been reached by accident or by a lucky guess. But it is nowhere stated that Drawbaugh knew anything about the invention of Reis until the year 1876. The assertion is that the telephone came full-fledged from his own unaided brain. Nor does the improbability stop here, for he is said to have produced not only the telephone, but the microphone and the carbon transmitter. Before Bell's day, he had accomplished, if his witnesses are correct, not only what Bell had done, but what Blake and Edison subsequently achieved. In view of Drawbaugh's character, of his past life, and more

especially of his conduct after the time of these alleged inventions, the Supreme Court rejected this story as incredible.

Three judges, however, dissented. They could not believe that the great cloud of witnesses (honest men, too, for the most part, as the Bell people admitted) who testified that they had heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone prior to 1876 could be in error. This is the difficult feature of the case. Mr. Justice Field, one of the three dissenting members of the court, expressed his feeling in regard to it at the argument. Interrupting one of the counsel for the Bell Company, he said:—

"I want you to explain the possible concurrence of two or three hundred witnesses in regard to a fact which they could not be mistaken about,—that they heard speech. Because there are some facts that are so striking themselves, as that once seen they are never forgotten; as, for instance, in my own experience: I have seen stones—a meteor fall. I never shall forget it, though I cannot tell now, if you put me under oath, on what occasion, in crossing the continent, I saw it; but I did see it. I never shall forget that. And I don't think anybody that ever heard speech between distant places, conveyed by electricity, would ever forget it, although they might be mistaken in every other detail."

In putting this question the learned judge partly suggested the answer, for the reply of the Bell Company was, first, that some of these witnesses had erred as to the date of the event which they recollected, having in reality heard speech through a telephone at Drawbaugh's shop after the time of Bell's invention, not before it; and, secondly, that Drawbaugh must have had a string-telephone on his premises. There is no proof of this latter fact, but it is in evidence that such a telephone was used, in 1872 and 1873, at a wheelwright's shop, just opposite his, and occupied by his brother John, or "Squire" Drawbaugh.

The contest raged about this point: whether or not Daniel Drawbaugh had a practicable electric telephone at the Clover Mill prior to 1876. Six hundred persons were examined; many months were consumed in taking their testimony. The agents of both parties scoured the county in search of witnesses, and Lower Allen Township had for years a sensation such as few farming communities ever enjoyed. All the inhabitants took sides, and "Dan's" suit with the Bell Company was debated nightly at every store and tavern within twenty miles of Eberly's Mills.

Some idea of the thoroughness with which the subject was investigated, and of the conflicting nature of the testimony evoked, may be gathered from the episode of the hydraulic ram. A farmer who lived at Marysville, which is not far from Eberly's Mills, swore that he heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone at the Clover Mill in May or June, 1874. He was sure of this date, because in the same year an hydraulic ram was ordered by him from Drawbaugh, and he was never in the Clover Mill shop on any other occasion. The defense thereupon brought evidence to prove that the ram was not purchased until 1878. Seventy-five persons, for one side and the other, were examined upon this collateral point, all the neighbors for miles around being called into court. "The ram and telephones," said one witness from Marysville, "is about all that is talked of up there now."

Other witnesses were brought from the West, and one was sent for from Dakota to testify that he saw the hydraulic ram at Kissinger's farm one Sunday afternoon in 1876, when he went to walk with a friend. He knew that it was in 1876, because he was married in 1877, and he remembers that the subject of conversation between himself and his friend on this particular Sunday was the cost of washing, whereas after his marriage that topic ceased to have in his eyes any

practical interest. At one time, indeed, an indifferent spectator would have supposed that the question of the telephone had been abandoned by mutual consent, and that Cyrus Kissinger's ram had been substituted as the bone of contention. To every proposition proved by one side there was an answer from the other. If the Bell people brought a witness to testify that in 1878, while driving along the highway, he saw log pipes ready to be connected with the ram, the defense showed that the point in question was not visible from the road. The reply to this evidence was a photograph of the farm taken from the highway, especially to prove its incorrectness; and the rejoinder to this reply was that the distance is too great to permit a log to be distinguished from a barn or a cow. When the Kissingers' pastor testified that he never saw an hydraulic ram on the premises prior to 1878, it appeared on cross-examination that his visits were confined to the parlor, and that inasmuch as he did not prowl about the rear of the house, there might have been a thousand rams on the farm, for aught that he knew. So the dispute went on, and to this day it is undecided. It is not mentioned in Chief Justice Waite's opinion, and it is doubtful if the Supreme Court weighed the evidence in regard to it, — doubtful even if they read the evidence through. One fact, however, was clearly established by this episode, namely, the extreme fallibility of human testimony; and the same remark might be applied generally to the seven thousand printed pages which constitute the evidence in the suit.

"In cases," said Judge Wallace, "where such a chaos of oral testimony exists, it is usually found that the judgment is convinced by a few leading facts and *indicia* [he refers chiefly to Drawbaugh's conduct], outlined so clearly that they cannot be obscured by prevarication or the aberrations of memory. Such facts and *indicia* are found here, and

they are so persuasive and cogent that the testimony of a myriad of witnesses cannot prevail against them." The Supreme Court looked at the matter from substantially the same point of view. "We do not doubt," the opinion said, "that Drawbaugh may have conceived the idea that speech could be transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and have experimented upon that subject. But to hold that he discovered the art of doing it before Bell did would be to construe testimony without regard to the ordinary laws that govern human conduct."

This conclusion is just and reasonable, and yet it might not have been reached so easily a hundred years ago. During the present century the value of human testimony has been examined as it never was before, and its estimation has sunk not a little. Historical researches and historical criticism have both contributed to this result. At the same time, the uniformity of human conduct has been observed and ascertained to a degree not imagined hitherto, and this tends to impair the force of cumulative testimony. It is less difficult now than formerly to perceive that where one witness has fallen into error, the same or similar causes may have led other witnesses to make the same mistake, and thus the evidence of a dozen men to a particular point may weigh but little more than that of one or two. I do not mean to imply that the Supreme Court decided against Drawbaugh solely on the ground that his

conduct was inconsistent with his pretensions, and that his case was so improbable that the testimony to support it must be rejected as incredible. There was positive evidence against him, to part of which I have not alluded. For example, the court placed much reliance on the fact that Drawbaugh's reproduced instruments (the originals of which made a perfect telephone, according to the testimony of his witnesses) failed to transmit speech, except in the most imperfect and fragmentary manner, when they were tested in presence of both parties. It is significant, also, that Drawbaugh himself does not fix even the year in which his telephone was perfected; that is done by other persons. Still, in the main, the case was decided on the ground that it was more likely that many honest men should be in error as to a fact, concerning which they swore positively, than that one man should have acted as Drawbaugh is represented to have done. This principle is a sound one, but it is so easy to apply that it might also easily be abused. Much must be allowed to the eccentricities of human conduct, especially when a "genius," whether he be an inventor or a poet, is the person under investigation. Daniel Drawbaugh must be either a genius, and a deeply injured one, or else (and this is the implication of the Supreme Court opinion) an easy-going, vain, good-natured, intelligent mechanic, who, being subjected to a great temptation, fell, as other men have fallen.

H. C. Merwin.

HOME LIFE OF THE REDSTART.

THE redstart himself told me where his treasures were "hid in a leafy hollow." Not that he intended to be so confiding; on the contrary, he was somewhat disconcerted when he saw what he

had done, and tried his best to undo it by appearing not to have the smallest interest in that particular tree.

I happened, that morning, to be wandering slowly along the edge of a tree-

lined ravine, looking for the nest of a greatly disturbed pair of cat-birds. As I drew near an old moss-covered apple-tree, I heard a low though energetic "phit! phit!" and a chipping sparrow emerged from the tree with much haste, quickly followed by a redstart, with the unmistakable air of proprietor. The sight of me made a diversion. The pursuer dropped into the grass, while the pursuer turned his attention to the bigger game, presented so unexpectedly that he had not time to bethink himself of his usual custom of not showing his gorgeous black and gold about home. He scolded me well for an instant, till his wits returned, when he disappeared like a flash. It was too late to deceive me, however, and I marked that tree as I passed, intent at the moment upon cat-birds.

On returning, I stopped on the bank to look the tree over at my leisure, and there I soon saw, two feet from the top of the tallest upright branch and tightly clinging to it, a small cradle, gently rocking in the warm breeze. No one was at home, and I sat down to wait. This movement did not meet the approval of a certain small tenant of a neighboring tree, for I was saluted by a sharp, low, incessant cry; now it came from the right side, now from the left. I turned quickly, caught a glimpse of yellow, the flit of a wing, and then — nothing. In a moment the sound began again, and thus it tantalized me till my neck became tired, and I laid my head back among the ferns, to wait till the small fire-brand calmed down a little. To my surprise and delight, the bird seemed to regard this as a surrender, for down a broad branch that sloped toward me came a most animated bundle of feathers, wings and tail widespread, making hostile demonstrations, and scolding as fiercely as such an atom could. It had all the airs of ownership, and its colors were olive and yellow; had, then, the roguish redstart deceived me, after all?

Thus pondering, I suddenly remembered that I had never seen his spouse, and that monsieur and madame do not dress alike in the bird world any more than in the human. I marked the points; I consulted the books: there could be no doubt this was the little dame herself, and her mate had been too clever to come to her aid.

The structure on the apple bough was the redstart homestead. Watch it every day I must, yet not to disturb the fiery little owners it was necessary to move further from them. I sought and found a delightful nook, the other side of the ravine, through which ran a mountain brook. On the steep sides of the small stream the native forest still flourished, and seated at the foot of a tall maple, tented in by a heavy low growth at my back, I could look across the narrow chasm through a gap in the trees, and see the redstart nest in the pasture beyond. The restless pair did not notice me behind my veil of greenery, and my glass was of the best; so I secured a good view of the small mansion and the life that went on about it, without in the least annoying the builders thereof. I found the head of the family very interesting in his *rôle* of husband and father.

Perhaps not every one knows a redstart, and his name is misleading, for he has not a red feather on his body. He is a bird of very few inches, clothed in brilliant array of orange and black and white, which always suggests the Baltimore oriole. His mate is more soberly clad in olive-brown and golden-yellow; neither of them is still for an instant, diving and flitting about on a tree like specks of animated sunlight.

At my pleasant post of observation I spent hours of every day, stealing in soon after breakfast, quietly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of a robin who lived in the neighborhood; for unfortunately is the student whose ways are not acceptable to one of this noisy family.

The alert bird will place himself on the nearest tree and call, a loud, ringing "peep! peep!" at intervals of a few seconds, and nothing will tire him out. I have seen one pause, with a mouthful of wriggling food for its nestlings, and call for half an hour, warning every bird within hearing that here was danger. I found, however, when my patience gave out, that the robin will take a hint. On throwing a pebble through the branches near him, as a suggestion that his attentions were not welcome, he flew to a tree a little farther off, and resumed his offensive remarks; another pebble convinced him that the distance might be profitably increased, and thus I drove him away; at about the fourth pebble he took a final departure.

Here, then, I saw the small housekeeping go on. I always found the little dame in possession, and generally the lord and master gleaned food in redstart fashion; flitting around a branch, darting behind a leaf, over and under a twig, tail spread to keep his balance during these jerky movements, his bright oriole colors flashing as he dashed through a patch of sunlight, — a beautiful object, but a perfectly silent one. When his happiness demanded expression he flew to a maple-tree, and poured out his soul in the quaint though not very musical ditty of his race. Sometimes he stood still on a branch, like a bird who has something to say; but more often he rushed around after insects on this tree, and threw in the notes between the firm snaps of his beak.

Promptly every half hour the little sprite took his way to that precious apple branch, and dropped, light as a snowflake, on a certain twig on the nearest side of his homestead. A flash from the nest announced the departure of madame, and he popped into her place. Not to settle down to business, as she did, — far from it! It is a wonder to me how even a female redstart can sit still. On taking his place, he first examined

the treasures it held, leaning over the edge with a solicitude charming to see; and when he did at last cover them from sight, his black velvet cap still bobbed up and down, this way and that, as though he were taking advantage of his enforced quiet to plume himself. Precisely three minutes he allowed his modest spouse for her repast. At the expiration of that time he deserted, darted away, and began to call from the next tree, when she instantly returned. Sometimes she was at hand, and alighted on a twig on the farther side of the nest, when he bounded off and out of sight. She carefully inspected the nest to see that all was right, then slipped in, settled herself with a gentle flutter of wings, and I knew she was safe for another half hour. It was the closest watching I ever tried, so quick were the motions, so silent the going and coming.

Now and then the redstart chose to stay longer at home. The usual time having expired, the little sitter appeared, but if her mate did not vacate, she availed herself of the additional liberty in flitting about the tree, adding a desert to her dinner. On one occasion he let her return twice before he left, occupying her place for eight minutes, — an enormous length of time for a redstart. More often he grew impatient in less than three minutes, and once he forgot himself so far as to call while in the nest.

During the sitting there came two days of steady, pouring rain and high wind. I feared the hopes of that family, as well as others all about, would perish, but the brave little mother bore the depressing season well. The eggs were never left uncovered, nor did that gay rover, her spouse, forget to take her place as usual.

On the morning of my fourth day of watching, I saw there was news; sitting was over, and though they could not be seen, it was easy to picture the featherless, wide-mouthed objects, evidently so lovely to the young parents. Close work

as it had been to observe the movements of the pair, it was much harder after that, they became at once so wary. I am sure they never regarded me in any way as a spy, for I was not in their high-way; moreover, they would certainly have expressed their mind if they had. Yet they came and went entirely from the other side, and so exactly opposite the nest that often I could not see even the flit of a wing. Not until one stood on the threshold could I see it, and the most untiring vigilance was necessary. Even before this madame was cautious in her going and coming; she first dropped about two feet to a branch, paused a moment, then went to a second one, still lower, thus left the tree near the ground, and in returning she began at the lowest branch and retraced her steps to the nest.

That day the father of the new family seemed very joyous, and treated us to a great deal of singing, though it was not a singing-day, being very cold with a steady rain. The pretty little mother took thoughtful care of her brood. For a half-hour or more she worked very busily, her mate helping, and fed them well; then she deliberately sat down upon those youngsters, exactly as though they were still eggs. There she stayed as long as she thought best, and then she went to her work again.

The morning they were six days old I had the pleasure of seeing a movement in the nest. When the sun reached a certain height above the tree, it shone into that small mansion in such a way as to reveal its contents; thus I could see the redstart babies moving restlessly, evidently in haste already to come out into the world. This day the father took rather more than half the charge of the provision supply, and with considerable regularity. During four hours that the nest was closely watched, its tenants were fed at about five-minute intervals for half an hour; and then mamma promptly smothered their ambition, as above

mentioned, for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when, if they did not take naps like "good little birdies," they at least were forced to keep still.

This young matron reminded me of some mothers of a larger growth, she was so fussy, so careful that her charges did not go too fast for their strength, while her spouse made it his business to see that she did not keep them tender by over-coddling. He allowed her to brood them for fifteen minutes; longer than that he would not tolerate, but came like a fiery meteor to see that she moved. She plainly understood his intention, for the instant he appeared she darted off, although he did not touch the nest. All day the weight of responsibility kept this rover at home: he might generally be seen on the lower branches of his tree, darting about in perfect silence; but once or twice I saw him actually loitering, a pleasant pastime of which I never suspected a redstart.

Six days appears to be the limit of time a redstart baby can submit to a cradle. (I know this does not agree with the books, so I explain that it was six days from the time constant sitting ceased. If the young were out of the shell before that, they were covered all the time, and not fed.) The day that stirring urchin was six days old he mounted the edge of the nest and tried his wings. When mamma came, he asked for food in the usual bird-baby way, gentle flutters of the wings; but this haste was certainly not pleasing to the little dame, and upon her departure I noticed that he had returned to the nursery.

However, his ambition was roused,—the ambition of a redstart to be moving,—and at seven o'clock the next morning, his seventh day, he came out with his mind made up to stay. First a shaky little yellowish head appeared above the nest; then the owner thereof clambered out upon a twig, three inches

higher. One minute he rested, to glance around the new world, and quickly increased the distance to six inches, where he stood fidgeting, arranging his feathers, and evidently preparing for a tremendous flight, when his anxious parent returned. Plainly, he would have been wiser to wait another day, for all the time it was difficult for him to keep his place; every few seconds he made wild struggles, beating the air with his wings, and at last, after enjoying that elevated position in life about ten minutes, he lost his hold and fell. I held my breath, for a fall to the ground meant a dead nestling; but he clutched at a twig two or three feet lower, and succeeded in retaining this more humble station. Madame came and fed and comforted him, and it was soon evident that he had learned a lesson, for he moderated his transports; though his head was as restless as ever, his feet were more steady, and he did not fall again; and he soon scrambled freely all over the tree.

Now I was interested to see how the redstart babies were brought up, and for more than four hours I kept my eyes on that youngster. It is no small task, let me say, to keep watch of an atom an inch or two long, to whom any leaf is ample screen, to note every movement lest he slip out of sight, and to make memorandum of each morsel of food he gets. There were, also, of course, the most seductive sounds about me; never so many birds came near. Cat-birds whispered softly behind my back; a vireo cried plaintively over my head; the towhee bunting boldly perched on a low bush, and saluted me with his peculiar cry; flickers uttered their quaint "wick-up" on my right, and a veery sighed softly "we-o" on my left. Unflinchingly, however, I kept my face toward that apple-tree, and my eyes on that restless young hopeful, while I noted the conduct of the parents toward him.

This is what I learned: First, that

the nestlings were to be kept back, and not allowed out of the nursery till this one was able to care for himself, or at least to help. The nest, holding probably two or three little ones, was visited, the first hour almost exactly once in twenty minutes, by madame exclusively, and the three succeeding hours at longer intervals, by her spouse. Scarcely a move was made there; plainly there were no more "come-outers" that day. The efforts of the mother were concentrated on number one, apparently, to bring him forward as fast as possible. He was, for an hour, fed every five or six minutes, the next hour only three times, and this system was kept up with perfect regularity all day.

Meanwhile, the behavior of the happy father was peculiar and somewhat puzzling, considering how solicitous he had hitherto appeared. For some time his gay coat was not to be seen, even on his favorite lower branches; and when he did come around, his mate flew at him, whether to praise or to punish could only be guessed, for he at once disappeared before her. After two or three episodes of this sort he remained about the tree, and occasionally contributed a mite to the family sustenance.

The next morning, at half past seven, I resumed my seat as usual, and very soon saw I was too late. Both parents were busily flitting about the tree, but never once went near the old home; moreover, when the sun reached the magical point where he revealed the inside of the nest, lo, it was empty!

Either there had been but one other bairn, and he had got out before I did, — things happen so rapidly in the redstart family, — or there had been a tragedy, I could not discover which. Neither could I find a young bird on that tree, though I was sure, by the conduct of the parents, that at least one remained.

Now that no one's feelings could be hurt by the operation, I had a limb cut

off the apple-tree, and the little home I had watched with so great interest brought down to me. Nothing could be daintier or more secure than that snug little structure. Placed on an upright branch, just below the point where five branchlets, a foot or more long, sprang out to shelter, and closely surrounded by seven twigs, of few inches but many leaves, it was a marvel I had been able to see it at all. The redstarts might be lively and restless, but they were good workers. So firmly was that nest fastened to its branch, resting on one twig and embraced by two others, like arms, that to remove it would destroy it.

Strips of something like grapevine bark, with a few grass-blades and a material that looked like hornets' or other insects' nest formed the outside, while long horse-hairs made the soft lining. Though strong and firm, it was on the sides so thin, that, as mentioned above, the movements of the young could be seen through it.

This pretty cup, around which so many hopes had centred, was of a size for a fairy's homestead, — hardly two inches inside diameter, and less than two inches deep. I carried it off as a memento of a delightful June among the hills of the old Bay State.

Olive Thorne Miller.

FIRST YEAR OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

THE unfortunate measures of April, 1774, were not carried through Parliament without earnest opposition. Lord Rockingham and his friends entered a protest on the journal of the House of Lords, on the grounds that the people of Massachusetts had not been heard in their own defense, and that the lives and liberties of the citizens were put absolutely into the hands of the governor and council, who were thus invested with greater powers than it had ever been thought wise to entrust to the king and his privy council in Great Britain. They concluded, therefore, that the acts were unconstitutional. The Duke of Richmond could not restrain his burning indignation. "I wish," said he in the House of Lords, — "I wish from the bottom of my heart that the Americans may resist, and get the better of the forces sent against them." But that the Americans really would resist, very few people in England believed. The conduct of the ministry was based throughout upon the absurd idea that the Americans could be frightened into

submission. General Gage, as we have seen, thought that four regiments would be enough to settle the whole business. Lord Sandwich said that the Americans were a set of undisciplined cowards, who would take to their heels at the first sound of a cannon. Even Hutchinson, who went over to England about this time, and who ought to have known of what stuff the men of Massachusetts were made, assured the king that they never would dare to resist a regular army. Such blunders, however, need not surprise us when we recollect how, just before the War of Secession, the people of the Southern and of the Northern States made similar mistakes with regard to each other. In 1860, it was commonly said by Southern people that Northern people would submit to anything rather than fight; and in support of this opinion it was sometimes asked, "If the Northern people are not arrant cowards, why do they never have duels?" On the other hand, it was commonly said at the North that the Southern people, however bravely they might bluster,

would never enter upon a war of secession, because it was really much more for their interest to remain in the Federal Union than to secede from it, — an argument which lost sight of one of the commonest facts in human life, that under the influence of strong passion men are unable to take just views of what concerns their own interests. Such examples show how hard it often is for one group of men to understand another group, even when they are all of the same blood and speech, and think alike about most matters that do not touch the particular subject in dispute. Nothing could have been surer, either in 1860 or 1774, than that the one party to the quarrel was as bold and brave as the other.

Another fatal error under which the ministry labored was the belief that Massachusetts would not be supported by the other colonies. Their mistake was not unlike that which ruined the plans of Napoleon III., when he declared war upon Prussia in 1870. There was no denying the fact of strong jealousies among the American colonies in 1774, as there was no denying the fact of strong jealousies between the Northern and Southern German States in 1870. But the circumstances under which Napoleon III. made war on Prussia happened to be such as to enlist all the German States in the common cause with her. And so it was with the war of George III. against Massachusetts. As soon as the charter of that colony was annulled, all the other colonies felt that their liberties were in jeopardy; and thence, as Fox truly said, "all were taught to consider the town of Boston as suffering in the common cause."

News of the Boston Port Bill was received in America on the 10th of May. On the 12th the committees of several Massachusetts towns held a convention at Faneuil Hall, and adopted a circular letter, prepared by Samuel Adams, to be sent to all the other colonies, asking

for their sympathy and coöperation. The response was prompt and emphatic. In the course of the summer, conventions were held in nearly all the colonies, declaring that Boston should be regarded as "suffering in the common cause." The obnoxious acts of Parliament were printed on paper with deep black borders, and in some towns were burned by the common hangman on scaffolds four feet high. Droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, cartloads of wheat and maize, kitchen vegetables and fruit, barrels of sugar, quintals of dried fish, provisions of every sort, were sent overland as free gifts to the people of the devoted city, even the distant rice-swamps of South Carolina contributing their share. The over-cautious Franklin had written from London, suggesting that perhaps it would be best, after all, for Massachusetts to indemnify the East India Company; but Gadsden, with a sounder sense of the political position, sent word, "Don't pay for an ounce of the damned tea." Throughout the greater part of the country the 1st of June was kept as a day of fasting and prayer; bells were muffled and tolled in the principal churches; ships in the harbors put their flags at half-mast. Marblehead, which was appointed to supersede Boston as port of entry, immediately invited the merchants of Boston to use its wharfs and warehouses free of charge in shipping and unshipping their goods. A policy of absolute non-importation was advocated by many of the colonies, though Pennsylvania, under the influence of Dickinson, still vainly cherishing hopes of reconciliation, hung back, and advised that the tea should be paid for. As usual, the warmest sympathy with New England came from Virginia. "If need be," said Washington, "I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

To insure concerted action on the part of the whole country, something

more was required than these general expressions and acts of sympathy. The proposal for a Continental Congress came first from the Sons of Liberty in New York; it was immediately taken up by the members of the Virginia legislature, sitting in convention at Raleigh tavern, after the governor had dissolved them as a legislature, and Massachusetts was invited to appoint the time and place for the meeting of the Congress. On the 7th of June the Massachusetts assembly was convened at Salem by General Gage, in conformity with the provisions of the Port Bill. Samuel Adams always preferred to use the ordinary means of transacting public business so long as they were of avail, and he naturally wished to have the act appointing a Continental Congress passed by the assembly. But this was not easy to bring about, for upon the first hint that any such business was to come up the governor would instantly dissolve the assembly. In such case it would be necessary for the committees of correspondence throughout Massachusetts to hold a convention for the purpose of appointing the time and place for the Congress and of electing delegates to attend it. But Adams preferred to have these matters decided in regular legislative session, and he carried his point. Having talked privately with several of the members, at last on the 17th of June — a day which a twelvemonth hence was to become so famous — the favorable moment came. Having had the door locked, he introduced his resolves, appointing five delegates to confer with duly appointed delegates from the other colonies, in a Continental Congress at Philadelphia on the 1st of September next. Some of the members, astonished and frightened, sought to pass out; and as the doorkeeper seemed uneasy at assuming so much responsibility, Samuel Adams relieved him of it by taking the key from the door and putting it into his own pocket, whereupon the business

of the assembly went on. Soon one of the Tory members pretended to be very sick, and being allowed to go out, made all haste to Governor Gage, who instantly drew up his writ dissolving the assembly, and sent his secretary with it. When the secretary got there, he found the door locked, and as nobody could let him in or pay any attention to him, he was obliged to content himself with reading the writ, in a loud voice, to the crowd which had assembled on the stairs. The assembly meanwhile passed the resolves by 117 to 12, elected Samuel and John Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine as delegates, assessed the towns in the commonwealth for the necessary expenses, passed measures for the relief of Boston, and adjourned *sine die*. All the other colonies except Georgia, in the course of the summer, accepted the invitation, and chose delegates, either through their assemblies or through special conventions. Georgia sent no delegates, but promised to adopt any course of action that should be determined upon.

Before the time appointed for the Congress, Massachusetts had set the Regulating Act at defiance. On the 16th of August, when the court assembled at Great Barrington, a vast multitude of farmers surrounded the courthouse and forbade the judges to transact any business. Two or three of the councilors newly appointed on the king's writ of *mandamus* yielded in advance to public opinion, and refused to take their places. Those who accepted were forced to resign. At Worcester two thousand men assembled on the common, and compelled Timothy Paine to make his resignation in writing. The councilor appointed from Bridgewater was a deacon; when he read the psalm the congregation refused to sing. In Plymouth one of the most honored citizens, George Watson, accepted a place on the council; as he took his seat in church on the following Sunday, the people got up and

began to walk out of the house. Overcome with shame, for a moment his venerable gray head sank upon the pew before him; then he rose up and vowed that he would resign. In Boston the justices and barristers took their accustomed places in the court-house, but no one could be found to serve as juror in a court that was illegally constituted. Gage issued a proclamation warning all persons against attending town-meeting, but no one heeded him, and town-meetings were more fully attended than ever. He threatened to send an armed force against Worcester, but the people there replied that he would do so at his peril, and forthwith began to collect powder and ball. At Salem the people walked to the town-house under the governor's nose and in the very presence of a line of soldiers. On the 1st of September a party of soldiers seized two hundred kegs of powder at Charlestown and two field-pieces at Cambridge, and carried them to Castle William. As the news spread about the country, rumor added that the troops had fired upon the people, and within forty-eight hours at least 20,000 men were marching on Boston; but they turned back to their homes on receiving word from the Boston committee that their aid was not yet needed.

During these stirring events, in the absence of Samuel Adams, who had gone to attend the Congress at Philadelphia, the most active part in the direction of affairs at Boston was taken by Dr. Joseph Warren. This gentleman — one of a family which has produced three very eminent physicians — was graduated at Harvard College in 1759. He had early attracted the attention of Samuel Adams, had come to be one of his dearest friends, and had been concerned with him in nearly all of his public acts of the past seven years. He was a man of knightly bravery and courtesy, and his energy and fertility of mind were equaled only by his rare sweetness and modesty. With Adams

and Hancock, he was one of the great Massachusetts triumvirate of Revolutionary leaders. The accession of Hancock to the Revolutionary cause at an early period had been of great help, by reason of his vast wealth and wide social influence. Hancock was graduated at Harvard College in 1754. He was a gentleman of refinement and grace and a sincere patriot, but neither for grasp of intelligence nor for strength of character can he be compared with Adams or with Warren. His chief weakness was personal vanity, but he was generous and loyal, and under the influence of the iron-willed Adams was capable of good things. Upon Warren, more than any one else, however, Adams relied as lieutenant, who, under any circumstances whatever, would be sure to prove equal to the occasion.

On the 5th of September Gage began fortifying Boston Neck, so as to close the only approach to the city by land. Next day the county assize was to be held at Worcester; but 5000 armed men, drawn up in regular military array, lined each side of the main street, and the unconstitutionally appointed judges were forbidden to take their seats. On the same day a convention of the towns of Suffolk County was held at Milton, and a series of resolutions, drawn up by Dr. Warren, were adopted unanimously. The resolutions declared that a king who violates the chartered rights of his people forfeits their allegiance; they declared the Regulating Act null and void, and ordered all the officers appointed under it to resign their offices at once; they directed the collectors of taxes to refuse to pay over money to Gage's treasurer; they advised the towns to choose their own militia officers; and they threatened the governor that, should he venture to arrest any one for political reasons, they would retaliate by seizing upon the Crown officers as hostages. A copy of these resolutions, which virtually placed Massachusetts in an attitude

of rebellion, was forwarded to the Continental Congress, which enthusiastically indorsed them, and pledged the faith of all the other colonies that they would aid Massachusetts in case armed resistance should become inevitable, while at the same time they urged that a policy of moderation should be preserved, and that Great Britain should be left to fire the first shot. On receiving these instructions from the Congress, the people of Massachusetts at once proceeded to organize a provisional government in accordance with the spirit of the Suffolk resolves. Gage had issued a writ convening the assembly at Salem for the 1st of October, but before the day arrived he changed his mind, and prorogued it. In disregard of this order, however, the representatives met at Salem a week later, organized themselves into a provincial congress, with John Hancock for president, and adjourned to Concord. On the 27th they chose a committee of safety, with Warren for chairman, and charged it with the duty of collecting military stores. In December this Congress dissolved itself, but a new one assembled at Cambridge on the 1st of February, and proceeded to organize the militia and appoint general officers. A special portion of the militia, known as "minute-men," were set apart, under orders to be ready to assemble at a moment's warning; and the committee of safety were directed to call out this guard as soon as Gage should venture to enforce the Regulating Act. Under these instructions every village green in Massachusetts at once became the scene of active drill. Nor was it a population unused to arms that thus began to marshal itself into companies and regiments. During the French war one fifth of all the able-bodied men of Massachusetts had been in the field, and in 1757 the proportion had risen to one third. There were plenty of men who had learned how to stand under fire, and officers who had held

command on hard-fought fields; and all were practiced marksmen. It is quite incorrect to suppose that the men who first repulsed the British regulars in 1775 were a band of farmers, utterly unused to fighting. Their little army was indeed a militia, but it was made up of warlike material.

While these preparations were going on in Massachusetts, the Continental Congress had assembled at Philadelphia on the 5th of September. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen president; and the Adamses, the Livingstons, the Rutledges, Dickinson, Chase, Pendleton, Lee, Henry, and Washington took part in the debates. One of their first acts was to dispatch Paul Revere to Boston with their formal approval of the action of the Suffolk Convention. After four weeks of careful deliberation they agreed upon a declaration of rights, claiming for the American people "a free and exclusive power of legislation in their provincial legislatures, where their rights of legislation could alone be preserved in all cases of taxation and internal polity." This paper also specified the rights of which they would not suffer themselves to be deprived, and called for the repeal of eleven acts of Parliament by which these rights had been infringed. Besides this, they formed an association for insuring commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, and charged the committees of correspondence with the duty of inspecting the entries at all custom-houses. Addresses were also prepared, to be sent to the king, to the people of Great Britain, and to the inhabitants of British America. The 10th of May was appointed for a second Congress, in which the Canadian colonies and the Floridas were invited to join; and on the 26th of October the Congress dissolved itself.

The ability of the papers prepared by the first Continental Congress has long been fully admitted in England as well as in America. Chatham declared them

unsurpassed by any state papers ever composed in any age or country. But Parliament was not now in the mood for listening to reason. Chatham, Shelburne, and Camden urged in vain that the vindictive measures of the last April should be repealed and the troops withdrawn from Boston. On the 1st of February, Chatham introduced a bill which, could it have passed, would no doubt have averted war, even at the eleventh hour. Besides repealing its vindictive measures, Parliament was to renounce forever the right of taxing the colonies, while retaining the right of regulating the commerce of the whole empire; and the Americans were to defray the expenses of their own governments by taxes voted in their colonial assemblies. A few weeks later, in the House of Commons, Burke argued that the abstract right of Parliament to tax the colonies was not worth contending for, and he urged that on large grounds of expediency it should be abandoned, and that the vindictive acts should be repealed. But both Houses, by large majorities, refused to adopt any measures of conciliation, and in a solemn joint address declared themselves ready to support him to the end in the policy upon which he had entered. Massachusetts was declared to be in a state of rebellion, and acts were passed closing all the ports of New England, and prohibiting its fishermen from access to the Newfoundland fisheries. At the same time it was voted to increase the army at Boston to ten thousand men, and to supersede Gage, who had in all these months accomplished so little with his four regiments. As people in England had utterly failed to comprehend the magnitude of the task assigned to Gage, it was not strange that they should seek to account for his inaction by doubting his zeal and ability. No less a person than David Hume saw fit to speak of him as a "lukewarm coward." William Howe, member of Parliament for

the liberal constituency of Nottingham, was chosen to supersede him. In his speeches as candidate for election only four months ago, Howe had declared himself opposed to the king's policy, had asserted that no army that England could raise would be able to subdue the Americans, and, in reply to a question, had promised that if offered a command in America he would refuse it. When he now consented to take Gage's place as commander-in-chief, the people of Nottingham scolded him roundly for breaking his word.

It would be unfair, however, to charge Howe with conscious breach of faith in this matter. His appointment was itself a curious symptom of the element of vacillation that was apparent in the whole conduct of the ministry, even when its attitude professed to be most obstinate and determined. With all his obstinacy, the king did not really wish for war, — much less did Lord North; and the reason for Howe's appointment was simply that he was the brother to the Lord Howe who had fallen at Ticonderoga, and whose memory was idolized by the men of New England. Lord North announced that, in dealing with his misguided American brethren, his policy would be always to send the olive branch in company with the sword; and no doubt Howe really felt that, by accepting a command offered in such a spirit, he might more efficiently serve the interests of humanity and justice than by leaving it open for some one of cruel and despotic temper, whose zeal might outrun even the wishes of the obdurate king. At the same time, his brother Richard, Lord Howe, a seaman of great ability, was appointed admiral of the fleet for America, and was expressly entrusted with the power of offering terms to the colonies. Sir Henry Clinton and John Burgoyne, both of them in sympathy with the king's policy, were appointed to accompany Howe as lieutenant-generals.

The conduct of the ministry, during the most critical and trying time, showed great uneasiness. When leave was asked for Franklin to present the case for the Continental Congress, and to defend it before the House of Commons, it was refused. Yet all through the winter the ministry were continually appealing to Franklin, unofficially and in private, in order to find out how the Americans might be appeased without making any such concessions as would hurt the pride of England. Lord Howe was the most conspicuous agent in these negotiations, which only served to show, over and over again, how the main root of the trouble was the incapacity of the British official mind to understand the character of the American people and the new political situation created by the enormous growth of the colonies. How to conciliate the Americans without giving up a single one of the false positions which the king had taken was the problem, and no wonder that Franklin soon perceived it to be insolvable, and made up his mind to go home. He had now stayed in England for several years, as agent for Pennsylvania and for Massachusetts. He had shown himself a consummate diplomatist, of that rare school which deceives by telling unwelcome truths, and he had some unpleasant encounters with the king and the king's friends. Now in March, 1775, seeing clearly that he could be of no further use in averting an armed struggle, he returned to America. Franklin's return was not, in form, like that customary withdrawal of an ambassador which heralds and proclaims a state of war. But practically it was the snapping of the last diplomatic link between the colonies and the mother country.

Still the ministry, with all its uneasiness, did not believe that war was close at hand. It was thought that the middle colonies, and especially New York, might be persuaded to support the government, and that New England, thus isolated,

would not venture upon armed resistance to the overwhelming power of Great Britain. The hope was not wholly unreasonable; for the great middle colonies, though conspicuous for material prosperity, were somewhat lacking in force of political ideas. In New York and Pennsylvania the non-English population was relatively far more considerable than in the Southern or the New England colonies. A considerable proportion of the population had come from the continent of Europe, and consequently the principles of constitutional government were not so thoroughly wrought into the innermost minds and hearts of the people, the pulse of liberty did not beat so quickly here, as in the purely English commonwealths of Virginia and Massachusetts. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the Quakers were naturally opposed to a course of action that must end in war; and these very honorable motives certainly contributed to weaken the resistance of these colonies to the measures of the government. In New York there were further special reasons for the existence of a strong loyalist feeling. The city of New York had for many years been the headquarters of the army and the seat of the principal royal government in America. It was not a town, like Boston, governing itself in town-meeting, but its municipal affairs were administered by a mayor, appointed by the king. Unlike Boston and Philadelphia, the interests of the city of New York were almost purely commercial, and there was nothing to prevent the little court circle there from giving the tone to public opinion. The Episcopal Church, too, was in the ascendant, and there was a not unreasonable prejudice against the Puritans of New England for their grim intolerance of Episcopalians and their alleged antipathy to Dutchmen. The province of New York, moreover, had a standing dispute with its eastern neighbors over the ownership of the Green

Mountain region. This beautiful country had been settled by New England men, under grants from the royal governors of New Hampshire; but it was claimed by the people of New York, and the controversy sometimes waxed hot and gave rise to very hard feelings. Under these circumstances, the labors of the ministry to secure this central colony seemed at times likely to be crowned with success. The assembly of New York refused to adopt the non-importation policy enjoined by the Continental Congress, it refused to print letters of the committee of correspondence, and it refused to choose delegates to the second Congress which was to be held in May. The ministry, in return, sought to corrupt New York by exempting it from the commercial restrictions placed upon the neighboring colonies, and by promising to confirm its alleged title to the territory of Vermont. All these hopes proved fallacious, however. In spite of appearances, the majority of the people of New York were thoroughly patriotic, and needed only an opportunity for organization. In April, under the powerful leadership of Philip Schuyler and the Livingstons, a convention was held, delegates were chosen to attend the Congress, and New York fell into line with the other colonies. As for Pennsylvania, in spite of its peaceful and moderate temper, it had never shown any signs of willingness to detach itself from the nascent union.

News traveled with slow pace in those days, and as late as the middle of May, Lord North, confident of the success of his schemes in New York, and unable to believe that the yeomanry of Massachusetts would dare fight against regular troops, declared cheerfully that this American business was not so alarming as it seemed, and everything would no doubt be speedily settled without bloodshed!

Great events had meanwhile happened in Massachusetts. All through the win-

ter the resistance to General Gage had been passive, for the lesson had been thoroughly impressed upon the mind of every man, woman, and child in the province that, in order to make sure of the entire sympathy of the other colonies, Great Britain must be allowed to fire the first shot. The Regulating Act had none the less been silently defied, and neither councilors nor judges, neither sheriffs nor jurymen, could be found to serve under the royal commission. It is striking proof of the high state of civilization attained by this commonwealth that although for nine months the ordinary functions of government had been suspended, yet the affairs of every-day life had gone on without friction or disturbance. Not a drop of blood had been shed, nor had any one's property been injured. The companies of yeomen meeting at eventide to drill on the village green, and now and then the cart laden with powder and ball that dragged slowly over the steep roads on its way to Concord, were the only outward signs of an unwonted state of things. Not so, however, in Boston. There the blockade of the harbor had wrought great hardship for the poorer people. Business was seriously interfered with, many persons were thrown out of employment, and in spite of the generous promptness with which provisions had been poured in from all parts of the country, there was great suffering through scarcity of fuel and food. Still there was but little complaint and no disorder. The leaders were as resolute as ever, and the people were as resolute as their leaders. As the 5th of March drew near, several British officers were heard to declare that any one who should dare to address the people in the Old South Church on this occasion would surely lose his life. As soon as he heard of these threats, Joseph Warren solicited for himself the dangerous honor, and at the usual hour delivered a stirring oration upon "the baleful influence of

standing armies in time of peace." The concourse in the church was so great that when the orator arrived every approach to the pulpit was blocked up; and rather than elbow his way through the crowd, which might lead to some disturbance, he procured a ladder, and climbed in through a large window at the back of the pulpit. About forty British officers were present, some of whom sat on the pulpit steps, and sought to annoy the speaker with groans and hisses, but everything passed off quietly.

The boldness of Adams and Hancock in attending this meeting was hardly less admirable than that of Warren in delivering the address. It was no secret that Gage had been instructed to watch his opportunity to arrest Samuel Adams and "his willing and ready tool," that "terrible desperado," John Hancock, and send them over to England to be tried for treason. Here was an excellent opportunity for seizing all the patriot leaders at once; and the meeting itself, moreover, was a town-meeting, such as Gage had come to Boston expressly to put down. Nothing more calmly defiant can be imagined than the conduct of people and leaders under these circumstances. But Gage had long since learned the temper of the people so well that he was afraid to proceed too violently. At first he had tried to corrupt Samuel Adams with offers of place or pelf; but he found, as Hutchinson had already declared, that such was "the obstinate and inflexible disposition of this man that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatsoever." The dissolution of the assembly, of which Adams was clerk, had put a stop to his salary, and he had so little property laid by as hardly to be able to buy bread for his family. Under these circumstances, it occurred to Gage that perhaps a judicious mixture of threat with persuasion might prove effectual. So he sent Colonel Fenton with a confidential message to Adams.

The officer, with great politeness, began by saying that "an adjustment of the existing disputes was very desirable; that he was authorized by Governor Gage to assure him that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government, and that it was the advice of Governor Gage to him not to incur the further displeasure of his Majesty; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII., by which persons could be sent to England for trial, and, by changing his course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king." Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital until the messenger had concluded. Then rising, he replied, glowing with indignation: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people!"

Toward the end of the winter Gage received peremptory orders to arrest Adams and Hancock, and send them to England for trial. One of the London papers gayly observed that in all probability Temple Bar "will soon be decorated with some of the patriotic noddles of the Boston saints." The provincial congress met at Concord on the 22d of March, and after its adjournment, on the 15th of April, Adams and Hancock stayed a few days at Lexington, at the house of their friend, the Rev. Jonas Clark. It would doubtless be easier to seize them there than in Boston, and, accordingly, on the night of the 18th Gage dispatched a force of 800 troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, to march to Lexington, and, after seiz-

ing the patriot leaders, to proceed to Concord, and capture or destroy the military stores which had for some time been collecting there. At ten in the evening the troops were rowed across Charles River, and proceeded by a difficult and unfrequented route through the marshes of East Cambridge, until, after four miles, they struck into the high-road for Lexington. The greatest possible secrecy was observed, and stringent orders were given that no one should be allowed to leave Boston that night. But Warren divined the purpose of the movement, and sent out Paul Revere by way of Charlestown, and William Dawes by way of Roxbury, to give the alarm. At that time there was no bridge across Charles River lower than the one which now connects Cambridge with Allston. Crossing the broad river in a little boat, under the very guns of the Somerset man-of-war, and waiting on the further bank until he learned, from a lantern suspended in the belfry of the North Church, which way the troops had gone, Revere took horse and galloped over the Medford road to Lexington, shouting the news at the door of every house that he passed. Reaching Mr. Clark's a little after midnight, he found the house guarded by eight minute-men, and the sergeant warned him not to make a noise and disturb the inmates. "Noise!" cried Revere. "You'll soon have noise enough; the regulars are coming!" Hancock, recognizing the voice, threw up the window, and ordered the guard to let him in. On learning the news, Hancock's first impulse was to stay and take command of the militia; but it was presently agreed that there was no good reason for his doing so, and shortly before daybreak, in company with Adams, he left the village.

Meanwhile, the troops were marching along the main road; but swift and silent as was their advance, frequent alarm-bells and signal-guns, and lights twinkling on distant hill-tops, showed

but too plainly that the secret was out. Colonel Smith then sent Major Pitcairn forward with six companies of light infantry to make all possible haste in securing the bridges over Concord River, while at the same time he prudently sent back to Boston for reinforcements. When Pitcairn reached Lexington, just as the rising sun was casting long shadows across the village green, he found himself confronted by some fifty minute-men under command of Captain John Parker, — grandfather of Theodore Parker, — a hardy veteran, who, fifteen years before, had climbed the heights of Abraham by the side of Wolfe. "Don't fire unless you are fired on," said Parker; "but if they want a war, it may as well begin here." "Disperse, ye villains!" shouted Pitcairn. "Damn you, why don't you disperse?" And as they stood motionless he gave the order to fire. As the soldiers hesitated to obey, he discharged his own pistol and repeated the order, whereupon a deadly volley slew eight of the minute-men and wounded ten. At this moment the head of Smith's own column seemed to have come into sight, far down the road. The minute-men had begun to return the fire, when Parker, seeing the folly of resistance, ordered them to retire. While this was going on, Adams and Hancock were walking across the fields toward Woburn; and as the crackle of distant musketry reached their ears, the eager Adams — his soul aglow with the prophecy of the coming deliverance of his country — exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" From Woburn the two friends went on their way to Philadelphia, where the second Continental Congress was about to assemble.

Some precious minutes had been lost by the British at Lexington, and it soon became clear that the day was to be one in which minutes could ill be spared. By the time they reached Concord, about seven o'clock, the greater part of the stores had been effectually hidden, and

minute-men were rapidly gathering from all quarters. After posting small forces to guard the bridges, the troops set fire to the court-house, cut down the liberty-pole, disabled a few cannon, staved in a few barrels of flour, and hunted unsuccessfully for arms and ammunition, until an unexpected incident put a stop to their proceedings. When the force of minute-men, watching events from the hill beyond the river, had become increased to more than 400, they suddenly advanced upon the North Bridge, which was held by 200 regulars. After receiving and returning the British fire, the militia, led by Major Buttrick, charged across the narrow bridge, overcame the regulars through weight and numbers, and drove them back into the village. They did not follow up the attack, but rested on their arms, wondering, perhaps, at what they had already accomplished, while their numbers were from moment to moment increased by the minute-men from neighboring villages. A little before noon, though none of the objects of the expedition had been accomplished, Colonel Smith began to realize the danger of his position, and started on his retreat to Boston. His men were in no mood for fight. They had marched eighteen miles, and had eaten nothing for fourteen hours. But now, while companies of militia hovered upon both their flanks, every clump of trees and every bit of rising ground by the roadside gave shelter to hostile yeomen, whose aim was true and deadly. Straggling combats ensued from time to time, and the retreating British left nothing undone which brave men could do; but the incessant, galling fire at length threw them into hopeless confusion. Leaving their wounded scattered along the road, they had already passed by the village green of Lexington in disorderly flight, when they were saved by Lord Percy, who had marched out through Brookline and Cambridge to their assistance, with 1200 men and

two field-pieces. Forming his men in a hollow square, Percy inclosed the fugitives, who, in dire exhaustion, threw themselves upon the ground, — “their tongues hanging out of their mouths,” says Colonel Stedman, “like those of dogs after a chase.” Many had thrown away their muskets, and Pitcairn had lost his horse, with the elegant pistols which fired the first shots of the War of Independence, and which may be seen to-day, along with other trophies, in the town library of Lexington.

Percy's timely arrival checked the pursuit for an hour, and gave the starved and weary men a chance for food and rest. A few houses were pillaged and set on fire, but at three o'clock General Heath and Dr. Warren arrived on the scene and took command of the militia, and the irregular fight was renewed. When Percy reached Menotomy (now Arlington), seven miles from Boston, his passage was disputed by a fresh force of militia, while pursuers pressed hard on his rear, and it was only after an obstinate fight that he succeeded in forcing his way. The roadside now fairly swarmed with marksmen, insomuch that, as one of the British officers observed, “they seemed to have dropped from the clouds.” It became impossible to keep order or to carry away the wounded; and when, at sunset, the troops entered Charlestown, under the welcome shelter of the fleet, it was upon the full run. They were not a moment too soon, for Colonel Pickering, with 700 Essex militia, on the way to intercept them, had already reached Winter Hill; and had their road been blocked by this fresh force they must inevitably have surrendered.

On this eventful day the British lost 273 of their number, while the Americans lost 93. The expedition had been a failure, the whole British force had barely escaped capture, and it had been shown that the people could not be frightened into submission. It had been

shown, too, how efficient the town system of organized militia might prove on a sudden emergency. The most interesting feature of the day is the rapidity and skill with which the different bodies of minute-men, marching from long distances, were massed at those points on the road where they might most effectually impede the British retreat. The Danvers company marched sixteen miles in four hours to strike Lord Percy at Menotomy. The list of killed and wounded shows that contingents from at least twenty-three towns had joined in the fight before sundown. But though the pursuit was then ended, these men did not return to their homes, but hour by hour their numbers increased. At noon of that day the alarm had reached Worcester. Early next morning, Israel Putnam was ploughing a field at Pomfret, in Connecticut, when the news arrived. Leaving orders for the militia companies to follow, he jumped on his horse, and, riding a hundred miles in eighteen hours, arrived in Cambridge on the morning of the 21st, just in time to meet John Stark with the first company from New Hampshire. At mid-day of the 20th the college green at New Haven swarmed with eager students and citizens, and Captain Benedict Arnold, gathering sixty volunteers from among them, placed himself at their head and marched for Cambridge, picking up recruits and allies at all the villages on the way. And thus, from every hill and valley in New England, on they came, till, by Saturday night, Gage found himself besieged in Boston by a rustic array of 16,000 men.

When the news of this affair reached England, five weeks later, it was received at first with incredulity, then with astonishment and regret. Slight as the contest had been, it remained undeniable that British troops had been defeated by what in England was regarded as a crowd of "peasants;" and it was felt besides that the chances for

conciliation had now been seriously diminished. Burke said that now that the Americans had once gone so far as this, they could hardly help going farther; and in spite of the condemnation that had been lavished upon Gage for his inactivity, many people were now inclined to find fault with him for having precipitated a conflict just at the time when it was hoped that, with the aid of the New York loyalists, some sort of accommodation might be effected. There is no doubt that the news from Lexington thoroughly disconcerted the loyalists of New York for the moment, and greatly strengthened the popular party there. In a manifesto addressed to the city of London, the New York committee of correspondence deplored the conduct of Gage as rash and violent, and declared that all the horrors of civil war would never bring the Americans to submit to the unjust acts of Parliament. When Hancock and Adams arrived, on their way to the Congress, they were escorted through the city with triumphal honors. In Pennsylvania steps were immediately taken for the enlistment and training of a colonial militia, and every colony to the south of it followed the example. The Scotch-Irish patriots of Mecklenburg County, in North Carolina, ventured upon a measure more decided than any that had yet been taken in any part of the country. On May 31st, the county committee of Mecklenburg affirmed that the joint address of the two Houses of Parliament to the king, in February, had virtually "annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the Crown, and suspended the constitutions of the colonies;" and that consequently "the provincial congress of each province, under the direction of the great Continental Congress, is invested with all the legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these

colonies." In accordance with this state of things, rules were adopted "for the choice of county officers, to exercise authority by virtue of this choice and independently of the British Crown, until Parliament should resign its arbitrary pretensions." These bold resolves were entrusted to the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress, but were not formally brought before that body, as the delegates thought it best to wait for a while longer the course of events.

Some twenty years later they gave rise to the legend of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The early writers of United States history passed over the proceedings of May 31st in silence, and presently the North Carolina patriots tried to supply an account of them from memory. Their traditional account was not published until 1819, when it was found to contain a spurious document, giving the substance of some of the foregoing resolves, decorated with phrases borrowed from the great Declaration of Independence of 1776. This document purported to have been drawn up and signed at a county meeting on the 20th of May. A fierce controversy sprang up over the genuineness of the document, which was promptly called in question. For a long time many people believed in it, and were inclined to charge Jefferson with having plagiarized from it in writing the Declaration of Independence. But a minute investigation of all the newspapers of May, 1775, has shown that no such meeting was held on the 20th, and no such document made public. The story of the Mecklenburg Declaration is simply a legend based upon the distorted recollection of the real proceedings of May 31st.

Meanwhile, in New England, the war-like feeling had become too strong to be contented merely with defensive measures. No sooner had Benedict Arnold reached Cambridge than he suggested

to Dr. Warren that an expedition ought to be sent without delay to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These fortresses commanded the northern approaches to the Hudson River, the strategic centre of the whole country, and would be of supreme importance either in preparing an invasion of Canada or in warding off an invasion of New York. Besides this, they contained a vast quantity of military stores, of which the newly gathered army stood in sore need. The idea found favor at once. Arnold received a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Congress, and was instructed to raise 400 men among the Berkshire Hills, capture the fortresses, and superintend the transfer of part of their armament to Cambridge. When Arnold reached the wild hillsides of the Hoosac range, he found that he had a rival in the enterprise. The capture of Ticonderoga had also been secretly planned in Connecticut, and was entrusted to Ethan Allen, the eccentric but sagacious author of that now-forgotten deistical book, *The Oracles of Reason*. Allen was a leading spirit among the "Green Mountain Boys," an association of Vermont settlers formed for the purpose of resisting the jurisdiction of New York, and his personal popularity was great. On the 9th of May Arnold overtook Allen and his men on their march toward Lake Champlain, and claimed the command of the expedition on the strength of his commission from Massachusetts; but the Green Mountain Boys were acting partly on their own account, partly under the direction of Connecticut. They cared nothing for the authority of Massachusetts, and knew nothing of Arnold; they had come out to fight under their own trusted leader. But few of Arnold's own men had as yet assembled, and his commission could not give him command of Vermonters, so he joined the expedition as a volunteer. On reaching the lake that night, they found there were not nearly enough row-boats to

convey the men across. But delay was not to be thought of. The garrison must not be put on its guard. Accordingly, with only eighty-three men, Allen and Arnold crossed the lake at daybreak of the 10th, and entered Ticonderoga side by side. The little garrison, less than half as many in number, as it turned out, was completely surprised, and the stronghold was taken without a blow. As the commandant jumped out of bed, half awake, he confusedly inquired of Allen by whose authority he was acting. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" roared the bellicose philosopher; and the commandant, seeing the fort already taken, was fain to acquiesce. At the same time Crown Point surrendered to another famous Green Mountain Boy, Seth Warner, and thus more than two hundred cannon, with a large supply of powder and ball, were obtained for the New England army. A few days later, as some of Arnold's own men arrived from Berkshire, he sailed down Lake Champlain, and captured St. John's with its garrison; but the British recovered it in the course of the summer, and planted such a force there that in the autumn we shall see it able to sustain a siege of fifty days.

Neither Connecticut nor Massachusetts had any authority over these posts save through right of conquest. As it was Connecticut that had set Allen's expedition on foot, Massachusetts yielded the point as to the disposal of the fortresses and their garrisons. Dr. Warren urged the Connecticut government to appoint Arnold to the command, so that his commission might be held of both colonies; but Connecticut preferred to retain Allen, and in July Arnold returned to Cambridge to mature his remarkable plan for invading Canada through the trackless wilderness of Maine. His slight disagreement with Allen bore evil fruit. As is often the case in such affairs, the men were more

zealous than their commanders; there were those who denounced Arnold as an interloper, and he was destined to hear from them again and again.

On the same day on which Ticonderoga surrendered, the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. The Adamses and the Livingstons, Jay, Henry, Washington, and Lee were there, as also Franklin, just back from his long service in England. Of all the number, John Adams and Franklin had now, probably, come to agree with Samuel Adams that a political separation from Great Britain was inevitable; but all were fully agreed that any consideration of such a question was at present premature and uncalled for. The Congress was a body which wielded no technical legal authority: it was but a group of committees, assembled for the purpose of advising with each other regarding the public weal. Yet something very like a state of war existed in a part of the country, under conditions which intimately concerned the whole, and in the absence of any formally constituted government something must be done to provide for such a crisis. The spirit of the assembly was well shown in its choice of a president. Peyton Randolph being called back to Virginia to preside over the colonial assembly, Thomas Jefferson was sent to the Congress in his stead; and it also became necessary for Congress to choose a president to succeed him. The proscribed John Hancock was at once chosen, and Benjamin Harrison, in conducting him to the chair, said, "We will show Great Britain how much we value her proscriptions." To the garrisoning of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by Connecticut, the Congress consented only after much hesitation, since the capture of these posts had been an act of offensive warfare. But without any serious opposition, in the name of the "United Colonies," the Congress adopted the army of New England men besieging Boston as the "Continental

Army," and proceeded to appoint a commander-in-chief to direct its operations. Practically, this was the most important step taken in the whole course of the War of Independence, and the wisdom shown in the appointment was consummate. Nothing less, indeed, than the whole issue of the struggle, for ultimate defeat or for ultimate victory, turned upon the selection to be made at this crisis. For nothing can be clearer than that in any other hands than those of George Washington the military result of the war must have been speedily disastrous to the Americans. In appointing a Virginian to the command of a New England army, the Congress showed rare wisdom. It would well have accorded with local prejudices had a New England general been appointed. John Hancock greatly desired the appointment, and seems to have been chagrined at not receiving it. But it was wisely decided that the common interest of all Americans could in no way be more thoroughly engaged in the war than by putting the New England army in charge of a general who represented in his own person the greatest of the Southern colonies. Washington was now commander of the local militia of Virginia, and sat in Congress in his colonel's uniform. His services in saving the remnant of Braddock's ill-fated army, and afterwards in the capture of Fort Duquesne, had won for him a military reputation greater than that of any other American. Besides this, there was that which, from his early youth, had made it seem right to entrust him with commissions of extraordinary importance. Nothing in Washington's whole career is more remarkable than the fact that when a mere boy of twenty-one he should have been selected by the governor of Virginia to take charge of that most delicate and dangerous diplomatic mission to the Indian chiefs and the French commander at Venango. Consummate knowledge of human nature as

well as of wood-craft, a courage that no threats could daunt and a clear intelligence that no treachery could hoodwink, were the qualities absolutely demanded by such an undertaking; yet the young man acquitted himself of his perilous task not merely with credit, but with splendor. As regards book-lore, his education had been but meagre, yet he possessed in the very highest degree the rare faculty of always discerning the essential facts in every case, and interpreting them correctly. In the Continental Congress there sat many who were superior to him in learning and eloquence; but "if," said Patrick Henry, "you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man upon that floor." Thus did that wonderful balance of mind — so great that in his whole career it would be hard to point out a single mistake — already impress his ablest contemporaries. Hand in hand with this rare soundness of judgment there went a completeness of moral self-control, which was all the more impressive inasmuch as Washington's was by no means a tame or commonplace nature, such as ordinary power of will would suffice to guide. He was a man of intense and fiery passions. His anger, when once aroused, had in it something so terrible that strong men were cowed by it like frightened children. This prodigious animal nature was habitually curbed by a will of iron, and held in the service of a sweet and tender soul, into which no mean or unworthy thought had ever entered. Whole-souled devotion to public duty, an incorruptible integrity which no appeal to ambition or vanity could for a moment solicit, — these were attributes of Washington, as well marked as his clearness of mind and his strength of purpose. And it was in no unworthy temple that Nature had enshrined this great spirit. His lofty stature (exceeding six feet), his grave and handsome face, his noble

bearing and courtly grace of manner, all proclaimed in Washington a king of men.

The choice of Washington for commander-in-chief was suggested and strongly urged by John Adams, and when, on the 15th of June, the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, it was unanimously confirmed. Then Washington, rising, said with great earnestness: "Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." He refused to take any pay for his services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses, which Congress might reimburse, should it see fit, after the close of the war.

While these things were going on at Philadelphia, the army of New England men about Boston was busily pressing, to the best of its limited ability, the siege of that town. The army extended in a great semicircle of sixteen miles, — averaging about a thousand men to the mile, — all the way from Jamaica Plain to Charlestown Neck. The headquarters were at Cambridge, where some of the university buildings were used for barracks, and the chief command had been entrusted to General Artemas Ward, under the direction of the committee of safety. Dr. Warren had succeeded Hancock as president of the provincial congress, which was in session at Watertown. The army was excellent in spirit, but poorly equipped and extremely deficient in discipline. Its military object was to compel the British troops to evacuate Boston and take to their ships; for as there was no American fleet, anything like the destruction or capture of the British force was

manifestly impossible. The only way in which Boston could be made untenable for the British was by seizing and fortifying some of the neighboring hills which commanded the town, of which the most important were those in Charlestown on the north and in Dorchester on the southeast. To secure these hills was indispensable to Gage, if he was to keep his foothold in Boston; and as soon as Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived, on the 25th of May, with reinforcements which raised the British force to 10,000 men, a plan was laid for extending the lines so as to cover both Charlestown and Dorchester. Feeling now confident of victory, Gage issued a proclamation on June 12th, offering free pardon to all rebels who should lay down their arms and return to their allegiance, saving only those ringleaders, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, whose crimes had been "too flagitious to be condoned." At the same time, all who should be taken in arms were threatened with the gallows. In reply to this manifesto, the committee of safety, having received intelligence of Gage's scheme, ordered out a force of 1200 men, to forestall the governor, and take possession of Bunker Hill in Charlestown. At sunset of the 16th this brigade was paraded on Cambridge Common, and after prayer had been offered by Dr. Langdon, president of the university, they set out on their enterprise, under command of Colonel Prescott, of Pepperell, a veteran of the French war, grandfather of one of the most eminent of American historians. On reaching the grounds, a consultation was held, and it was decided, in accordance with the general purpose, if not in strict conformity to the letter of the order, to push on farther and fortify the eminence known as Breed's Hill, which was connected by a ridge with Bunker Hill, and might be regarded as part of the same locality. The position of Breed's Hill was admirably fitted for annoying the town and the ships in the harbor, and it

seems to have been supposed that, should the Americans succeed in planting batteries there, the British would be obliged to retire from Boston. There can be little doubt, however, that in thus departing from the strict letter of his orders Prescott made a mistake, which might have proved fatal, had not the enemy blundered still more seriously. The advanced position on Breed's Hill was not only exposed to attacks in the rear from an enemy who commanded the water, but the line of retreat was ill secured, and, by seizing upon Charlestown Neck, it would have been easy for the British, with little or no loss, to have compelled Prescott to surrender. From such a disaster the Americans were saved by the stupid contempt which the enemy felt for them.

Reaching Breed's Hill about midnight, Colonel Prescott's men began throwing up intrenchments. At day-break they were discovered by the sailors in the harbor, and a lively cannonade was kept up through the forenoon by the enemy's ships; but it produced little effect, and the strength of the American works increased visibly hour by hour. It was a beautiful summer day, bathed in brightest sunshine, and through the clear, dry air every movement of the spadesmen on the hill-top and the sailors on their decks could be distinctly seen from a great distance. The roar of the cannon had called out everybody, far and near, to see what was going on, and the windows and housetops in Boston were crowded with anxious spectators. During the night General Putnam had come upon the scene, and turned his attention to fortifying the crest of Bunker Hill, in order to secure the line of retreat across Charlestown Neck. In the course of the forenoon Colonel Stark arrived with reinforcements, which were posted behind the rail fence on the extreme left, to ward off any attempt of the British to turn their flank by a direct attack.

At the same time, Dr. Warren, now chief executive officer of Massachusetts, and just appointed major-general, hastened to the battle-field; replying to the prudent and affectionate remonstrance of his friend Elbridge Gerry, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Arriving at the redoubt, he refused the command expressly tendered him, saying that he should be only too glad to serve as volunteer aid, and learn his first lesson under so well tried a soldier as Prescott. This modest heroism was typical of that memorable day, to the events of which one may well apply the Frenchman's dictum, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*" A glorious day it was in history, but characterized, on both the British and the American sides, by heroism rather than by military skill or prudence.

During the forenoon Gage was earnestly discussing with the three new generals the best means of ousting the Americans from their position on Breed's Hill. There was one sure and obvious method, — to go around by sea and take possession of Charlestown Neck, thereby cutting off the Americans from the mainland and starving them out. But it was thought that time was too precious to admit of so slow a method. Should the Americans succeed, in the course of the afternoon, in planting a battery of siege guns on Breed's Hill, the British position in Boston would be endangered. A direct assault was preferred, as likely to be more speedily effective. It was unanimously agreed that these "peasants" could not withstand the charge of 3000 veteran soldiers, and it was gravely doubted if they would stay and fight at all. Gage accordingly watched the proceedings, buoyant with hope. In a few hours the disgrace of Lexington would be wiped out, and this wicked rebellion would be ended. At noonday the troops began crossing the river in boats, and at three o'clock they advanced to storm the intrenchments. They advanced in two

parties, General Howe toward the rail-fence, and General Pigott toward the re-doubt, and the same fate awaited both. The Americans reserved fire until the enemy had come within fifty yards, when all at once they poured forth such a deadly volley that the whole front rank of the British was mowed as if by the sudden sweep of a scythe. For a few minutes the gallant veterans held their ground and returned the fire; but presently an indescribable shudder ran through the line, and they gave way and retreated down the hillside in disorder, while the Americans raised an exultant shout, and were with difficulty restrained by their officers from leaping over the breastworks and pursuing.

A pause now ensued, during which the village of Charlestown was set on fire by shells from the fleet, and soon its four hundred wooden houses were in a roaring blaze, while charred timbers strewed the lawns and flower-beds, and the sky was blackened with huge clouds of smoke. If the purpose of this wholesale destruction of property was, as some have thought, to screen the second British advance, the object was not attained, for a light breeze drove the smoke the wrong way. As the bright red coats, such excellent targets for trained marksmen, were seen the second time coming up the slope, the Americans, now cool and confident, withheld their fire until the distance was less than thirty yards. Then, with a quick succession of murderous discharges, such havoc was wrought in the British lines as soon to prove unendurable. After a short but obstinate struggle the lines were broken, and the gallant troops retreated hastily, leaving the hillside covered with their dead and wounded. All this time the Americans, in their sheltered position, had suffered but little.

So long a time now elapsed that many persons began to doubt if the British would renew the assault. Had the organization of the American army been

better, such reinforcements of men and ammunition might by this time have arrived from Cambridge that any further attack upon the hill would be sure to prove fruitless. But all was confusion at headquarters. General Ward was ill furnished with staff officers, and wrong information was brought, while orders were misunderstood. And besides, in his ignorance of the extent of Gage's plans, General Ward was nervously afraid of weakening his centre at Cambridge. Three regiments were sent over too late to be of any use, and meanwhile Prescott, to his dismay, found that his stock of powder was nearly exhausted. While he was making ready for a hand-to-hand fight, the British officers were holding a council of war, and many declared that to renew the attack would be simply useless butchery. On the other hand, General Howe observed, "To be forced to give up Boston would, gentlemen, be very disagreeable to us all." The case was not really so desperate as this, for the alternative of an attack upon Charlestown Neck still remained open, and every consideration of sound generalship now prescribed that it should be tried. But Howe could not bear to acknowledge the defeat of his attempts to storm, and accordingly, at five o'clock, with genuine British persistency, a third attack was ordered. For a moment the advancing columns were again shaken by the American fire, but the last cartridges were soon spent, and by resolute bayonet charges and irregular volleys that could not be returned the Americans were slowly driven from their works and forced to retreat over Charlestown Neck, while the whole disputed ground, including the summit of Bunker Hill, passed into the hands of the British.

In this battle, in which not more than one hour was spent in actual fighting, the British loss in killed and wounded was 1054, or more than one third of the whole force engaged, including an unusually large proportion of officers. The

American loss, mainly incurred at the rail-fence and during the final hand-to-hand struggle at the redoubt, was 449, probably about one fourth of the whole force engaged. On the British side, one company of grenadiers came out of the battle with only five of its number left unhurt. Every officer on General Howe's staff was cut down, and only one survived his wounds. The gallant Pitcairn, who had fired the first shot of the war, fell while entering the redoubt, and a few moments later the Americans met with an irreparable loss in the death of General Warren, who was shot in the forehead as he lingered with rash obstinacy on the scene, loath to join in the inevitable retreat. Another volunteer aid, not less illustrious than Warren, fought on Bunker Hill that day, and came away scatheless. Since the brutal beating which he had received at the coffee-house nearly six years before, the great intellect of James Otis had suffered well-nigh total wreck. He was living, harmlessly insane, at the house of his sister, Mercy Warren, at Watertown, when he witnessed the excitement and listened to the rumor of battle on the morning of the 17th of June. With touching eagerness to strike a blow for the cause in which he had already suffered so dreadful a martyrdom, Otis stole away from home, borrowed a musket at some roadside farmhouse, and hastened to the battle-field, where he fought manfully, and after all was over made his way home, weary and faint, a little before midnight.

Though small in its dimensions, if compared with great European battles, or with the giant contests of our own civil war, the struggle at Bunker Hill is memorable and instructive, even from a purely military point of view. Considering the numbers engaged and the short duration of the fight, the destruction of life was enormous. Of all the hardest-fought fields of modern times, there have been very few indeed in

which the number of killed and wounded has exceeded one fourth of the whole force engaged. In its bloodiness and in the physical conditions of the struggle, the battle of Bunker Hill resembles in miniature the tremendous battles of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. To ascend a rising ground and storm well-manned intrenchments has in all ages been a difficult task; at the present day, with the range and precision of our modern weapons, it has come to be almost impossible. It has become a maxim of modern warfare that only the most extraordinary necessity can justify a commander in resorting to so desperate a measure. He must manœuvre against such positions, cut them off by the rear, or deprive them of their value by some flanking march; but he must not, save as a forlorn hope, waste precious human lives in an effort to storm them that is almost sure to prove fruitless. For our means of destroying life have become so powerful and so accurate that, when skillfully wielded from commanding positions, no human gallantry can hope to withstand them. As civilization advances, warfare becomes less and less a question of mere personal bravery, and more and more a question of the application of resistless physical forces at the proper points; that is to say, it becomes more and more a purely scientific problem of dynamics. Now at Bunker Hill, though the Americans had not our modern weapons of precision, yet a similar effect was wrought by the remarkable accuracy of their aim, due to the fact that they were all trained marksmen, who waited coolly till they could fire at short range, and then wasted no shots in random firing. Most of the British soldiers who fell in the two disastrous charges of that day were doubtless picked off as partridges are picked off by old sportsmen, and thus is explained the unprecedented slaughter of officers. Probably nothing quite like this had yet been seen in the history

of war, though the principle had been similar in those wonderful trials of the long-bow in such mediæval battles as Crecy and Dupplin Moor. Against such odds even British pluck and endurance could not possibly prevail. Under these circumstances, had the Americans been properly supplied with powder, Howe could no more have taken Bunker Hill by storm than Burnside could take the heights of Fredericksburg.

The moral effect of the battle of Bunker Hill, both in America and Europe, was remarkable. It was for the British a decided and important victory, inasmuch as they not only gained the ground for which the battle was fought, but by so doing they succeeded in keeping their hold upon Boston for nine months longer. Nevertheless, the moral advantage was felt to be entirely on the side of the Americans. It was they who were elated by the day's work, while it was the British who were dispirited. The belief that Americans could not fight

was that day dispelled forever. British officers who remembered Fontenoy and Minden declared that the firing at Bunker Hill was the hottest they had ever known, and, with an exaggeration which was pardonable as a reaction from their former ill-judged contempt, it was asserted that the regulars of France were less formidable foes than the militia of New England. It was keenly felt that if a conquest of a single strategic position had encountered such stubborn resistance, the task of subjugating the United Colonies was likely to prove a hard one. "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," said General Greene. Vergennes, the French minister of foreign affairs, exclaimed that with two more such victories England would have no army left in America. Washington said there could now be no doubt that the liberties of the people were secure. While Franklin, taking extreme ground, declared that England had lost her colonies forever.

John Fiske.

MISTAH FAHMAH.

MISS KIMBALL was by no means sorry when the carriage at last came to a standstill in front of a forlorn little cabin, planted, with seeming carelessness, in a hollow near the road. A lean, gaunt hog was rooting in the mud near the rough stone which answered for a doorstep, and the tip end of the tail of a little pig peeped out of the door.

"What rough roads you do have in Washington!" she exclaimed.

"Pardon me, my dear, we quite pride ourselves on our Washington thoroughfares. We are not in the District of Columbia now; we crossed the boundary half an hour ago, and this is Maryland soil," replied her companion.

As the carriage stopped, two little

darkies came out of the cabin. The larger of the two shouted, —

"Howdy, Miss Kitty, howdy!"

And his small brother cried, —

"Mammy 'Ouisa, yur's Miss Kitty!"

A yellow cur rushed out of the house, barking loudly; a couple of hens scuttled out behind him, followed by a goose, all uttering squeaks and squawks of fright; the porcine fraternity ambled a few feet away, grunting displeasure. A voice, accompanied by the vigorous flapping of an apron, was heard, saying, —

"Shoo! Shoo! Git outen dis yur house! You Tigah, hesh yo' yelpin'!"

Following the voice came the projector of it, a stout colored woman, arrayed

in a gay purple calico gown and a voluminous blue-and-white-check gingham apron; a bright plaid kerchief was arranged turban-wise on her head; on her feet were a pair of men's shoes.

"Howdy, Miss Kitty, howdy!" cried she, wiping her hands on her apron. "Light a bit, honey, an' res' yo'se'f."

"How are you, Louisa?" said the older of the two ladies in the carriage, as she jumped to the ground, and then shook hands cordially with the woman.

The smaller of the boys had hastened to open the carriage door for Miss Tolliver, and stood there, grinning expansively, while she and her friend alighted.

"I's pooty tollable, Miss Kitty. How's yo'se'f? I need n't ter ax yo', dough, fur you is sutt'nly lookin' fine."

"Thank you, Louisa," answered Miss Kitty. "This is my friend, Miss Kimball, Louisa, whom I have brought out to see you."

Louisa dropped a curtsy. She "knew her place" too well to shake hands with a strange lady.

"Howdy, miss, howdy! Tom," said she, addressing one of the boys, "run inter de house an' foteh out two cheers fur de ladies. I won't arsk yo' ter walk in, ladies, 'cause I ben a i'ahnin', an' de room sutt'nly is mighty hot. Miss Kitty, honey, how's yo' ma? I ain't seen her fur de *longes'* time. She don't come ter mawkit no moah."

"No, she has n't been for some time. She has n't been right well lately, so pa does the marketing."

"I tole Tom Jackson — dat's my cousin Susan Jackson's biggus boy — tuh be shaw an' stop by yaw house w'en he went ter Gawgetown, las' week, but he say he done furgit it ontell he got mos' home agin."

"How is your cousin, Louisa? Is n't that the one who broke her arm last spring?"

"Yes, Miss Kitty, it am. How yo' does 'member t'ings! Oh, Susan, she's right peart now. I spec — I dunno fuh

shaw — dat she's gwine git mah'ied 'fore Chrismus," answered Louisa, with an unctuous laugh.

"Get married!" repeated Miss Tolliver. "I thought she was married long ago."

"Oh, no," answered Louisa cheerfully, "she never got mah'ied yit. She say as how she done bawn an' brought up ten head o' chillun, an got 'em all good homes, an' now she ready ter settle down an' git mah'ied."

"I think it is time," remarked Miss Kitty dryly. "Louisa, are there any persimmons ripe out here yet?"

"Well, no, honey, dey ain't none, not to say reel ripe. Yo' see we ain't had no fros' yit, an' 'simmons is n't fit tuh eat ontell der fros' teches 'em."

"Just as soon as there are any nice ones, I want you to be sure and send me some; for my friend Miss Kimball has never eaten any, and I want her to taste some nice ones."

"Nevvah ett no 'simmons!" cried Louisa in surprise. "Whar wuz yo' raised, miss?"

"In Boston," answered Miss Kimball, smiling, "and persimmons do not grow there."

"O—h! So yo's way frum *Baws'n*! Dat's whar Mass' Linkum wuz bawn. 'Spec' yo' folks mus' 'a knowed him."

"I don't believe they did," Miss Tolliver said quickly, fearing that her friend, unused to colored people's ways, might feel called upon to enlighten Louisa's ignorance.

"Well, honey, I'll make dat ah' wufless boy o' mine tote yuh a heap o' reel nice 'simmons jes' ez soon ez dey's ripe."

"How is Dan now?"

"He's tollable, t'anky. But Sophy, — she's his wife, yuh know, — she's mighty pawly; she hez de misery in her haid mos' uv de time."

"And Rosa; do you hear from her?"

"Yes, Miss Kitty, I *does* yur frum her," replied Louisa, with an ominous sigh.

"What is the matter? Is she sick again?"

"No, Miss Kitty, she ain't, not to say sick," and Louisa sighed yet deeper.

"What is the matter with her?"

Now Miss Kimball, the very pink of propriety herself, was surprised and much mortified at the persistent questions of Kitty Tolliver, who prided herself on belonging to one of the first families of Virginia. But Kitty knew Louisa and her notions; the Boston girl did not. Had Miss Kitty not been inquisitive about Rosa, the woman would have been much hurt at her want of interest.

"I jes' hed a lettah frum her," was Louisa's cautious answer.

"Have you? Will you let me read it? And may I read it aloud?"

Broad smiles took the place of sighs. Louisa fumbled in her pocket, and then, handing the letter to Miss Kitty, said, —

"In co'se yo' may, honey. I never hev no seecruts frum yo' folks."

"Rosa," said Miss Kitty to her friend, "is Louisa's youngest daughter. Mama and I think a great deal of her, for she lived with us while she was going to school in Washington. She has been North for about three years, in Worcester most of the time."

The letter¹ ran: —

Monday morning 5th A. M.

MY BELOVED MAMA, — Your animating epistle was received with much love and I were exceeding glade to hear from you but sincery sorry to hear of your not feeling well but with Gods care I am in hopes you will soon be better Dear Ma I was taken suden last night at quarter of nine and were for two hours very ill I am feelig quite differrn now but not by no means well Hear it is almost another year gone and we are as yet spairied on praying ground to see it Oh how Mercerful and great God is I

¹ This is a literal copy of a letter written by a colored girl.

am thankful to say I am no ways tired or weary on my journey trust my Great redeemer shell never be Mama pray for me pray I may be stronger and more humbel in thy works my regards to all inquiring friends My best respects to Miss Kitty also to Mrs Tolliver I shell inclose the small sum of five dollars now and as soon as I can will send you alittle by degrees Ada sends her love to you she is in Boston Ada will be married the first Thursdy night of nex month myself was to be married the 20 of nex month but Oh. Mama how I do hold on to my single life I do hate to give it up I shell not say fer sure that I will just yet for there are more fellows than one wants me fer a whife but there is only one I love and he is single agin so if I want him thare is a chance for me Yes Dear Mar I heard Jeff whife were dead his mother wrote to me and told me is Jeff in Washington Tell Miss Kitty I am coming home soon to work in your place and give you a rest I must close and say good by write soon and let me know if you got this letter no more.

From your loving Daughter ROSA.

"Aha, I see why Rosa wants to come home and give you a rest!" laughed Miss Kitty. "Is Jeff's wife really dead?"

"Yes, honey, she daid, she sutt'nly is, fur I seen her arftuh she wuz laid out; but I wuzn't at her *reeques*'. I did n't know nuffin' 't all about it ontell 't wuz all ovah," answered Louisa regretfully.

"Her *what*? 'Reequet'?"

"Yes, chile, doan' yo' know? She died sudd'nt, drapt righ' down whar she were a standin' iahnin'; an' Jeff, he hed ter call a curr'nuh ter hev a *reeques*' ter tell ef he might bu'y her."

"Oh, yes, an inquest."

"Yes, honey. An' dat same puffaw-munce were all uv a piece wid de res' uv dat Sally Gardiner's foolish doin's;

she could n' even die respectkable in her baid, like decen' folks. Dat Sally sut-t'nly were de *awnries'* coon anywhar 'bout yur; shif'lis', an' lazy, an' imperent, I never seen airy yuther gal like her! Ef Jeff Leonard had n't a ben conjured, he never 'd a tuk up wid her."

"Do you really believe that he was conjured?"

"I knows it, Miss Kitty, I knows it. I doan' b'lieve nuff'n 'bout it; I seen it wid my own eyes. It was summer time den, an' it wuz light w'en we went in ter mawkit, an' ez we turned into Fif' Street, whar Jeff's folks wuz a livin', I seen dat mizzable Sally a sprinklin' white stuff on de do'steps, 'cause she knowed 'at Jeff wuz tuh wu'k in de mawkit den, an' he 'd be de fus' pussun ter step inter it. An' he *wuz*. An' in less 'n a monf he wuz mah'ied ter dat mizzable trash."

"Was he waiting on Rosa then?"

"Well, he were, an' he were n't. Yuh see 't were dis a way. Jeff were de onlies' boy 'at he fahdur hed, and Sam, he fahdur, wanted him ter **take** up wid Sally, fur he know'd she hed money in de bank. Lawd knows whar she got it, — *I don't!* I s'picion she did n't come by it hones', but dat wuz no 'count tuh ole Sam; he did n't keer *how* she got it. An' uv co'se Rosy an' me hed n't no money banked; nobody could'n say airy word agin' *her* cha-acter, nur mine nuther. So w'en Rosy 'ud go ter de house ter see Lucy (Sam's sistah, 'et wuz mah'ied ter my sistah's boy 'at wuz killed on de rai'road), Sam, he 'd be reel owdacious an' imperen', an' keep a tellin' her lies 'bout Jeff, — dat he 'd got run in one night fur bein' drunk an' makin' a 'sturbance in de city, an' how he 'd ben a takin' Sally tuh a cake walk, ur a ball, ur sumfin'. An' den de ole debbel, he 'd tell Jeff ez how Rosy had come ter see Lucy a bringin' a spruce young yellor boy along wid her. Jeff, he were n't yellor! He's black ez dey make 'um; he sutt'nly is dat same. Now de mawnin' 'at I seen Sally a cun-

jurin' Jeff, I wuz so plegg'd in my miu' 'at I come mighty neah gittin' outen de waggin. I wuz a ridin' in along uv a man 'at lives below yur, 'cross de Branch, an' cah'ies cabbidges an' taters ter de huckstahs. I felt ez ef I 'd oughter go home an' warn Rosy 'at Sally wuz makin' trubble, but I hed a heap o' t'ings to sell dat day, so I kep' on. W'en I got back home agin de house were all empty. 'Rosy! O—h, Rosy!' I calls. 'Where you at? Come yur, an' come a runnin'; I got sumfin' ter tell yer.' She was ovah ter my sistah's, an' she yur'd me, an' she *come* a runnin'. 'W'at yer want wid me, mammy?' she arsked; an' den I up an' tole her w'at I seen Sally a doin'. But she jes' laff an' toss her haid, an' say *she* doan' keer, she did n't fear her cunjurin', kuz she done sont word to Jeff dat very mawnin' 'at she was ready ter mah'y him any time he ready fur go wid her ter de minister. But Jeff, he never sont her no word back, an' bimeby she seemed ter git oneasy, an' at las' she went over ter see how Lucy wuz a gittin' on. 'Yuh, yuh, yuh!' ole Sam hollered, makin' like he wuz laffin'. 'Yuh, yuh, yuh! So black niggah like Jeff ain't good nuff fur fine lady Rosy. Yuh, yuh, yuh!' Rosy, she wuz powerful mad, an' she sez, 'Quit dat noise, yo' ole fool, an' tell me w'at yo' mean. Who's ben a lyin' 'bout me? I never said no sech word. Whar's Jeff?' Lucy wuz all'ys peaceful like, so she sez, reel soft, 'Jeff wuz orful mad w'en you sont him dat letter!' 'W'at letter?' asked Rosy. 'Dat letter he got yistiddy mawnin', sayin' you gwine mah'y Cyrus Johnsing.' Now Rosy had n't sont no letter ter Jeff, but she wuz ez 'cute ez a 'possum, so she kep' a arskin' dis an' dat ontell she yur'd all 'bout it. Sally seen de boy Rosy hed sont ter Jeff, an' she know'd him, cause she 'd seen him in dis yur house; an' 'spicionin' w'at he were after, she got de ve'y words outen his mizzable mouf, an' den she giv' him fi' cents an' tole him she were

Jeff's sistah, an' he need n't er wait, — she'd tell Jeff. Co'se she wuz lyin'. Den she made up a letter an' wrote Rosy's name tuh it, an' sont it tuh him fru' de pos' offis'. Rosy, she wuz turr'-ble mad ter think Jeff 'ud b'lieve sech a pack o' lies, an' w'ile she wuz a tryin' ter 'termin' how to git even wid him she yur'd he were mah'ied ter dat low-lived Sally. Fust time she seen him after he were mah'ied, I tell you she giv' him a tongue-lashin'!"

"So now that Jeff is a widower Rosy thinks there is a chance for her. But who is the other man, the one she intended to marry on the 20th of next month?" asked Miss Kitty. "Somebody in Boston?"

"Yes, honey, a Mistah Fahmah, a ve'y nice gemmun; she say ez how he's not so black ez Jeff, — not one o' yur w'ite niggahs, dough. I got no use fur them. An' he's powerful good-lookin'. He lives on And'son Street. Reckon mebbe you knows w'ere that is," said Louisa, appealing to Miss Kimball.

"Yes, it is at the West End. And my washerwoman happens to be a Mrs. Farmer living on Anderson Street. She is an Irish girl, rather a pretty girl, while her husband is a colored man."

"Y—ah!" was Louisa's long-drawn expression of contempt. "Mizzable huzzy, why doan' sumbuddy haws'ip her? What kind uv a w'ite woman is she to mah'y a niggah? Some awn'ry paw w'ite, I reckon."

"Is this Mr. Farmer a steady fellow? Would he make Rosa a good husband?" asked Miss Kitty.

Louisa smoothed down her capacious apron, and said in a "though I say it as should n't" tone, "He's quite a gemmun, Miss Kitty. He kin write beautiful letters, an' sech words! I wisht I know'd jes' whar I put de letter he sont me a arskin' ef he might pay 'tentions to Rosy. But I wuz jes' 'bleeged ter show it ter so many 't I'm feared it's got los'. Jeff! Shucks!" and Louisa's

tone of contempt spoke volumes. "Jeff ain't noways fit ter black his boots. An' dat 's w'at Jeff 's a doin' now, boot-blackin' — *boot-blackin'*, Miss Kitty! He ain't even got a bresh ur a box uv he own, but he's hi'ad ter black boots at the Yebbutt House; tink o' dat, now!"

"It is honest work, at least. You know, Louisa, I always liked Jeff."

"Yes, honey, I 'members you did. Oh, Jeff, he's well 'nuff, well 'nuff in he place, well 'nuff ter be Sally Gardiner's husban'; but he ain't like Mistah Fahmah. W'y, 't wuz on'y a week ur so ago 'at he giv Rosy a reel gold brace-lut; he's bought her a silk dress, an' a fan wid pink fedders onto it, an' lots o' presents. He do say, too, 'at he gwine give her a watch w'en she's mah'ied to him."

"Where does he get the money?"

"He lives wid a ole gemmun 'at t'inks heaps uv him; he say 'at Mistah Fahmah d' onlius' man he ever had 'at he could trus' outen his sight. He trab-bles a good deal, an' he keeps his eyes an' his yurs open, an' he learns a heap. De gemmun has ter go ter Wor-ces-ter every week on business, an' dat 's de way Rosy see her beau so frequent. Now, Miss Kitty, you know w'at I gwine do? I gwine tell Jeff 'at Rosy wuz mah'ied las' week."

"Oh, Louisa, don't do that! Besides, what good would it do? His mother would write to her to find out if it was true."

"Hed n't tought o' dat," said Louisa shamefacedly. "Well, Miss Kitty, what kin I do ter make Rosy mah'y Mistah Fahmah, an' not come home yur ter frow-kerse'f away on Jeff? I want my Rosy ter have a good home an' a husban' she need n' ter be shamed uv, a man like Isaiah Fahmah, now" —

"What!" said Miss Kimball with sudden animation. "Isaiah Farmer, who is body servant for Mr. Henry Tucker, a lame man?"

"Yes, miss; you knows him?"

"Does this Mr. Tucker live on Beacon Street, in Boston?"

"Yes, miss, Beakin Street is de ve'y street; you sutt'nly knows him."

"And is your daughter's name Rosetta Claggett?"

"Sence she went Norf she's kind o' ben puttin' on style, I spec, an' calls herse'f Rosetta, 'cause it's more high soundin'; but her name fur troof is jes' Rosy, — jes' Rosy Cleggett."

"Then I do know that Isaiah Farmer, and it is he who is married to my young Irish washerwoman!" exclaimed Miss Kimball firmly. "His wife has heard of this young colored girl in Worcester to whom he is so attentive, and she told me only a few days ago that if that Rosetta Claggett did n't let her husband alone she'd go and find her, and there would be trouble. Isaiah is very bright, so Mr. Tucker keeps him; but he never trusts him with a cent of money, for he has twice been arrested for theft. He is a plausible scamp, so I do not wonder your daughter was taken in by him. I think, however, that Jeff's wife has died just in the nick of time."

During this revelation Louisa's coun-

tenance had been a study. Pride and delight had at first overspread it; gradually these had faded, and surprise, dismay, disappointment, and then fear had successively dominated.

"Oh, my hebbently Fahdur!" she groaned. "W'at mizzable scoun'rils dey is in de worl'! Oh, Miss Kitty, honey, carn't you tellygraft ter Rosy ter git right awn de k'yahs an' come home? Tell her — oh, tell her *any* word 'at 'll fotch her yur quick, 'fore dat low-lived, paw w'ite I'ish wife o' dat Fahmah man kin git at her. Tell her 'at Jeff wuz yur on'y yistiddy a arskin' how she wuz; an' dat's de troof, Miss Kitty, — 'fore de Lawd it is!"

"I will write to her and ask her to come and live with us this winter. Mamma is right poorly, and she will be glad to have Rosa to wait on her. Then Rosa can make up her mind how much she cares for Jeff."

"You's a angil, Miss Kitty, you sut'tnly is. Reckon Rosy 'll be yur soon!"

"If there *is* a wedding, Louisa, Miss Kimball and I will be sure to come to it," were Miss Kitty's last words as the carriage drove away.

Frances E. Wadleigh.

BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

III.

OLD GALLERIES AND NEW LIGHTS.

THE Athenæum, which is closely identified with the history of the fine arts in Boston, opened its first exhibition of pictures in 1826, and thereafter exhibitions were maintained yearly up to 1849, when the institution was moved from Pearl Street to Beacon Street. In 1850, the first exhibition in the new building was made specially interesting by a display of about sixty of Washington All-

ston's works. It was not far from that date when the "Dusseldorf gallery," containing specimens of the handiwork of Lessing, Gude, the Achenbachs, and others of their school, was placed on exhibition. In 1854, the series of five paintings illustrating the Course of Empire, by Thomas Cole, was exhibited, and received much attention. This series, designed to symbolize a nation's rise, progress, greatness, decline, and fall, was universally talked of, engraved, and widely known. Next came the exhibition of Frederick E. Church's renowned paint-

ing, *The Heart of the Andes*, so eloquently described in a posthumous volume of sketches by Theodore Winthrop, who was a friend of the artist, and introduced him as one of the characters in his romance of *Cecil Dreeme*. In 1874, the private collection of the Duke of Montpensier, of Seville, Spain, was exhibited, giving the people of Boston their first opportunity to look upon a group of secondary examples of the great Spanish masters, including three Velasquezes, one Murillo, five Zurbarans, and one Ribera. Two of the Velasquezes were sketches for portraits in the Madrid gallery. The Murillo, which was considered wonderfully beautiful, had the place of honor in the gallery. Ribera's *Cato of Utica* tearing out his Entrails was a characteristic nightmare of the master who "tainted his brush with all the blood of all the sainted." Kaulbach's cartoon of the Era of the Reformation was shown in the same exhibition. It was the study from which one of the six great frescos in the new museum at Berlin was painted. When the Museum of Fine Arts was opened, in 1876, the Athenæum deposited most of its works of art with the new institution as permanent loans, but retained in the Beacon Street building about forty paintings, which are mostly hung about the austere iron stairways, in a grievous light. The *Angel Appearing to the Shepherds*, by Thomas Cole, is a large painting, about ten by six feet, sombre, theatrical and heavy in style, illustrating these lines from St. Luke's Gospel: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid." It is on the left of this composition that the heavens have opened, presumably, for beams of light radiate from that quarter, in the midst of which soars a rather woolly angel. The three shepherds are in the right foreground.

One of them prostrates himself and prays; the second reclines on his elbow and shields his eyes with one hand, as if dazzled by the rays of celestial glory; and the third stands, crook in hand, gazing awestruck at the wonderful vision. It is but too evident that the father of landscape-painting in America was not an adept in the art of figure-painting. In the left foreground are sheep and a dog; in the distance, at the right, a dark blue lake and mountains; in the sky the star of Bethlehem, the radiations from which form a cross, which is reflected in the water beneath. Cole had high qualities as a landscapist, but this sort of work, though it had its admirers, was far from his true province, and, like the symbolic series, does not represent the sincerest and most admirable side of his art. Besides this work, there are but few paintings in the Athenæum which merit particular attention. Robert W. Weir's *Indian Captive* is a composition of three life-size figures, dated 1839, which represents a dignified brave, a weeping squaw, and a pale-face in a costume of the period of Miles Standish, the Puritan captain, whose back is towards us, and who listens while the Indian describes his happy life in the wilderness, in the florid metaphors of the picturesque Fenimore Cooper red-skin. Then there is a painting of Patrick Lyon the Blacksmith, painted in 1826 by John Neagle, who was the son-in-law of Sully and a native of Boston. Lyon was a rich man in Philadelphia, and when ordering this portrait he expressly directed that it should depict him at his forge. It was also by his desire that the cupola of the old Walnut Street jail, seen through a window in the background, was introduced, in memory of his unjust imprisonment there in 1798, on a charge of robbing the vaults of the Bank of Pennsylvania. There are a few portraits by Stuart and Harding, with three unimportant works by Allston, and some copies,—

one Claude, one Murillo, and two Guidos, including a copy by Chatelaine of Guido's famous picture in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, The Archangel Michael Subduing and Chaining Satan.

For many years after its opening in 1826, the Athenæum continued to be the principal picture gallery of the town. In 1834, there was a special exhibition of a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, which seems to have drawn out a good deal of learned comment. The loan exhibition of Allston's works in 1839, to which allusion has been made, was held in "Harding's new gallery," on School Street. The same gallery was the scene of the first three exhibitions of the Boston Artists' Association, in 1842, 1843, and 1844. This society had fifty members, and its first show contained one hundred and twenty paintings and twenty-seven miniatures. Allston was president, Colonel Henry Sargent vice-president, T. Buchanan Read secretary, and Henry Greenough treasurer. Among the members were Chester Harding, D. C. Johnston, Joseph Ames, Francis Alexander, R. M. Staigg, Thomas Ball, George Hollingsworth, Thomas G. Appleton, A. G. Hoit, W. W. Story, Richard S. Greenough, William Sharp, Hammatt Billings, and George Fuller. The third exhibition consisted of one hundred and thirty-three paintings and fifteen miniatures, and comprised works by Allston, Alexander, Ames, Ball, Brackett, Brown (George L.), Cole (Thomas), Copley, Durand, Doughty, Fette (H. G.), Flagg, Fisher, Harding, Healy, Huntington, Hinckley, Ingham, Johnston, Morse, Neagle, Nutting, Rothermel, Read, Sully, Stuart, Weir, and Willard.

From 1844 to 1847 William Page (born 1811) lived in Boston, and painted some of the best portraits ever produced on American soil. It was his strongest period as a painter, and before he had begun to waste his time in theo-

rizing and investigating as to how Titian painted and as to what was the true mask of Shakespeare. His half-length seated likeness of John Quincy Adams, in the Museum of Fine Arts, is a well-balanced, easy, intellectual work, painted with a strong intuition of character. It is unmistakably an Adams portrait. The "old man eloquent" wears a white vest and a black coat, and holds a cane in one hand, the other lying upon the edge of a table. The quality of the flesh tones is uncommonly vital, sensitive, and transparent. The moist point of high light upon the broad forehead shines out as it were to mark the domicile of a statesman's mind.

Page painted the portraits of many other famous sons of Massachusetts, among them Josiah Quincy, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Wendell Phillips, President Eliot of Harvard College, and Colonel Robert G. Shaw. Several of these are in the Harvard Memorial Hall. The Quincy is in a ruined state, and looks as if some unskilled restorer had "skinned" it; that is to say, cleaned off the glazes from its surface, leaving only the dead color. The two-thirds-length portrait of Colonel Shaw in uniform is a singularly noble painting, presenting a type of American manhood of which Harvard and the country may well be proud. A young man, whose thoughtful face and prepossessing expression betray a generous and loyal nature, was fortunate in being painted by an artist who knew how to bring all his sound moral qualities to the surface. In this, as in the John Quincy Adams portrait, the flesh is marvelously painted, and seems alive. Page was one of the most picturesque characters of modern times. He lived in an ideal world, where Titian, Shakespeare, and Swedenborg were his constant comrades. The drawing of some of his heads was as fine as that of Hans Holbein or of Ingres. No painter has excelled him in penetration; he saw beneath the surface

of his subject with the clairvoyance of a modern Van Dyck. His worship of Titian enfeebled him, and his servile imitations of that master were of little worth compared with the strong portraits that he painted as a young man. Page's friendships were strong and lasting. Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Browning were among his friends. "He would burst into passionate recitations that almost carried you to heaven!" said one who knew him. When he was a boy, Trumbull told him to "stick to the law," but it is evident that he was conscious already of a strong natural bias for art, though he had also a great love of theology. In 1844, Lowell, dedicating his poems to Page, said: "Sure I am that no nobler, gentler, or purer spirit than yours was ever appointed by the Eternal Beauty to bear that part of her divine message which it belongs to the great painter to reveal."

The Boston Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts, which had been established since 1841, moved to its present location in 1847, and opened a display of pictures by the old masters and by native artists, which still remains, in a dilapidated state, a permanent exhibition, reduced to the rank of a neglected and despised accessory to a theatre. The visitor who takes the pains to examine this collection of pictures finds them shrouded in a discreet Egyptian darkness by day and by night; it is to be feared that a stronger light might be even less becoming. The most prominent work is Thomas Sully's immense historical painting of Washington Crossing the Delaware. High up at the right of the composition Washington bestrides the white horse which Stuart found so fractious, and with which Sully has struggled in vain. On a lower plane, at the left, are troops and cannon, awaiting their turn to cross the stream. It is a winter night, cold and black. Snow covers the ground. The river and some vessels in the distance complete the

VOL. LXII. — NO. 371. 25

scene. The work, in spite of its pretense, makes a weak impression, and has little merit. The subject was painted from another point of view by Leutze, whose picture became very well known by the engravings of it in school-books and on bank-notes. The circumstances under which Sully's picture was painted were so peculiar as to make it worth while to recount them. The legislature of North Carolina commissioned him to paint two full-length portraits of Washington. In response, he proposed instead the painting of one historical picture, in which some prominent action of the hero should be represented, and suggested the crossing of the Delaware as a good subject. This amendment was agreed upon. The artist then wrote to ask about the dimensions of the place the painting was to occupy, and, failing to receive a reply, unwisely proceeded with the work on an enormous canvas. Years were spent in the effort, and when the picture was completed he was informed that there was no place fitted to receive it, and the painting was thrown upon his hands. Mr. Doggett presently bought it for five hundred dollars, and from his shop it passed into the possession of the Museum. Sully, who was of English birth, came to this country in 1792 as a boy, and lived successively in Charleston, Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, where he was best known as a portrait-painter, and achieved a considerable degree of renown as the delineator of American beauties.

Under Sully's Washington Crossing the Delaware hang two Dutch merry-makings ascribed to Teniers, of more than doubtful quality, and in a state of dissolution. Such examples might woo in vain "your eyes to revel in a livelier sight." Not far from one hundred portraits of eminent men — governors of Massachusetts, clergymen of Boston's early days, and other public characters — are hung on the outside of the balus-

trades to the gallery, where it is absolutely impossible to see them except at a distance, whether from across the hall, from below, or from above. In the dim light of the interior, they all look very much alike and very commonplace. The Roman Daughter, by Rembrandt Peale, is among the best American productions in the collection, and fortunately it is in a better light than most of the other works. When this picture was first exhibited in Philadelphia, in 1812, a man named Svemin, the Russian vice-consul, asserted that it was a copy, and that he had seen the original in Paris. The charge caused a painful sensation, but when confronted with the necessity of proving his statement, the accuser did not hesitate to retract it. There is a portrait of David Rittenhouse, by Charles Wilson Peale, the father of Rembrandt Peale, who for many years was the leading artist of Philadelphia, painted many portraits of Washington, and founded a museum. A full-length portrait of John Adams when he was minister to Holland, by Winstanley, is valuable. This Winstanley is said to have counterfeited Stuart's portraits, and Dunlap (volume i. page 394) says that he borrowed five hundred dollars from a Boston merchant, and gave him as security "an original Stuart," which turned out to be no Stuart at all. There are also a good profile portrait of Charles Carroll, unsigned; a replica or copy of Copley's portrait of Nicholas Boylston; and a damaged portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Owing to its free and easy custom of treating copies as originals, the catalogue of 1847 throws but little light on the collection. It contains the names of Breughel, Teniers, Verelst, Van Huysum, Berghem, Jan Steen, Cuyp, Van Ostade, Mieris, Ruysdael, and Wou-vernans in the Dutch school; of Ver-net, Boucher, Mignard, Vanloo, Coypel, Poussin, and Rigaud in the French school; of Opie, Louthembourg, Lely,

West, Kneller, and Angelica Kauffman in the English school; of Guido Reni, Caracci, Bassano, and Salvator Rosa in the Italian school; and of Velasquez and Murillo in the Spanish school. A list like this should indicate an exhibition of *chef d'œuvres*, but it is extremely deceptive; and it is safe to say either that there is not an indubitable first-rate work in the gallery, or that if there be such an one it is in a state bordering upon ruin. The large proportion of still-life pictures in the Dutch manner may have included two or three good things in their prime. Mignard's French Reaper, really a portrait of a woman, is a respectable performance. The Mad Woman in Chains and the Idiot Woman with Banner are works of art which are remarkable solely in view of the taste dictating the choice of subject; but they may be said to vie in interest with such efforts as The Battle between Absalom and the Israelites in the Wood of Ephraim, Susannah and the Elders, Jupiter depriving Hebe of the Cup, The Toilette of Venus, The Parting of Hector and Andromache, Orlando and Armedia, The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, or The Burning of William Penn's Mansion House in Philadelphia, "painted by Jones."

In 1852, the first exhibition of the New England Art Union was opened at No. 38 Tremont Row. The officers of the Union were: Edward Everett, president; Franklin Dexter and H. W. Longfellow, vice-presidents; James B. Gregerson, secretary; James Lawrence, treasurer; T. T. Spear, actuary; with a board of directors composed of George S. Hillard, N. L. Frothingham, Benjamin S. Rotch, J. B. Gregerson, Edward C. Cabot, Albert G. Hoit, Ammi B. Young, Joshua H. Hayward, Charles Sumner, Jonathan Mason, Thomas G. Appleton, Chester Harding, C. G. Thompson, G. G. Smith, Joseph Andrews, and Alvan Fisher. The exhibitors in this exhibition were Ames, Ball, Barry, Bab-

cock, Bellows, Carlton, Champney (B.), Codman, Cranch, Mrs. Dassel, Edwards, Fisher, Gay (W. Allan), Gerry, Hall, Hoit, Hunt (H. P.), Johnston, Kensett, Knight, Kurtz, Lane, Morrison, Nutting, Mrs. Oakes, Pope, Ransom, Scott, Spear, Stephenson, Wight, and Wilde. In spite of the fine list of distinguished officers, the first exhibition was also the last; at least we hear no more of the New England Art Union after 1852. One of the exhibitors, Albert F. Bellows, who was in an architect's office in Boston three years after Allston's death, became in later years, after a sojourn in Europe, identified with the Boston artists, though he did not remain long in his native State. He was one of the earliest American water-colorists. His sentiment was not deep, and his style was conscientious and niggling. He had facility and a taste for picturesque subjects, which accounted for much of his success. The world recognized him promptly, but he did not cut a deep swath, and it will doubtless be equally quick to forget him. The most skillful landscapist of the time was Joseph Morvillier, a native of the south of France, who came to Boston in 1852. He had been a fresco-painter in France, and had lived several years in England, where he made copies of pictures for the dealers. For more than twenty years he lived and painted here, exhibiting at Balch's gallery. There is little to be said of him as an artist, for, although he possessed a fine sympathetic temperament, and was quick to perceive the most subtle phases of nature, he did not leave many works which are remarkable for their merit. Some of his smaller pictures, however, notably those of winter scenes, had some excellent qualities. Morvillier had an intense love for nature, but preferred its petty aspects. He was a minute observer, a good draughtsman, and an earnest student. To illustrate his impulsiveness, a friend said that "he would lose a train to look at a

fine sunset." Another friend remarked of him that "his surroundings chilled the artistic impulse of his soul, but death, perhaps, has set the bond free." A gentleman who was looking at one of his pictures found fault with something in the distance which he could not make out. "Oh!" said Morvillier, "what for you crack your eye to see what is in the deestance?" At another time he said to a brother artist, "Tom, you have a house. I wish I had a house." "What do you want of a house?" was asked. "When I wanted money I could raise such a fine mortgage." Hammatt Billings, between 1850 and 1865, was accounted the best illustrator and one of the best designers in the country. His critical judgment in all things pertaining to the arts was admirable, and he had enriched a naturally artistic temperament by extensive reading. In a word, he was essentially an artist. His colored illustrations of Biblical episodes were gorgeous and theatrical. In his pictures designed to illustrate the poems of Keats and Tennyson he displayed a refined imagination. But circumstances were against him, and probably there is but little of his work that would stand the critical test of to-day.

Three years after the Art Union's exhibition the Boston Art Club was organized, with about a score of members, who at first met in a small studio at No. 24 Tremont Row. Joseph Ames was president, and Alfred Ordway secretary. A joint exhibition with the Athenæum proved profitable, and enabled the club to fit out some rooms in Bedford Street, and to open a second exhibition, from which four pictures were stolen, an incident which demonstrates that there must have been some "art lovers" in those days. Subsequently the club undertook the direction of a course of lectures at the Tremont Temple, a venture which resulted disastrously, and left the organization in debt. At the instigation of Miss Sarah Clarke, Fanny Kemble

gave a reading for the club's benefit, which cleared off the debt and left a small surplus. Then the young society led a precarious existence for several years, gave up its quarters, and narrowly escaped dying a natural death. The civil war had broken out, absorbing all thoughts and interests. It was in the midst of this epoch of excitement and turmoil that William Morris Hunt came to Boston, on his return from his studies in France.

His advent marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Boston art. A painter of rare gifts, he had the uncommon faculty of communicating to others his own noble ardor and devotion to the artist's ideal. Hunt was a born painter, with the susceptible and moody temperament of a man of genius. His works are full of impulsiveness, but this feeling is happily counterbalanced by a large and classical quality. A thoroughly sincere worshiper of the great Venetian masters, he was able to imbibe much of the spirit of their decorative works, — herein is an implication of great capacity, — and later he became the earliest advocate and champion of Jean François Millet in the New World. Hunt made some superb portraits, many devoted friends, and of course some enemies. He passed many unhappy hours in Boston, and said some caustic things (just enough, too) about persons presumed to be *connoisseurs*, and about the general state of the art here; but he did incalculable service, because his indomitable energy and pure enthusiasm in the pious cause came at a time when the field was white for the harvest. All the art students were inspired by him, and the artists thronged about him with hearty sympathy and admiration. The essence of a subject absorbed him; he did not consider the surface alone: hence his success as a portraitist. It was, perhaps, the same quality of mind that caused him to turn from Couture to Millet. He preferred touching the heart

to tickling the fancy. The fact that Boston was prompt to recognize the best modern art was due to the teaching of Hunt more than to any other cause. His own art was imbued with the modern spirit. He raised the art standard; he dignified the profession, and caused art to be respected as it had not been since Allston's day. Admirable as Hunt's own art was, our greatest debt to him is because he hastened here the recognition and appreciation of the true and the noble in the art of others. It was his pioneer work that led Boston early to applaud Vedder and Lafarge, and he made the way easy for such young students, fresh from Paris, as J. Foxcroft Cole, Thomas Robinson, A. H. Bicknell. "There are a good many people in Boston," Hunt said to a fellow-artist, "who would like to do something for art, but the trouble is to agree as to what is good art. Now, it is our duty to *teach them*, and not to allow them to tell us what is what in art." He concluded a long talk about the advantages of living in the midst of the best art by saying, with an oath, "Do you suppose that, unless it were necessary, I would stay in this country and rot?" "I have no doubt," he added, "that there are people who can be devilish jolly walled up in snow and ice, but I am not one of that kind." Was he girding at the physical or social climate, or both?

Hunt is nobly represented in the Museum of Fine Arts by a group of pictures which comprises his *Prodigal Son*, *Girl at the Fountain*, *Girl Reading*, and the study for the figure of *Fortune*. In the deeply touching painting of the *Prodigal Son*, he showed, better than in any other work, his greatness of spirit. It is a life-size group of three figures, handsomely composed. The son, in an agony of shame and penitence, is hiding his face upon his father's breast. His only garment is a shirt of rudely fashioned hides. His impulsive movement is described with marked felicity. The

old man, raising up his child, lifts his eyes heavenward, revealing by his look the whole pathetic story of his patient waiting, now past, his pardon, and his great love. This venerable head, so much alive and so full of significance, is indescribably fine. The third figure, in blue, at the left, and a little removed, remains an indifferent spectator of the meeting. All the elements that go to the making of a good work of art are present in this canvas, which does Hunt the highest honor. He never excelled it in point of imaginative insight and sincerity of feeling. The influence of Couture and his "method" is to be discerned in the slightly mealy textures of the flesh, though this is not offensive.

The Girl at the Fountain is a slim and comely maid in a brown gown and a white cap, holding in her right hand an earthen jug, into which the water is flowing from the mouth of a carven female head set in a yellowish-white stone wall. She places her left hand against the wall to support her weight, as she leans forward, her back being turned towards us, so that but a glimpse is possible of her pretty profile. The pose is natural, easy, unconventional, and not without grace. A little bit of distant landscape is visible at the left, with tree-tops, a hillside, and a blue and white sky, which is delightfully colored. Over everything, in this lovely picture, is the warm amber veil of the southern sunshine, a tone of unspeakable beauty. The Girl Reading is a charming auburn-haired damsel, in a costume consisting of a gray skirt and a white waist, with a very effective touch of orange and blue to relieve it, all set against a brown background. She is really reading, and not shamming. In Hunt's pictures one does not perceive the professional model. The study of the semi-nude figure of Fortune, for the panel entitled *The Discoverer*, in the Albany Capitol, represents a woman, who holds in her left hand the tiller of the discoverer's bark,

and in her uplifted right hand a piece of flowing drapery, which fills with wind like a sail. The lines are full of harmony and grace; the subject is largely and classically conceived; and to have done such work as this the artist must have studied the Venetians, and deeply appreciated their genius. It is ideal in the fullest sense of the word, — as much so as Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

Hunt was president of an artists' association known as the Allston Club, which while it lasted was the only artistic society worthy of the name in Boston; for, as we have noticed, the Art Club was in a moribund condition at that time. The roll of members of the Allston Club, which, despite the brevity of its existence, deserves a prominent place in our annals, included the names of Hunt, Ames, Bicknell, Cole, Fisher (Mark), Furness, Gay (W. Allan), Lafarge, Robinson, Smith (Frank Hill), Vedder, and Williams (Virgil). Almost all of these artists had been studying in France, and were among the first American painters to feel, and in their turn to disseminate, the new and potent influences which have been ever since such important factors in the development of American art. The purchase of Courbet's *The Quarry* was the solitary but glorious achievement of the Allston Club's brief career. How it came about I shall relate when I refer to the picture. All of Hunt's associates in this club are living except Ames, Furness, Robinson, and Williams. Furness, who was a son of the well-known clergyman, died young. He lived in Boston from 1865 to 1867, and painted some excellent portraits. He was an accomplished gentleman as well as an able artist, and Hunt often praised his work. Among his male portraits were those of Sumner and Emerson, but he painted more women than men, and had the rare faculty of pleasing his female sitters without flattery.

Tom Robinson (born in Nova Scotia, 1835; died in Providence, R. I., 1888)

was a painter of landscapes and animals, — a man whose strong and exceptional qualities as an artist, whose remarkable acquaintance with and appreciation of ancient and modern art, whose personal generosity and sympathetic spirit, not only made him a unique and imposing figure in the records of Boston art, but especially endear his memory to his associates. He was a disciple and ardent admirer of Gustave Courbet. His paintings of animals, besides being drawn with great spirit, deep and rich in color, and having other essential qualities of sound workmanship to recommend them, bring to the surface in a very striking and beautiful way the most lovable and noble characteristics of the brute creation. He was particularly fond of horses and cows, though he painted many pictures of dogs, cats, and other domestic animals as well. He surrendered himself to his subject, with an ingenuous feeling not often observed in modern art. There is evidence of entire sincerity in his lightest as well as in his most serious work. Many of his early productions were portraits of horses, painted in a precise, careful manner, smoothly finished, accurate but somewhat tight, and already revealing the painter's eye for color. As he developed, under the influence of such masters as Géricault, Delacroix, Troyon, and Courbet, his palette became more varied and brilliant, his brushing bolder and looser; but though there is a general resemblance to the French school in his works, he never could be charged with imitation, for up to the very last he gained as much in originality as in power, reposing more and more on nature. The most striking characteristic of his landscapes is their rude grandeur. The wholesome and invigorating odor of the very earth seems to rise from his rugged foregrounds, and in contemplating his solemn distances and breezy skies one receives an inspiring impression of the expansive greatness of nature. Most of his work

in this domain was done on the shores of Narragansett Bay, one of the most beautiful regions of this beautiful New England. Clear in atmosphere, fine in color and tone, of a broad and vigorous style, Robinson's landscapes would lose little or nothing by comparison with the best examples of the greatest painters. There is in some rustic scenes a sort of homely beauty, so to speak, which made its appeal to him with special urgency, and this quality he expressed with something of Courbet's own manly power.

The man was, in many respects, like his works. "Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard," with his bluff, hearty, out-door manners and his vociferous style of conversation, he reminded one of a typical old sailor. His breadth of view and of experience was wonderful, and his cordial enthusiasm for all that is great in art amounted to a ruling passion. He constantly edified his friends by the aptness and brilliancy of his comments on people and affairs. When he was thoroughly aroused, it was a rare treat to hear him talk, in that eccentric, gorgeously colored language which belonged to him alone, packed with picturesque figures of speech and magnificent superlatives. At such times he would stride up and down the room, with his hands buried in his trousers pockets, and occasionally, groping for words emphatic enough to suit his thought, he would fall into a hopeless verbal slough, emerging invariably with a "You know what I mean!" He was a remarkable authority in all that relates to the art of painting, his acquaintance with the history of the art being profound and his memory prodigious. Hunt was very fond of him, and highly appreciated his genius. During the last years of Robinson's life he became a picture merchant, and, in partnership with Mr. S. M. Vose, of Providence, he went abroad in the capacity of an expert, and bought many paintings and studies of the French school which now

hang in some of the most artistic private collections of this country, and testify eloquently to his rare judgment and instinct. After his death, in March, 1888, a collection of one hundred and sixty-six of his works was sold at auction for a total sum of a little more than ten thousand dollars, an average price of about sixty dollars each. At this sale, a small group of generous persons, who felt that some public recognition of such an artist was due, bought his *Ploughing*, and gave it to the Museum of Fine Arts. This painting has something of the sober simplicity of a good Millet. From left to right four sturdy, patient oxen drag the plough, under the guidance of a phlegmatic farmer. The fallow field rises easily to the near horizon. The foreground is rich with the dark, moist, freshly upturned earth. The action of the oxen, as they force the unwilling ploughshare deeply through the heavy soil, is described with admirable truth. The characteristic traits of the animals are set forth by a hand somewhat heavy, it is true, but moved by the friendliest feeling of appreciation for their wonderful meekness of spirit and physical might. They are invested with true dignity. The strength, unity, and healthy simplicity of the impression are altogether exceptional. Though the mechanical execution is a trifle halting, the color is deep, warm, and of a good honest quality; the oxen's splendid lustrous hides, the rich reddish-brown dirt in the furrow, the wide expanse of field and sky, all "exist" under the same atmosphere, as solid, glowing realities.

After Tom Robinson, the list of Hunt's contemporaries contains no better name than that of John B. Johnston, who died in 1886. He was a son of D. C. Johnston, the caricaturist, and younger brother of Thomas Johnston, who, after giving the most brilliant promise as a painter, died too soon to fulfill the hopes aroused by his early performances. John B. Johnston was a

genius, whose small studies of cows were equal in color and characterization to Troyon's work. He produced but few pictures, working slowly and with great care, and devoted much time to teaching. He made an exhibition of his works in 1882, and another exhibition was held in 1887, under the auspices of the Paint and Clay Club, which proved him to be a painter of uncommon powers. His largest composition was a group of Cattle on the Quincy Shore. His perception of color was extraordinary, and his love of animals was as cordial as that of Géricault, who was one of his idols. He was fond of telling about his first visit to the Louvre, when, ignorant of the regulations and unable to speak French, he was so fascinated by Géricault's little picture of a horserace that he climbed over the rail so as to examine the work more closely, and vastly scandalized the worthy custodian of the gallery. It must have been amusing to hear Johnston, in his good-natured way, explaining the matter in English, while the official poured forth a flood of reproaches in the best of French, and neither of them understood the other. Johnston was absurdly modest about his works, and had a strange want of confidence in himself. He never finished a painting, in the ordinary sense of the verb, feeling that he would lose more than he could gain after passing a given point. The landscapes which serve as the backgrounds for his cattle-pieces are merely blocked in, suggested by a few sweeping strokes, but with surprising justness. He gave great physical weight and moral character to his cows; reproduced the affluent color and textures of their hides in sunlight and in shade with a degree of truth seldom equaled by any painter save Troyon alone. The few lines subjoined, expressive of his feelings in relation to pictures, were kindly given to me by his sister, Miss S. J. F. Johnston, herself an artist: "Many pictures that I have

seen," he wrote, "though excellent in many respects, fail to move me. I hate, when I first look at a picture, to feel its construction. Nature is so alive, you see its beauty before you realize that it has any construction. The pictures that I really enjoy impress me when I first look at them in the same manner as does nature. I feel the life, the beauty, and afterwards realize that they are studied, planned, in fact built, upon the soundest principles of art and nature." Johnston, however, was a man much more given to practice than preaching; and none may know the beauty of his life who cannot read it in his pictures. He is worthily represented in the Museum of Fine Arts by his *New-Born Calf* and a *Landscape with Cattle*. The former is generally regarded as his masterpiece. The calf lies sprawling on the ground, and its mother, standing over it, lowers her head, and passes her tongue tenderly over the limp little creature's pretty white and red coat. A black heifer stands near by, and contemplates with interest this domestic scene. Just beyond the trio are a gate and a group of trees. The picture is very beautiful in color. It illustrates the absolute originality and soundness of Johnston's observation, and the extreme sensibility of his temperament. In none of his other works do we find so much of a subject, and the lovely way in which he has treated this little farmyard idyl of helpless infancy and maternal affection goes far to prove that he could not have failed to meet with great success had he chosen to enter the domain of illustrative painting. He had, however, an exaggerated disdain for "popular subjects," and used to ridicule unmercifully a certain English print of a namby-pamby milkmaid leading home a pair of unnaturally clean Jerseys, which at one time had a great run in the shop-windows. The *Landscape with Cattle* is a good specimen of the sort of composition he most liked: it

represents simply a group of four cows in a sunny meadow. One of the cows, white with red marks, lies on the green-sward in full sunlight. The other three (two red and one black) stand in the shade of a tree, close to a stone fence. The lighting is extraordinary: it is as if the real, hot, blinding sunshine were beating down upon the field; and as for the cows yonder in the shade, it requires but a minimum of imagination to see the regular wagging of their jaws and the incessant switching of their busy tails.

Not far from the time when Hunt came to Boston, the fine color and delicate poetic feeling of some landscapes painted by Richard H. Fuller suddenly attracted attention to their author, and it was learned that he was a night watchman in Chelsea, who had begun to paint pictures after he had passed the age of thirty, without having received any regular instruction. He had been a cigar-maker before becoming a watchman. The artists welcomed him to their democratic ranks, and he derived much aid and comfort from association with those of them who had studied in France. From the first he was captivated by Lambinet, whose method and scheme of color he absorbed, as is more or less evident in all his canvases. He never attempted, however, to finish like Lambinet, nor to get the deep tones of Daubigny, for he was not exactly a "slavish copyist," and he infused some of his own personality in all his landscapes. He was extremely susceptible to impressions, and had a fine natural appreciation of art: but he painted little directly from nature, nor did he ever know what it was to try to paint any object closely. He was conscious of his own limitations, and was keen if not profound. His pictures were first exhibited in 1863, and during the winter of 1864 he exhibited for the first time in company with the Boston artists. One day Fuller was in a studio with several painters, and one of them

mentioned Phidias. "Who's he?" asked Fuller. The wag of the party gravely informed him that Phidias was a distinguished New York alderman. Instantly perceiving by the expression in the faces of the others that he was being made a butt, Fuller said sadly, "Boys, how should I know? Everything here is new to me." Early in 1865 a dealer engaged to find a market for all the pictures that Fuller should produce. On this he retired from the night watch of Chelsea, and thenceforth devoted all his time to painting. His progress in the art and in the public favor was rapid and uninterrupted to the end of his brief career, in 1871. There is an upright landscape by him in the Museum of Fine Arts, which gives a very fair idea of his talent. It pictures a rural roadway, by the side of which are some poplars on a slope, and, farther away, a cottage, of which only the gable is seen. The sky is pale blue and white.

Another of Hunt's contemporaries was William Rimmer. Although he was, first and foremost, a sculptor, he painted a few pictures, in which the color was invariably bad. His perfect knowledge of the human figure and his unique vein of fancy made his pictures valuable, in spite of this capital defect. His biographer, T. H. Bartlett, has admitted that "in none of his efforts is the want of a surrounding world of art so apparent as in his struggles with color, in which he gained no reputation." His paintings were exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts in 1880, and three years later at a down-town gallery. Rimmer was a strange genius, whose art was his religion; but he felt that he was not understood, and was naturally made melancholy by want of appreciation and sympathy. Hamilton G. Wilde, an artist who had lived long abroad, and whose Italian street scenes, *genres*, and architectural pictures were at one time popular, and were considered to be rich in color; George N. Cass, a land-

scapist who derived some reputation from his association with George Inness; and Alonzo Hartwell, at first a wood-engraver, afterwards a portrait-painter, who turned his attention to painting late in life, and who did some excellent work, — these may be mentioned among the names of those painters who have passed away.

George Fuller (1822–1884) was an artist who had something to say, and, in spite of the vast obstacles imposed by a neglected education, said it with a native eloquence which went straight to all hearts. Perhaps no American painter, so ill equipped as he in respect to the control of his means of expression, has accomplished so much by virtue of an intense desire to deliver his message. It was a pity that such a man should unduly despise the grammatical part of his calling. In his ambition to appeal directly to the intellectual and moral faculties, he should never have forgotten for an instant that the painter's sole road to these is through the eyes. Faults of drawing and of color in a picture of the loveliest sentiment may not be ignored, and the loftiest flights of ideality must be embodied in acceptable form. Fuller's manner was peculiarly well adapted to his purposes, but it was pushed to extremes, and sometimes became a mannerism. It was not affected, for it suited him, and was doubtless the only manner possible to him. His figures were enveloped in a golden haze, which removed them from too close scrutiny, and gave them the aspect of vague visions, apparitions of a waking dream. Nothing could have been more tentative and laborious than the processes by which he produced his works. He did quite as much erasing and scraping as he did actual painting. He sought persistently an original ideal of beauty. In the Winifred Dysart and the Romany Girl are found its best expressions: but the picture he never painted was more gracious

than all the others. There is, however, a kind of inward beauty in these works, which is unique and of his own creation. The Winifred Dysart is a perfect embodiment of innocence, youth, and sweet American girlhood. In the Roman girl, there is a marvelous realization of the strange, wild character of the race, an aroma of bewitching outlawry. These two figures exemplify in different ways Fuller's highest power of expression. There is something very fine about his *Head of a Boy*, in the Museum of Fine Arts, which is a representative work in portraiture. Its color is opulent and warm, and its sentiment remarkably personal. It has what may be called the characteristic look of the sitter, and shows that Fuller had "a moral sense," as Hazlitt says, to guide him in making an intelligent copy of the labyrinth of shifting muscles and features which go to the making up of the human face. Although the artist's fame does not rest upon his portraits so much as upon his ideal figures, it is by no means certain that he ever executed anything better, at all events in a technical sense, than this head. It has an unobtrusive but unmistakable presence, and is of a sort that is sure to grow upon the observer. There is something of the same intellectual and moral force here that makes itself felt in the portraits by the old masters, though in less degree and with less command over the means of expression. The *Arethusa*, also in the Museum of Fine Arts, was one of the last works painted by Fuller, and the

only picture in which he attempted to represent the nude figure. It portrays the nereid celebrated in Shelley's poem, who, fleeing from the river-god, was transformed into a fountain. Fuller has embodied her as a life-size blonde nymph, half reclining by a spring, and dipping one hand in the water. She is young and pretty, graceful and innocent. She dwells in a fine old Sicilian wood, peopled by beings as fabulous as herself, — a shadowy realm of perpetual twilight, with indications of a winding stream and distant figures. The figure of *Arethusa* is painted with a strong feeling for truth of color, and the flesh tones are very transparent and melting. It has the quality known as "*morbidezza*," and looks to be sensitive, as if it were glowing with life. The outlines are lost, and the figure is somewhat veiled, as by a warm-colored atmosphere drawn about it. The drawing is weak in several parts; in some other details it is excellent.

Fuller's imperfections, then, are obvious enough, but, as was said of Reynolds in his day, he made up for them by a feeling of harmony and beauty. It is too early now to say positively whether his influence is to be an important factor in our native art; but thus far he has had few imitators, and his art was not of a kind to inspire copyists. It is probable that in the annals of American painters he will always stand alone, and that his name will be all the more cherished because of this isolation.

William Howe Downes.

STORIES FROM THE RABBIS.

THE rabbis, whose wit and wisdom are recorded in the Talmud and Midrash, — writings that stretch over a thousand years, — were admirable story-

tellers. They were fond of the parable, the anecdote, the apt illustration, and their legends that have been transmitted to us possess perennial charm. The

common impression that they were rabbinical Dryasdusts, mere dreamers always buried in wearisome disputations, abstruse pedants dwelling in a world of their own, is wholly unjust. They were more than ecclesiastics, — they were men; and their cheerful humanity forms the secret to their character. Their background was rather sombre, — temple and nationality destroyed, a succession of foreign task-masters, a series of wars and persecutions that would have annihilated any other race; but they preserved, none the less, a certain buoyancy and even temper, which sprang from the fullness and sunniness of their faith. They thought, and studied, and debated; they worked, and dreamt, and cherished hope, —

“Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing songs unbidden,
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

The rich harvest of rabbinical stories that survive can be traced to rabbinical buoyancy. It is a quality not peculiar to the rabbis; it is distinctly Oriental. Nor can absolute originality be claimed for rabbinical legends; they are children of various climes, these floating fairytales, and the history of their migration is as enchanting as the stories themselves. But in Palestine and Babylonia they received a coloring that was essentially rabbinical. The rabbis were preachers *par excellence*; they lost no opportunity to point a moral. In their schools of instruction, to vary the monotony and fasten the attention of their younger disciples, they found the story the best and most convincing sermon.

Let us gather a few of these tales from their ancient storehouse, without further preface, and present them in simple narrative form.

In a year when prices were high, a pious man gave money to a wandering beggar. His wife, a veritable Xanthippe, so upbraided him for his act of

kindness that he fled from home, and spent the night — it was New Year's — in the graveyard. There, in the hush and stillness of the hour, he heard the departed souls of two maidens hold converse: —

“Fly with me, dear sister,” said the one, “through airy space to heaven, that we may learn the fate of the coming year.” “How can I leave the grave?” the other replied. “I have not been buried in garments suited for so long a flight. Go thou alone, and let me know what thou hearest.”

Soon the maiden's soul returned, with the information that in the coming year the early harvest would be destroyed by hail, but the late harvest would prosper. The pious man heard their talk, and as he was a farmer he acted accordingly. In the mean while he and his wife were on good terms again, but he could not resist the temptation to pass the next New Year's night in the same graveyard. Again, in the silence of the place, he heard the souls of the maidens in mysterious converse, and now their story was reversed. During the coming year the early harvest was to flourish, but the late harvest would be destroyed by a scorching wind. Again the man knew how to profit by their colloquy; and while all his neighbors complained of their bad fortune, his crops were richly blessed.

Now the man's wife possessed all the curiosity of Bluebeard's spouse. She asked her husband the secret of his good luck, and he told her. Filled with the news, she hastened to the mother of the maiden buried in such unsightly fashion, and reviled her for her conduct. Once more the New Year arrived, and again the pious man spent the night in the graveyard. But when a tremulous maiden-soul asked its companion to accompany it through space, the poor child rejoined: “Let me rest! The living have heard what we have here spoken in secret.”

Of all the characters in the Talmud, Rabba bar bar Chana is gifted with the liveliest imagination. He is a Munchausen, in his way, and the stories he tells of wonderful adventures on sea and land are of special interest. There have not been wanting commentators who recognize profound wisdom in this rabbi's hyperbole; and a good deal of ingenuity has been expended in unraveling his metaphors. In a sea-journey he saw a fish whose back was covered with sand, and grass grew thereon. In this respect the nineteenth-century sea-serpent was surpassed. He thought it was an island, and he and his friends landed upon it, lit a fire, and began to prepare a meal. But as soon as the fish felt the heat he turned over, and all the travelers would have been drowned if a passing ship had not rescued them. Another time he saw a frog equal to sixty houses in size. It was swallowed by a serpent, which, in its turn, was eaten by a fish that rested upon a tree. The same doughty rabbi sees a bird, whose head towers skywards while its legs rest in the water; and he tells unconcernedly about a huge fish, whose dead body, cast ashore by the waves, destroyed sixty cities. Sixty other cities were fed by its meat, and sixty more cities were supplied with the salted remainder.

More poetical is the rabbinical legend about David's harp. The royal Psalmist slept but little; he gave precious hours to the study of God's law. Over his bed he hung his harp, and at midnight, moved by the north wind, it poured forth of itself sweet melody. Aroused by the sound, David sprang from his couch, and spent the rest of the night in study and in song. Could the rabbis have told more impressively how the Psalms were the melody of David's soul stirred by pious emotion?

To illustrate benevolence as a typical virtue of womankind, the story is told of Rabbi Hillel's wife that once a poor man came to her, and piteously begged

for food. Seeing his famished state, she impulsively gave him all that she had on hand, and then quietly set to work to prepare a fresh meal. When dinner was ready, Hillel asked his wife the reason of the delay. She told him what she had done, and her husband blessed her for her piety and kindliness.

The rabbis were not only teachers, but traders as well, carrying on various kinds of business for their livelihood. That they were not so very close at a bargain, a suggestive story would prove. A rabbi, while engaged in prayer, was approached by a customer, who offered a certain price for some goods. He continued his devotions undisturbed. In his eagerness, the man doubled his offer, thinking that the rabbi's silence was due to his being dissatisfied with the first price. In the mean time, the prayer came to an end, and the rabbi sold the goods at the first price offered. He was satisfied with it, and only on account of his prayers could give no answer.

When Herodotus told about the ring of Polycrates, he hardly imagined that the Talmud would furnish a parallel. The story is a practical argument in favor of Sabbath observance. There lived once a righteous Israelite, who was known far and near for his scrupulous regard for the Sabbath; it was a day he held in such high honor that he spared no costs to give it a holiday aspect. The Sabbath among the Jews was never a day of gloomy asceticism. Manual labor was forbidden, but the atmosphere was a bright and joyous one. In the Israelite's vicinity lived a heathen of great wealth. It was foretold to the latter that his property should fall into the Jew's hands. Determined to thwart prophecy, he sold all his fortune for a precious gem, which he sewed in his turban, so that he might always have his property with him. Once, while crossing a bridge, the breeze blew his turban into the water, and with it he lost his dearly prized jewel. The next day a

large fish was brought to market, and as the Israelite wished to have it for his Sabbath meal, he secured it at a high price. On opening it, the jewel was discovered, which made him wealthy for all time.

The special sanctity attached to the Sabbath is further illustrated in a story told of the Emperor Antoninus and Rabbi Judah the Holy. They were on friendly terms with each other, and one Sabbath the emperor dined with the rabbi, and found the cold food very appetizing. He chanced to eat another time at the rabbi's house, — it was on a week day, — and though the hot repast was costly, this did not taste so well as the other. "Can you tell me, rabbi," the emperor asked, "what made the cold food so appetizing?" "There was a certain spice used in its preparation," the rabbi replied, "which is called Sabbath, and gives every dish a pleasant flavor." "Let me see it," said the emperor. "I would very much like to have it used in my kitchen." "This spice," the rabbi answered, "is only to be used by those who keep the Sabbath day holy."

A fair specimen of rabbinical fancy is the following: The world contains ten hard things. The mountain is hard; iron pierces it. Iron is hard; fire melts it. Fire is hard; water extinguishes it. Water is hard; the cloud carries it. The cloud is hard; the air disperses it. The air is hard; man endures it. Man is hard; care bends him. Care is hard; wine banishes it. Wine is hard; sleep conquers it. But death is harder than all things, and still King Solomon maintains, "Benevolence rescues from death."

The arrival of the king was anxiously awaited in a city. The streets were full of people, all eager to catch a glimpse of their ruler's face. A blind rabbi, Sheshet by name, mingled in the crowd. Next to him stood a man who asserted scornfully, "Whole pitchers may go to the well, — what do broken

ones want?" The rabbi observed that the words were applied to him on account of his blindness, and answered softly, "Be calm, my friend; you will soon be convinced that I see better than you." Amid great noise a procession approached. "The king comes!" the man exclaimed. "No," said the rabbi, "that is not the king." A second train of men drew near, amid the wildest uproar. "Now it is the king," said the man. "No," replied the rabbi, "again you are mistaken." At last a third procession approached, and a solemn stillness prevailed. "Now the king has arrived," said the rabbi, and it was truly so. "How can you know this in your blindness?" asked the man, amazed. "An earthly sovereign," rejoined the rabbi, "resembles the heavenly Monarch. When God appeared in the wilderness to the prophet Elijah, there was storm, fire, and earthquake. Yet in all these manifestations of nature the Deity approached not. It was only when a light breeze stirred that the prophet heard the voice of God."

The fondness of the rabbis for allegory is illustrated in the following anecdote. Rabbi Gamaliel, head of the academy, celebrated his son's wedding, and among his guests were three rabbis, Elieser, Joshua, and Sadok. Gamaliel handed a goblet of wine to Elieser, who did not accept it, being unwilling to be served by so eminent a man. It was next offered to Joshua, who quaffed it without any hesitation. "Is it proper," said Elieser to Joshua, "that we are seated comfortably here, and allow ourselves to be waited on by our master?" "I know a greater man," Joshua rejoined, "who waited on his guests. Did not the patriarch Abraham wait upon visitors whom he thought to be Arabian travelers, not angels?" "How long," Sadok observed, "will you talk about the honor of mankind, and forget the glory of the Creator! Does not God wait upon humanity? Does he not let the winds blow and the

clouds descend? Does he not send rain to fructify the soil, that plants may spring forth? Does he not then set the table for every human being?"

For *every* human being! That was the gentle universalism of the rabbis; and while in times of sharp distress and

bitter recrimination, their utterances were human in their passion and agony, that spirit of broad humanity was never wholly absent. A heathen, said Rabbi Meir, who occupies himself with the law of God stands in the same rank as the high-priest.

Abram S. Isaacs.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XVII.

IN Clem Sanders's ingenuous face was expressed at this moment a sudden illogical, full-fledged anger and doubt, as in the slow processes of his brain was revolved the idea of the stranger's claim to consideration on the score of a friendship with the Strobe family. He repudiated it as a figment. The normal repulsion for a cold-blooded lie, as he fancied this to be, chilled even his good nature. He had been weak, he knew, in treacherously revealing the secrets of his associates to Marcella, and he had incurred thereby heavy risks. He was willing, since it was her wish, that the man should utilize his folly to save his life, if he could. But he had revolted from sharing in the subsequent deceptions, from the double-masked character which he was forced to assume, one of the chief of the vigilantes and the secret ally of the culprit. His conclusions had a certain quality of absolute conviction, which triumphantly dispensed with logic.

"Ye don't know the Strobe fambly!" he said suddenly. "Ye never hearn o' nare one o' 'em till this evenin' in yer born days, — 'thout 't war through yer frien' Jake Baintree's vaporin's an' maunderin's 'bout folks he ain't fit ter 'sociate with. Eli bein' a candidate fur office so frequent, he hev a heap o' wuthless folks a-hangin' round him, created by God A'mighty fur nuthin' in this

worl' but ter vote at the polls. Naw, sir! ye ain't reg'lar 'quainted with none o' the Strobe fambly!"

He had ceased to work at the anvil, his uplifted hammer motionless in his hand. His brow showed several corrugations in straight lines, his eyebrows were elevated, his narrow, long eyes were grave, his square jaw was hard-set. His breath was quick, and showed in the rising and falling of his chest, from which the shirt collar was thrown back. He looked, as he stood, a splendid specimen of physical force, that one might have thought somewhat imposing, even awe-inspiring, to the slightly built stranger; but the paramount impression which he received was that this was Marcella's informant, — this bold and inconsequent Vulcan, the traitor to the League of Vigilantes.

"Now crow a little louder, my cock, and I'll have *your* friends wring *your* neck in short order!" he said to himself, feeling still master of the situation.

Outwardly he was dumb, silently marking the blacksmith's demonstration with watchful eyes, leaning against the elevated hearth, the tips of his fingers thrust in his trousers pockets.

"Clem Sanders," said the blacksmith's mother, much displeased, "nuthin' in this worl' air so becomin' ter a fool ez a shet mouth. Then folks kin only jedge o' what God A'mighty war in his wisdom disposed ye should look like."

But Clem, usually a dutiful son, gave her no notice.

"I'm a-reelin' ye out cornsider'ble line, ennyhow," he continued. "I'll haul ye in, though, in about three shakes o' a dead sheep's tail, ef ye go ter tryin' ter purtend ez ye an' Jake Baintree air favored guests yander at Strobe's."

For the sake of carrying out the theory on which he had conducted his share in the episode, the stranger, feigning to understand no more than the surface of affairs might betoken, lifted his eyebrows as in surprise, and shrugged his shoulders with a sophisticated gesture intimating a facile concession.

"I meant no offense, I'm sure; I should n't have mentioned it. I had no idea the Strobes were so exclusive!" He could not have forborne this fling, had his life depended on his withholding it. "But, my good fellow, don't expend your spleen on me. Don't question me. Ask them if *they* know *me*. They will tell you, and as you are so polite you will certainly believe them."

The blacksmith lowered at him, the red light of the dwindling forge fire on his broad face and bare throat and herculean arm. Only a portion of the reply was intelligible to him, but he caught the covert satire it conveyed, and the method of glib enunciation, with quick, flexible motions of the eyelids and lips, the alert turn of the head, the gleam of innuendo in the eye implying bridled retorts that chafed at the curb of fear, all repelled him. He felt a sudden ebbing away of confidence, of his credulity. He began illogically to doubt every statement the stranger had made. Even the pick in his hand — how well it was mended, better than new; the goodly handicraft! — was in some sort a blind, a disguise, a subterfuge. He frowned more darkly still as he sought to divine the rascality that must lurk behind this feint of mining.

Mrs. Sanders, still sitting on the keg, yawned with a somnolent vocal refrain,

and then rose stiffly to her feet; this gesture roused little Silas from a state of galvanic jerks and nods in which he had been indulging, his white eyeballs quite eclipsed, or now and then half showing unnaturally upturned. He began to rub his eyes violently as he shuffled up from his seat on the hub, taking scant notice of the fact that where there is a hub, spokes are of the vicinage; he stumbled over one or two of these, and fell in sprawling fashion almost to the door. "Thar, now! What did I tell ye!" Mrs. Sanders exclaimed acridly. And yet she had not told him anything.

But Silas, who had voice enough for much loud whooping, when such demonstrations were timely, seemed to be frugal in volume on ordinary occasions, and it was in a very thin wheeze that he made haste to stipulate that he "warn't hurt nowhar," in a manner that implied that if he were injured he might expect to have his bruises multiplied at the hands of Mrs. Sanders, by way of annotating the lesson he had received to take more care.

Mrs. Sanders wore a disaffected air. All her interest in the events of the evening had evaporated in the prospect of a wrangle among the young men. She was of pacific principles, although her practices were not such as always tended to preserve the peace of the neighborhood, since she arrogated the prerogative of censorship in many particulars, and earnestly resented the right of reciprocation. If angry words were to be spoken, she liked them best of her own framing, and zealously and fearlessly applied them. But she sincerely deprecated a quarrel that was not of her own making, and her second yawn as candidly denoted that she was bored as her first.

"Ef ye boys air a-goin' ter take ter quar'lin', I be a-goin' home," she remarked, as if this were a threat.

There was no direct reply, but the stranger looked at her with covert alarm

and shame and entreaty contending in his eyes. It humiliated him to be so definitely conscious of the fact, but her presence here was a protection to him in some sort, and he leaned even upon so slight a thing as the prepossession in his favor with which he had inspired her. She did not notice, or she did not interpret, the protest in his eyes, and with them only could he follow her as she and little Silas took their way through the broad open door, and into that night of moonlight and shadow. Not all of pensive mystery, not all of melancholy magic, were these ethereal elements of contrast. Some elvish spirit informed a phase with fine-spun mirth, that failed not though none was there to see; a tricky fantasy cut the leaves into grotesque shapes; with a delicate twanging note snapped a twig to test the acoustic properties of the crystalline silence; furnished the skulking fox with a nimble and crafty double to pursue him, at which he glanced over his shoulder askance; sprang up beside Mrs. Sanders and little Silas, following them in their own likeness to see them home through the woods, — duplicating her long, gaunt figure, with its grotesque sun-bonnet, and Silas's small bifurcated image, with a slouched hat and a big head. The stranger did not watch them out of sight, for he became aware the next instant that Jepson had moved. The mountaineer had left the door, and was slowly advancing upon the two as they stood at the anvil. His face was quite unmoved, placid and dispassionate in its expression, but there was something in his eye which the stranger felt it might be well to note. Jepson paused, putting one hand upon the anvil, and looking full and searchingly into the intruder's face he said, —

"What mought be yer name, stranger?"

"Rathburn, — Eugene Rathburn."

Both mountaineers pondered upon this silently for a time.

"Ye 'lowed ye war a doctor?" said Jepson.

"Certainly I am," replied Rathburn. "That's how I happened to know Baintree. I attended him when he was ill in prison."

"Waal," — Jepson tapped the pickaxe significantly, — "ain't this a powerful curus bizness fur sech?"

"Why," — Rathburn sought to laugh as he began to explain, — "I'm young as yet. I have no large practice. If I should find ore in quantities like the specimens Baintree shows," — despite his fears his eyes glowed, — "I should be a wealthy man, a millionaire!"

He looked zestfully at the stolidly attentive mountaineers. They were alike incapable of sharing or understanding an enthusiasm such as this. A vague mental numbness, a sort of paralysis, began to steal over him, as he gradually realized how impossible it was to explain to them the greed for wealth, to move them to the love of riches. Yet he returned once more to the attempt:

"Why, it would be a godsend to all this country. It would be opened out. You would all get rich. Emigration would set in, — new people in droves," he explained in the vernacular. "You would all get rich!"

The two mountaineers looked at one another.

"Thar ain't nobody so special pore hyar, though some is better off 'n others," observed Jepson calmly.

"You would all become educated and live high, like the valley folks."

"Laws-a-massy, I pray ter God I'll never be like no valley folks!" protested Clem. "Meanes' blacksmith, 'ceptin' you-uns, I ever knowed kem from Colbury. Yes, sir; Grenup war his name."

"If you could strike paying ore on that little farm of yours," — the stranger, turning to Jepson, still essayed the subject, — "you might sell it for thousands and thousands of dollars."

"I could n't sell it at all," said Jep-

son definitely. "My folks is all buried thar."

Rathburn looked at him with an expression which precedes a burst of astonished laughter, caught himself in time, and said no more.

"So this air what hev brung ye from home an' frien's, an' kith an' kin, ter consort with Jake Baintree, an' hunt the mountings fur a silver mine," said Jepson sternly. "Though he air a murderer, yet ye will do sech fur the hope o' gain!"

Rathburn quailed slightly, but sought to defend himself. "He is no murderer. The jury acquitted him."

"D'ye happen ter know whar's Sam'l Keale, the man he *didn't* kill, then?"

"Of course I don't," said Rathburn, visibly nettled. "I can only take the verdict of the jury on such questions. I have no right to go behind that."

"Waal, I don't need twelve men ter swear my brains inter my head," declared Jepson. "*Whar's Sam'l Keale?*"

The words rang out with the sonorous intensity of his voice. A faint echo came from the crag above the forge. The moonlight stood motionless in the door. Without, the frosty woods glittered.

"Whar's Sam'l Keale?" he cried again. "Look-a-hyar, stranger." He turned abruptly, and, with a lowered tone and a fiery eye, he laid his hand upon Rathburn's arm, who shrank under his touch. "Ye axed me whar's the mouth o' the cave whar Baintree hid him. The critter never tole! An' I fund Sam'l Keale's coat. An' I fund Sam'l Keale's hat, in a gorge they never sarched. God an' the mountings only know the hidden place, an' in thar mystery they will not reveal it."

The stranger broke forth impetuously: "Then you, *you* can tell me where that gorge is, and we can search the chasms! I feel sure that the silver is there, where the man lost his life, — the silver" —

Jepson flung away from him with a

gesture so abrupt that Rathburn paused suddenly.

"What ails ye, man," cried the mountaineer, "to talk of silver in the midst o' the wharfores o' life an' death, an' a-sarchin' the gorge fur gain stiddier jestice? The place air nuthin' ter you-uns but the hope o' gittin' the riches what one man los' his life fur, an' the t'other man tuk it. What sorter critter be ye?" His eyes were blazing with reproach. "What sorter critter be ye?"

"A sane one, I hope," retorted the stranger, fairly overtaken. "I'm not entrusted with the administration of the laws. I have no 'call' to sit in judgment on the justice of Jake Baintree's acquittal. And it won't make Samuel Keale any deader than he is — if he is dead — for me to find silver where he looked for it."

"Ye air free fur me ter find it," said Jepson, "but some time ye'll 'low the day ye los' yer soul in the gorge, an tuk silver fur its price, war a powerful dark day, — the forerunner o' darker ones, an' eternal gloom."

"I'm not going to lose my soul there!" cried Rathburn. "I am going to take very excellent care of my soul. I am going to strike it rich, and be mighty good. Nothing in this world combines like goodness and prosperity, — natural affinities. All the good people are prosperous, and that is why they are so good. Adversity sours on the stomach, and deranges the nervous system, and produces crime."

Jepson's full eyes rested slightly upon him.

"Ye kin persevere, fur I ain't of a mind ter hender."

Rathburn looked wistfully at him; so flinchingly was he sensible of this arrogance of permission, so did he yearn to flout and retort. Much as he had dared, he hardly dared this.

"I see no harm in sech ez ye hev said o' yer goin's on, 'ceptin' it air o' the

pride an' the willfulness o' the devil; an' ef he hev a mind ter mark ye fur his own, I dunno ez I feel called on in ennywise ter stay his hand. But thar may be deceitfulness in yer words, fur I know ye war warned aforehand by a woman."

Rathburn palpably started; his eyes distended as he gazed at his self-constituted judge. How omniscient the masterful mountaineer seemed!

Jepson lingered, he hardly knew why, on this phase, despite the pain with which it was fraught. "Leastwise a gal," he continued, elaborately particularizing. "She warned ye. An' ye hev hed time ter colloque with Jake Baintree, — a skeery devil; I s'pose he war 'fraid ter kem, — an' make up lies ter tell when questioned. But ye know now ez ye air watched. Ef ye falter from the straight line, it'll go hard with ye. Take heed ter yer feet, fur ye will find thar air men in Brumsaidge ez will medjure each pace."

He terminated the interview abruptly, making no sign of conclusion or farewell, moving with his long, deliberate, supple stride toward the door and out along the moonlit road.

Clem Sanders lingered. He felt that he would like to close his doors behind the audacity that, unlearned in the art, essayed to work at his forge and to protect the little tongs and swage and hammer — for each of which, in the moment of its danger, he felt an almost paternal solicitude — from all non-professional intermeddling. He was placing them in their wonted order, according to his habit, when he suddenly noticed that the stranger had not moved. Rathburn was still standing, his figure slightly thrown back, gazing steadfastly at Jepson's retreating form, his whole attitude informed with resentment and agitation and the thirst for revenge, and his face bespeaking the passion and turmoil of his heart.

He turned with a quick gesture, as he

became conscious that the blacksmith's eyes were upon him.

"What's that man's name?" he demanded.

Clem Sanders was aware that in some sort he had produced a less forceful impression than his ally; that his recent anger and taunts were easily overlooked, and his problematic opinions were held as of scant consequence. A trifle of surliness was engendered by the perception that he was thus ignored, and he mumbled rather than pronounced his coadjutor's name.

"Well, what's the reason he takes so much on himself, damn him!" cried Rathburn recklessly.

"Sorter robustious," explained Jepson's facile ally.

"*Sorter robustious!* Good Lord! Sets me free, and conditions me, as if — Don't anybody make any head against him?"

"Tain't wuth while ter try. Folks sorter like Teck, an' sorter don't. But they foller arter him. An'," with a recurrent desire to do justice, "thar's one thing ez goes a long way with most folks: he's mighty religious."

"Religious! Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Rathburn in a fervor of amazement.

Clem began to enjoy the rôle of biographer, since so fevered an interest hung on his words.

"A plumb survigrous saint, he is. He hev got a mighty fine voice fur quirin'. When he sings, it sounds some like the mountings hed bruk out a-psalmin'."

"How many men did he have at your barn to-night?"

Clem Sanders gave him a long stare out of his narrow eyes. "Ye wanter know too much. Ef I war a smart man, I'd stop hyar an' forge me an' you-uns a chain ter tie up these hyar tongues o' ourn. I hev done talked too much a'ready. Ef I hed n't, ye'd be a-danglin' powerful limp ter one o' them trees," — nodding his head toward

the great bare limbs, — “stone dead, an’ the buzzards would be hevin’ a high time ’mongst yer bones by ter-morrer.”

It was not a pleasant picture under the blacksmith’s crude touch, but its power was heightened by a sense of its absolute veracity, and the very close propinquity it had to being an event instead of a possibility. Rathburn shuddered a little.

“It was you who let the secret slip, then,” he said, his face flushing slightly. A hot, infrequent moisture had risen suddenly to his eyes. “That lovely, noble girl!” he faltered.

Sanders lost the final words in his eagerness to impress his theory of the clemency extended to the intruder, or it might have been tempered.

“Ye see, stranger, I hev got a tongue ez ’minds me o’ a cow a-swimmin’. Ter see the critter ker-wallop round in the water ye ’d think ’t warn’t goin’ nowhar in ’special, an’ ’fore ye know it the beastis air out’n ear-shot. An’ Teck air a sorter — I-dunno-what — I tell all I know when he air around; an’ ef ye ’ll b’lieve me, he got it outer me ez we-uns war a-kemin’ down hyar, ez I hed let out the secret ter Marcelly Strobe, an’ she war agin hangin’. I dunno how he guessed ’t war her ez warned ye, — jes’ kase nobody else knowed it. But that’s how kem ye ain’t dead now, — kase Marcelly war agin it.”

“Is — is — he in love with her?”

“Yes,” assented Clem, “but,” with decision, “he air barkin’ up the wrong tree. Ye kin put *that* in yer pipe an’ smoke it.”

Rathburn was silent for a few moments, while Clem clatteringly completed the orderly arrangement of the tools about the forge. Then they both stood together in the road, after the great barn-like doors were closed.

The moon hung near the meridian; the shadows had dwindled. There were wider avenues of frosty brilliance in the dense woods; the full splendor of the

night was climaxing. The stars were few, however, and very faint; the wide spaces of the indefinitely blue sky were a desert, save here and there a vague scintillation that one might hardly distinguish as sidereal glinting or some elusive twinkle of frost in the air. Midnight, doubtless, and a cock was crowing. A muffled resonance the sound had, as though the fowl were housed in lieu of camping out among the althea bushes, — in imminent danger of fox and mink, — according to the recent summertime wont of the mountain poultry. A faint blare of a horn from the dense coverts of the distance, and an elfin shout of hilarity, barely discernible, betokened a coon-hunt on some far-away mountain. Then there fell again the deep silence of the windless night. When it was broken by a sharp sound near at hand, the interruption smote with a jar the senses, lulled and quiescent in the muteness of the resting nature. As Rathburn lifted his head, he discriminated the tones of raucous disputatious voices rising vehemently, and anon sinking down. There was an unconscious inquiry, perchance, in his eyes as he turned them upon Clem Sanders, who replied with a guttural chuckle, “Them boys at the barn a-quar’lin’ with Teck.”

A sudden chill crept along Rathburn’s nerves.

“You reckon they won’t agree with him?”

“They never do, sca’cely. Teck’s all one ter hisse’f. But they don’t do nuthin’ agin his say-so. Dunno why, but they don’t. He be so durned robustious.”

The blacksmith presently quickened his pace. Then with a drawling “Good-by” he began to run lightly along the hard, whitened road, feeling an accession of interest in what might be going forward at the barn, his curiosity concerning his companion flagging in this new prospect of excitement. His footfalls sounded, regular and rhythmic as ma-

chinery, long after he had disappeared amongst the white frosted wands of the bare brambles and the silver-tipped leaves of the luxuriant laurel.

Rathburn, thus summarily deserted, stood still for a moment, then took his way alone. He had a certain pride in the fact that even under these circumstances he could keep his steps deliberate and even. He scrutinized his own gait to assure himself on this point. Albeit policy had prompted his course and the event had so far justified its wisdom, he was well aware of the abundant resources of courage that had made it possible. Still he listened with sharpened sense, with every nerve tense, with an insidious chill like some cold finger illustrating an object-lesson, tracing out his vertebral column and every delicate fibre of the spinal cord, and he felt a rage of humiliation that he should be subjected to an anguish of fear like this, which but for its physical testimony he would not acknowledge to himself. If the voices rose or fell, he heard them only in the midst of the beat of his own footsteps, for he would not pause. Sometimes he fancied that another tramp was on the air, other footfalls — hasty, deranged, pursuing footfalls — were hard upon his track. He might never know — he kept steadily on, however that curious icy hand traced out his quivering nerves, and now desisted, and again laid on its chilling touch.

He had not hitherto, in his comings and goings, been insensible of the majesty of these dark ranges, the pervasive effects of awe and silence of this nocturnal scene, — never so august, never so austere, as on this night of mingled lustre and gloom; but now, as he looked upon it, a sort of repulsion for the inanimate mountain forms possessed him. He experienced that strong hatred of place, a thousand times more potent than the vaunted local attachments. He would fain have never seen these grim encircling heights; if he might, he would

have swept them away into vague annihilation. There rose in his heart a sentiment, too, of reproach to the insensate scene, grown so familiar; and then he saw it, purple or duskily brown, with heavy shadows lined about with mystic strokes of luminous white and with that pure pale sky above, — saw it all through a shimmer, for the hot unreasoning tears had risen to his eyes, smitten out by his helpless rage. This shabby ordeal, as he felt it, — how little he had deserved it! Even these ignorant savages could find no flaw in aught that he had done, albeit they had thirsted for his blood. They were bereft of pretext by the integrity of his intentions. Such interest, such sense of adventure, as the secret nocturnal expeditions to the forge had possessed had given way utterly before this exigent necessity to account for his freak. He began to appreciate more definitely than before the danger that had waited upon it. And yet, he thought, what sane being would not have ventured upon a trifle of mystery rather than alienate a man that held a secret like Jake Baintree's, now half revealed, and again with a miserly clutch concealed? Always Baintree's clumsy subterfuges grew clumsier; always his reticent, suspicious nature was relaxing more and more. It seemed only a little waiting yet, and still a little time. And if these clods of mountaineers could not comprehend the value of even the remote possibility of veins of ore commensurate in richness with the specimen in Baintree's possession, Eugene Rathburn congratulated himself that he could, and felt anew that he stood ready to risk much — very much of bodily harm and mental indignity and anguish of fright — for the bare hope to live to possess the treasure. With this, he felt he was soothsayer enough to read his future, — the long lapse of years filled with the satisfied cravings his heart held dear; without it, he could scarce foresee the dull to-morrow that should

follow to-day, and of which naught save sequence might be predicted, — the empty, empty time! He had a sudden spasm of an unnamed affection, very well defined, however, the reverse of nostalgia, as there arose the poignant recollection of his office in Glaston, where he sat idle much of the time, in company with a blue-bottle fly, that droned on the window-pane, and whence he was summoned at inconceivably long intervals to attend some charity patient. The reward of this exertion was a local reputation of having intentionally assisted the end of certain well-known indigent worthies, who had chanced to make their demise under his ministrations; and the popular, logical surmise concerning the motive for the commission of the deed was that he thought "pore folks" cumberers of the ground. Science, although furnishing many rich and varied instances for transformation, fails to give data concerning the gradual development of the professional man — artist, author, physician, lawyer — from the waiting, eager grub; what causes assist at the metamorphosis, what influences favor it, what casualties retard it, what circumstances preclude it utterly. Time seems no factor, and the poor worm, with no instinct of forecast, must writhe indefinitely, not knowing whether his sinuous carcass contains the possibilities of splendid wings, or merely continued wriggles. Rathburn had turned his eyes far afield; he yearned for the great cities that he had known as a medical student, and their ampler opportunities. He thought that he longed for wealth as a stepping-stone to the worthy practice of his chosen profession, rather than his profession as a stepping-stone to wealth. He was eager to forsake this state of elaborately equipped idleness, this farce of postulance, this endless waiting, with no certain result in view. But consciously or unconsciously, most of all he thirsted for riches; it fired his blood to think of the avaricious grasp of the

great rocky gorges. He dreamed by day as well as by night; and sometimes, so little was there that he would not risk, that he would not do for his cherished hope, he dreamed that it might be well to lay his strong hands on Jake Baintree's bony neck — that had escaped such catastrophe so closely — and tighten their grasp, till the secret that the foolish, suspicious, obstructive, ignorant marplot so jealously guarded should be choked out or remain with him, hopeless, inert, and indeed incapable of telling his tale if he would. But as yet Rathburn dreamed this chiefly by night.

XVIII.

He had left the road mechanically where it was intersected by the turn-row that led through Eli Strobe's corn-field. All frosted and melancholy and spectral were the gaunt stalks in the moonlight. He could see the sky and the summit of a distant mountain through the meshes that the intertwisted bare boughs of the orchard wrought against the horizon. But the house on the further side of the fruit trees was still invisible, embowered amongst the red and yellow sumach and dogwood foliage, that seemed to find a prolongation of life in its genial vicinage. He stopped twice, peering eagerly into its bosky surroundings; he was surprised to gauge the disappointment he experienced that there was no glimmer of light. It seemed that no one had awaited his return from the forge; it had been accounted, perhaps, hardly worth the while, since none knew that danger menaced him there, none except Marcella. He would go back, then, to his lurking coadjutor, hidden in the mountains. He could come again, and then he could thank her once more; he could never thank her enough. As he turned, his heart leaped; a tiny red gleam came through the leaves, and as he took his

way toward the gate with a quick step he saw in the moonlight a slight figure, that he had learned to know, coming down from the porch toward it.

Marcella distinguished him in the shadows as readily. She hesitated for a moment, but by the time he had reached the gate she had turned back, and she stood upon the porch as he came up the steps. The light streamed out from the open door, and fell upon his face. She saw his eyes, at once eager and soft and almost suffused, shining upon her as he held out his hand to her.

She held out her own, but it was not a responsive gesture.

"Gimme that thar pick," she remarked stiffly. "I'll set it in the shed-room. We-uns don't tote tools in the house."

Her staid manner seemed only an added charm in his eyes, whose glance she would not meet as she took the implement in question and bore it away. For he had only sought to thus silently reiterate his thanks, since Mrs. Strobe and the master of the house were both summoned to the door by Marcella's words.

"Kem in, stranger!" cried Mrs. Strobe. "Ye war a power o' time gittin' yer pick mended. Take a cheer by the ha'th. A body would 'low 't war a powerful tejious business, 'cordin' ter the time Marcelly hev been keepin' a lookout. Ef she hev been traipsin' ter the gate wunst ter look ter see ef ye war a-kemin' back, she hev been fower hunderd an' ninety-nine times. I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, she war a-hop-in' ye 'd bring Clem Sanders back with ye. Clem's a mighty favorite 'mongst the gals."

The fire was burning blithely on the hearth, with great beds of ashes about it to attest the late hour and the waste throughout the day. The room intimated a presentiment of winter, although the batten shutters were unclosed and the door stood open. Bunches of

herbs, that but lately waved in the summer's wind, were already dried and dangling from the rafters. Seeds had been gathered, and fruit dried, and red peppers strung, and gourds cut; and the tokens of this industry, marking the passing of the season, the homely harvests of the primitive housewife, all had place in the variegated pendants and festoons that swung above their heads. There was no work afoot at this time of the night. Isabel sat idle on an inverted noggin, looking but just aroused from slumber. Mrs. Strobe perched on her chair, with her feet on its rungs and her hands clasped in her lap, and fixed her shrewd small eyes on her visitor. It was never too late to smoke, and Eli Strobe was filling his pipe with a home-dried tobacco leaf, which he crumbled for the purpose. Rathburn drew his chair aside, that he might still see Marcella, who had sunk down on a low bench by the chimney corner; and as he responded to his host's invitation to smoke with him he glanced at her, the glow of the coal with which he kindled his pipe red on his face and in his significant eyes as her father spoke.

"Marcelly seemed ter sense ez ef suthin' mought be goin' for'ard at the forge,—some sort'n row, or suthin'," he said. "Seemed ter listen ez skeered an' white! An' fower or five times she wanted ter walk down ter the e-end o' the turn-row ter listen better." He puffed his pipe in silence for a moment. "But I told her ez 't warn't wuth while ter be oneasy. This hyar kentry, stranger," he continued impressively, "air the peaceablest c'munity on the face o' the livin' yearth. Never hev no c'motions hyar,—naw, sir; no fights nor"—He brought up short, recollecting his own reduced state and his bandaged head, which were hardly the kind of corroborative instances his statement needed. "'Thout," he qualified, "'thout it air 'lection time, an' sech ez that. Ye don't hear o' no 'sturbances in Brum-

saidge, now, *do ye?* " He turned to Rathburn his haggard face, full of the pride of his charge, and reiterated, "Now, *do ye?* "

Rathburn had tilted his chair back slightly on its hind legs; he slipped the tips of his fingers in his trousers pockets; his pipe was redly aglow, and the firelight flickered over his face with its long yellow mustache and his close-clipped hair, for he did not wear his hat in the house as Eli Strobe did.

"You've been cooped up a good while, Mr. Strobe. Let me see, — how long has it been since I came over here and prescribed for you? Well, no matter; you did n't know about that, when you were first ill. Broomsedge Cove has been having it pretty much its own way ever since then, with the constable laid up."

Strobe looked a trifle crestfallen. Marcella, with a sudden anxious impatience of manner, rose and passed to the other side of the room and mechanically closed the batten shutter, then purposelessly opened it again. Rathburn did not follow her with his eyes. They were still fixed moodily on the fire. When she seated herself again, she looked at her father with a clearing brow. A slow satisfaction, even triumph, was creeping across Eli Strobe's face. "They need me ter keep 'em straight," he observed. "Some powerful fractious boys in Brumsaidge Cove," he declared, with his slow, sidelong, convincing glance at Rathburn.

"I should think so, indeed," Rathburn affirmed, with an accession of significant emphasis. He hesitated a moment, then went on. "I fell in to-night with the ringleader of a gang of lynch-ers, and if I had n't been warned beforehand and known just how to talk to him I should n't have got off with my life." He once more cast a swift glance at Marcella, charged with much that he would fain have said; but her eyes were downcast, the long lashes almost

touching the rare rose a-bloom in her cheeks.

Eli Strobe turned his bovine stare of slowly kindling excitement upon the speaker; his pipe-stem was quivering in his hand; his lips had parted, as if an ejaculation were trembling upon them, but the alert maternal comments forestalled him: —

"Dell-law! the crazy buzzards! What hed *ye* been a-doin' of, though, ter hev sech a pursuit ez that take arter ye?" Mrs. Strobe fixed an investigating eye upon the stranger which intimated a cautious reserve of judgment.

"I'd like for you to guess; but you never could," Rathburn declared.

"It air in rank vi'lition o' the law, no matter what he done nor what he done it fur," Eli Strobe declared impressively. Then he tremulously replaced his pipe in his mouth, and turned his agitated gaze upon the guest.

"You see," said Rathburn, leaning forward and tapping the burly mountaineer on the knee, looking up at him the while with eyes that grew momentarily more fiery and revealed more the angry, smarting wounds to his pride, "I admit I was fool enough to agree to Jake Baintree's idiocy in keeping the matter secret. I have been trying to strike silver that he found here a few years ago, and when we broke our tools I undertook to mend and sharpen them at the forge, being a sort of Jack-of-all-trades; and I did it at night and in secret to humor him. I wanted to keep him as communicative as I could, because the fool puts me off and deceives me from day to day about the place, — the Lord knows why." He paused. "I'd like to throttle him, — I'd like to break his neck," he said, as his preoccupied gaze dwelt on the fire for a moment. Then flinging himself back in his chair and slipping his hands into his pockets, in his former attitude, he continued, "That's what like to have happened to me, though, I tell you. It was

a mighty close call. I got off by the skin of my teeth."

"Whar's Jake, then?" Eli Strobe turned his bandaged head actively in search of the supposed sharer of Rathburn's peril, as if thinking him near at hand. "Some o' them boys air been keen ter see Jake stretch hemp ever sence the jury acquitted him, — miser'ble, senseless critters; got no mo' 'spect fur the law 'n so many painters an' sech. Whar's Jake? They did n't ketch Jake, did they?" He rose stumblingly to his feet.

Rathburn laughed; the gleam of his white teeth, showing under his yellow mustache, was capable of adding a geniality to his ordinary expression, but now it gave only a certain fierceness to his face, so little mirth did it imply.

"No, you may bet your immortal soul they didn't. By this time he's mighty safe; no more to be found, I'll warrant, than Samuel Keale, — ain't that his name? I reasoned with Baintree. I begged him to come boldly out with me; we could afford to stand the scrutiny of the vigilantes; but he would n't. He's afraid of your good, law-abiding population of Broomsedge, Mr. Strobe." He clasped his hands behind his head and tilted himself back in his chair, as his eyes retrospectively rested on the coals. "Jake threw down his pickaxe and started the instant we got a word of warning."

"Waal, ye war powerful lucky. Ginerally, in Brumsaidge, the lynchers an' sech keep too close a mouth fur enny words o' warnin' ter git a-goin'," said Eli Strobe, who, however he might congratulate himself in the interests of law and humanity upon the result, felt a certain deprecation of the futility of the enterprise as a work of art, as it were. "I dunno how in this worl' sech ez a word o' warnin' could hev kem ter ye."

"It may have come through a woman, but it seemed to me through an angel of mercy!" the young man declared,

his glowing brown eyes swiftly seeking Marcella's flushed and grave and half-averted face.

Mrs. Strobe, unnoting the demonstration, gave a sharp little satiric laugh, more like the fleeing squawk of a jay-bird than any merely human flout.

"Dell-law, stranger, don't ye b'lieve the haffen o' that. 'Twarn't no nangel o' mercy! I ain't 'quainted with nangels much myself, but I know enough 'bout 'em ter make mighty sure ez nangels don't go lopin' 'round the Big Smoky seein' arter the welfare o' two sech good-lookin' young men ez ye an' Jake Baintree. It don't need no wisdom from above ter know it air mighty safe ter trest ye ter some young yearthly 'oman, 'thout interruptin' enny nangel in her reg'lar business o' quirin' 'roun' the throne o' grace. Don't ye never make no sech mistake ez that; nangels ain't never goin' ter be sent ter look arter ye whilst gals air so plentiful an' willin'." And once more it might be doubted whether it were the satiric old woman or some gay cynic of a bird that gave a short shriek of laughter.

As a general rule, Rathburn cared little what these humble, illiterate mountaineers said or how they esteemed him. But despite his appreciation of its infinitesimal consequence he could not remain insensible of a shaft aimed so true, and that pierced so deeply. The color rushed to his face; he was at once surprised, and at a loss, and a trifle offended by the ridicule. He had turned to retort, when he saw Marcella's face with the reflection of his own sentiment upon it. Those crystal-clear eyes of hers were widely opened; he could see, in their upward sweep, the thick, fine, straight lashes; and why, since her flush was so infrequent, why did it wear that exquisite hue, deepening in the cheek, and merging by indistinguishable degrees, like the fine sorceries of sunset, into the warm whiteness of her brow, and chin, and throat? Her lips were more deeply

red still, — did ever a sculptor chisel a mouth like that, where all sweet graces curved sedately? It trembled slightly, and the sight of the quiver roused in him a new lease of gratitude for her timely word; even now he could not judge, could not measure, the risk she ran in saying it. He would not be laughed from his loyalty to the messenger who had brought him safety, even life, perhaps.

"*May* have been a woman," he admitted; "she *looked* like an angel."

"A triflin' chit, I'll be bound," Mrs. Strobe declared. "Hain't she got no better work ter do 'n ter keep her eye on the young men, an' her ear open ter all the talk 'bout 'em?"

She spoke all unaware that the belittled "nangel" was one of her own fireside, or that any words of hers were serving to deepen the flush on Marcella's cheek.

So preoccupied had Rathburn been hitherto in the significant and absorbing events of the evening that his mind had had little tendency to even unconscious processes of deduction that did not immediately pertain to the imminence of his danger and the security of his escape. It had not as yet occurred to him to speculate upon the influences which had moved Marcella to so unprecedented a course as to lure away the secret from one of the lynchers, and come with it to the rescue of a stranger and the ostracized Baintree. Mrs. Strobe's logic, all unwitting though she was to whom she applied it, had kindled an idea in his brain that glowed and burned, and presently leaped like wild-fire from conjecture to conclusion, carrying all before it in its irresistible exhilaration. Was he so much a stranger to Marcella, then? Had she not seen him before? She had not forgotten, evidently. Perchance it was some nearer, more coercive, more personal interest that had nerved her; how else, indeed, could it be? He had not hith-

erto thought of her save that her beauty had impressed him as strangely incongruous with the poverty of her surroundings, — incompetent even to afford the foil to the jewel, and of jarring and discordant effect. And earlier to-night his heart had only been stirred toward her with genuine gratitude. It was moved now with the sweet vanity of believing himself beloved. He perhaps would have esteemed his state of mind coxcombical in another man, but poor human nature is provided with a keen vision for the defects of others, and a purblind perception of those same traits closer at home. He felt a strong zest, a renewing interest, in reviewing the circumstances, when Mrs. Strobe, drawing from her pocket a corn-cob pipe, proceeded to crumble into its bowl a leaf of tobacco, asking the while, "An' whar did this nangel find ye?"

Once more he glanced at Marcella, who sat quite still, quite grave, listening sedately.

"She started up the mountain, thinking she would go to Baintree's people, and that may be they would know where he was; but she heard the picks as we were digging in a gorge, and so she found us."

Mrs. Strobe seemed to revolve this statement when it was finished, nodded her head several times, and emitted two or three deliberate puffs of smoke. "She did, did she?" she observed, in default of more acrid comment, but bent upon ridicule.

"Then she told us all she knew" —

"Mighty easy done, I'll bet," interpolated the little dame.

—"Or had heard about the affair, and begged us not to tell who told us" —

"Tuk a power o' pains ter keep herself safe from the lynchers, I'll be bound" —

"That she did n't!" cried the young fellow. "That's all she said about it, and left the rest to our discretion."

"Waal, *that* war a pore dependence, I will gin up," said Mrs. Strobe, her pipe in her hand, her puckered lips, with a laugh well hid in their corrugations, ostensibly grave.

The color surged to the young man's face. He was realizing how few friends one has in the world; how alone, how piteously solitary, amongst the multitudes of one's kind. He felt that Mrs. Strobe and her son, and all Broomsedge besides, — microcosmic illustration, — would have cared little had the event resulted differently. One would have blustered a trifle about the outraged dignity of the law. The other would have said some primitively witty things, hardly decent of one so recently dead, and, hampered by her sense of decorum, would have thought still more witty things, which she would reluctantly have refrained from saying. In Glaston and Colbury his most lenient obituary would have been, "Poor fool!" And his memory would have served as a tradition in the mountains to warn the next addle-pate that came prying into their hidden chambers, seeking silver and gold and worldly treasures! Only this girl would have risked aught to save his life. Only this girl truly cared that his life was saved. She seemed at the moment the only friend he had in the world, — surely, surely the best! That better nature of his, in its facile oscillations, was reasserted anew. He forgot the flattering personal tribute which he had been disposed to arrogate to himself. He did not speculate about her interest in him. He began to entertain a more definite intention as he talked. There was something — it had almost been forgotten — that he must let her know.

"Mebbe," Mrs. Strobe resumed, the pause not being conducive to entertainment, — "mebbe the gal, or the nangel, 'lowed ez ye hed been doin' suthin' a heap wuss, though not so foolish, ez sarch the mountings fur silver. From

the way ye an' Jake Baintree talked the night ye kem hyar ter physic Eli, me an' Marcellly 'lowed ye mus' hev killed a man — I don't mean through physickin' him, but with a pistol or suthin' — an' war a-hidin' from jestic."

"Killed a man! Great Lord!" exclaimed Rathburn, aghast. He turned and looked at Marcella, reproach eloquent in his eyes. Had she ever thought this of him?

The girl incoherently sought to defend herself — "Leastwise, granny said — 't war granny's word" — and fell tremulously silent.

"'Peared mighty reason'ble ter me," asserted the unabashed little dame. "Mebbe that's what the nangel thunk too."

"If she thought it, she did n't say so," he replied slowly. "But I wanted it to seem to the lynchers as if it were by accident that I went to the forge and worked. So I came over betimes, and went from here to the blacksmith's house, and could n't find him; and his mother gave me permission to open the forge, and I told her I had worked there once or twice before."

"I'll be bound Clem war one o' the lynchers!" cried Mrs. Strobe vivaciously. "Did they swaller that tale?" she demanded abruptly.

"No, they did n't," he rejoined. "Their leader knew I had been warned — and — knew who had warned me."

"Marcellly, set *down*!" exclaimed the old woman, with a sharp note of reproof. "Ef ye hed been a harnt a-pop-pin' up out'n a grave, ye could n't hev skeered me wuss with yer suddint motions!"

For the girl had started abruptly to her feet, her distended eyes fastened upon Rathburn, her face paling, her hand half outstretched, trembling violently.

"The leader!" she echoed, sinking back upon the low bench under the coercive touch of Mrs. Strobe's hand. "Who told him?"

"He did n't say, but somehow he got it out of the man who let the secret slip."

Marcella knitted her brows, and fixed her pondering eyes upon the fire; her breath was quick; the rich color had deserted her cheek. With one hand she mechanically tossed back the brown curling hair that fell heavily forward from her half-bent head, and ever and again she put back the locks with the same tremulous, unconscious gesture.

"Hed them men no masks nor nuthin'?" demanded Eli Strobe, a hand on either knee, as he leaned slightly forward; he spoke with his pipe-stem fast between his teeth.

"Faces bare as my hand," replied Rathburn, holding up the member in the light of the fire.

"Waal, sir, they be powerful brigetty an' bold!" said Eli Strobe with displeasure. "They oughter hed the grace ter kiver thar faces, knowin' ez thar actions be plumb agin the law, — conspiracy, an' riot, an' ef they hed hung ye, murder; it air agin the law."

"That's why I am telling you," said Rathburn. "They are a lawless gang, and if anything happens to me, you, as an officer of the law, are in possession of the facts, and know just how and where to lay your hand on the men, the ringleader especially. I only saw two of them; the other, the blacksmith, is a hap-hazard fellow, and does his bidding. The ringleader is the soul of the iniquity; it could n't move an inch without him."

The fire had been burning clearly; the sticks across the andirons had gradually turned to a live vermilion tint, each an entire glowing coal, half translucent, yet still retaining the shape of the hickory logs they had once been; here and there an elusive amethystine flame flickered, but the salient red and white blaze of the earlier stages was quenched, and the room was all in a dusky red shadow save for now and then

a livid purple gleam. Isabel nodded as she sat on the inverted noggin; sleep seemed with her in some sort an ailment, since it so reduced her from her normal state of conversation. It was as if a palsy had fallen upon her faculties, and her face, bereft of its wonted animation, was unfamiliar, and pathetic, and forlornly reflective. The dog of the "frequent visitor" took note even in his slumbers of the dwindling state of the fire, and, with a countenance much solemnized by sleep and preternaturally sober, came and stood before it for a time, steadfastly regarding it. Then with a loud yawn, intrusive in the silence, he stretched his elastic length, rasping his nails on the stones of the hearth, and lay down once more before it. A cock crew, a muffled alarum in the distance; no other sound from the frosty midnight without. The example of the old hound had caused Mrs. Strobe to yawn too, with that epidemic appreciation of fatigue which the demonstration usually produces. She was not sorry for this, despite her ample repositories of what she collectively termed "manners." She was in hopes Rathburn would note it, and draw the natural inference.

"He 'lowed he would n't bide all night, so he mought jes' ez well take the hint an' stir his stumps away from hyar. I never see such a ow-el ez the man," she thought.

But Glaston and Colbury hours were later than those kept in the mountains, and although Rathburn was aware that his stay exceeded the customary limits, he had no idea of its unprecedented extent. He went on after a momentary pause: —

"He is a very dangerous customer. The eye of the law could n't be better employed than fixed on that man. In Glaston or anywhere else, they'd be awfully pleased to get up any kind of a charge against such a domineering blusterer as that, which would lock him up somewhere, safe out of harm's way."

He nodded his head once or twice in emphatic confirmation of the burden of his thoughts. He felt suddenly as if civilization, the world, all the mechanism of law and art and knowledge that he seemed to have been familiarized with in some previous state of existence on some alien planet, were not so far away, after all, save in sentiment. What could be easier than to place the headstrong despot of Broomsedge Cove under the surveillance of a law stronger even than that which he wielded with so arrogant and absolute a temper? He was not so far from the county authorities, who might take more cognizance of such matters than the constable of Broomsedge Cove; as lynch-law and the domination of a community according to the will of regulators might to them perchance be less familiar. His pride; the recollection, ignominious he felt it to be, of his fear; the terrible strain on his nerves; the mere chance that had saved his life, — this girl's sentiment toward him, her word of warning and his own clever diplomacy in its use, — all were bitter still to him, and his escape held none of the sweets of triumph.

He would rejoice to be revenged: not upon Clem Sanders, who seemed, in his hap-hazard lack of logic, as irresponsible as a child — not upon the unnumbered, unindividualized, unimagined vigilantes at the barn, but upon Teck Jepson. With all the fervor of a deep, suddenly awakened hatred he longed to see him cringe and cower. He resented his lofty serenity, his calm admission of the usurpation of power, his deliberate, open avowal of his intentions and of his conditional clemency. He should like to see this doughty mountaineer face the law he had insulted. His lip curled at the thought; he stroked his mustache in the satisfaction that the mental picture afforded him. He too could follow out a scheme; he too could plot, and lie in wait, and capture. "With stronger toils, my fine fellow!"

He encountered a sudden rebuff in the sequence of the idea, — the ridicule that would attach to the revelation in Glaston that in his perfectly tame and lawful prospecting for silver he should have been hauled up before the captain of vigilantes. He felt, too, that there was a certain element of derogation in his very enterprise. Unless he should find silver, he hardly cared that it should be known in his world that he had sought it. No, this was only the impulse; he would find ampler opportunities for his revenge, — something that would better stand the strain of personal feeling, and yet sustain his grudge; he would wait and hold the law in leash; doubtless Jepson's life would furnish cause for the pursuit. Fine sport, to be sure, to run down this big game of the Smoky Mountains.

"For all he is so pious!" he exclaimed with a sneer.

Eli Strobe turned a slow glance upon him.

"Who be ye a-talkin' 'bout?" he demanded quietly.

"That fellow I saw over at the forge there, — the ringleader of the lynchers. Teck Jepson is his name."

An uncomprehended sensation, of which Rathburn nevertheless was aware, swept through the circle. He felt a vague surprise to see Marcella start up in the dusky red glow of the dwindling fire, and sink back uncertain, with a pallid, distraught face. In the puckers of Mrs. Strobe's wizened little countenance, dimly white in the gloom, his transitory glance detected a strange embarrassment and discomfort. Isabel had roused herself, and was peering at him from her lowly seat. His host's head was bent toward him, the long neck outstretched, his tangled locks and beard hanging forward, as he stared in the utmost amazement.

"Ye never seen Teck Jepson to-night at the forge, young man."

"But I did," protested Rathburn.

"That was what Clem Sanders called him, — a tall, powerfully built man."

"Light-complected?" asked Strobe.

"As a girl, — with blue eyes, and hair and beard very dark, and slow stepping, and solemn spoken."

Eli Strobe had thrown himself back in his chair. The deep bass rumble of his laughter sounded a trifle muffled. He was laughing to himself. "Ye never seen Teck Jepson."

A crash, and the women cried out, startled, and even Rathburn's nerves were jarred; but it was only the breaking of the logs, long delayed, and the chunks falling, some within and some beyond the andirons, were sending up streams of white flame. Rathburn turned instantly back to see the constable lying at ease in his chair, the laughter fading from his face as he reiterated, "Ye never seen Teck Jepson."

He dragged himself forward, and leaning over laid his hand on the guest's knee; looking into Rathburn's face, he said significantly, "He's dead!"

Rathburn sat silent for a moment, as if doubting his senses. "I saw him, he spoke to me, not half an hour ago," he insisted.

"Ye never seen him." Eli Strobe shook his head, with its long, melancholy locks, slowly from side to side. "Ye never seen him. Ye seen his harnt. He hev sot out ter walk. I seen his harnt wunst, myself. He's dead!"

He sank back in his chair, while Rathburn, perplexed and uncomprehending, gazed startled at him. The white fire-light had conjured all the room from out the dusky nullity that had been creeping over it. The pendent trophies from the rafters seemed to sway as the light chased the shadows through their midst. The glad scarlet of the strings of peppers asserted its tint anew, and many hanks of saffron yarn lent it contrast and company. Marcella's fair face shone out upon the background of flickering brown and fleeting gold, and the

night seemed to have grown younger with this sense of movement and life and light; the nerves took less heed of the lateness of the hour. The dog turned his neck in a way that challenged dislocation, and looked about the room; then rose slowly and stiffly, not at all sure that, with this new cheer, it was not day, and now and then wagging a languid tail as he glanced around at Marcella, expecting to see her set about getting breakfast. Not once did Rathburn's attention flag as he sat and steadfastly gazed at his host; he hardly moved an eyelash, so tense, so fixed, so strained, was his attention.

As Eli Strobe glanced up from the fire he encountered the intent inquiry in Rathburn's face.

"Ye seen his harnt," he reiterated, in reply to the look. "He's dead. I kilt Teck Jepson myself, an' I oughter know. He's dead."

A sudden swift expression crossed the stranger's face like a flash of light. Marcella saw the gleam of his teeth, white under his yellow mustache; he put up one hand and stroked it, as was his wont in excitement.

"Why, now, that's a fact!" he rejoined coolly. "I had forgotten that I had heard that."

The next moment he leaned forward, extending the other hand half closed, and with a delicate tentative gesture he laid it on the constable's wrist.

"Let me feel your pulse, Mr. Strobe," he said irrelevantly. "You are still getting better, I suppose?"

The constable silently submitted. Then pursuing the subject, he added, "They can't do nuthin' ter me fur it, though, — me bein' officer o' the law, an' Teck engaged in a onlawful act. I pulled Teck off'n his hoss-critter an' bruk his neck." He nodded his head in doughty triumph. "I war sorry some arterwards. Teck war a good man, in the main."

"Well, his 'harnt' ain't a good

'harnt'," the young man flippantly declared.

His tone jarred upon Marcella, so sensitive she was for her father's sake, so wounded in the pride she had once felt in his preëminence. The wound ceased to ache as she noticed the absorption, the deep attention, with which Rathburn regarded the invalid. In truth, Eli Strobe well and hearty was not half the man, in his estimation, that Eli Strobe was with this strange malady, and the contemplation of the perfection of reason could not have so enthralled and invigorated his jaded perceptions as did this forlorn folly of a mental delusion. He made no further allusion to the spectral ringleader, although more than once he turned again and surveyed with his keen professional gaze the constable's face. Once or twice, in his deft choosing of a subject of discussion, he seemed to experiment with the invalid's capacities, and Marcella was amazed to note how rationally, with what strong good sense, Eli Strobe talked, reminding her of "dad's conversation" of yore, in which she had experienced such filial pride.

At last the guest rose to go, and she listened, as she stood in the doorway, to the faint footfalls on the hard ground, growing ever fainter as the distance increased, — listened and looked out at the still and solitary night, so white with the moon and the frost in the midst of its normal gloom. So silent it was, so replete with a sense of loneliness. It seemed that not even some belated vigilante could be astir in that desert of dark mountains, and icy white glintings, and profundity of silences. The fear that could but stir at her heart grew still after a moment, and she became conscious that her grandmother had twice spoken to her.

"Marcelly," cried the irate little dame, "what ails ye ter stan' thar in the door a-lookin' out at the moon ez big-eyed ez a ow-el, ez ef ye war bound

ter watch ter see the man go? I ain't a-wonderin' at ye nuther" (sarcastically); "he makes the shortes' visits o' enny o' the fool folks ez kems ter this house. Bein' ez he air a doctor-man, nex' time he kems I be a-goin' ter ax him ef he hain't got enny lotium ez will brace up a sensible woman's back ter endure the strain o' hearin' a young fool talk fower hour at a stretch. Ye need n't stan' there stare-gazin' the moon, I tell ye, a-thinkin' ye look so powerful pritty an' enticin', with yer eyes stretched so big an' shinin'," becoming suddenly sensible of the ethereal beauty in the girl's fair face. "Thar's lots o' wimmin in this worl' ez spends thar time lookin' pritty fur nuthin'. Fur ye mark my words, — ye can't cut out that nangel o' a gal ez brung him the news 'bout the lynchers; he air dead in love with her, else all signs fail!"

"Oh," faltered Marcella, "I 'low ye mus' be mistaken — 't war jes' — jes' " —

"Jes' what? I reckon I know folks in love whenst I see 'em. Strange ez it may 'pear, I war wunst a fool o' that kind myself," she added, with a whimsical pucker of the lips, as she began to cover the fire with the abundant ashes, that it might last till morning.

She paused presently with a deeply reflective countenance, shown half in the glow of the fire, and half in the brilliant squares that the moonlight, falling through the open window and door, imprinted on the floor. "I wonder which o' these hyar mounting gals the idjit 'lows looks like a nangel. Mus' hev been Em'line Bolter, 'ceptin' I reckon no nangel air ez freckled ez her, — reg'lar tur-r-key-aig; or else Ar'bella Jane Perkins, though she air some consider'ble red-headed. But laws-a-massy, that don't make no diff'ence. When a man sets out ter be a fool, an' fall in love, Providence in its mercy closes his eyes, an' mos' ennythin' mought do fur a nangel. Ye Marcelly, quit hangin' on

that door, a-saggin' it off'n the henges an' a-stare-gazin' the moon."

It was lower now in the sky, and showed through the fringes of the pine; its pensive light was in the girl's lustrous eyes a moment longer, and then the door was closed.

XIX.

It was close upon dawn when Rathburn reached his destination. He could hardly have defined the time when he began to appreciate that daylight had invaded the mystic moonlit splendors. There the golden sphere still hung; out of it the fine ethereal fires were dying—paling, and growing yet more dim—above the purple Chilhowee; definiteness was gradually evolving out of the shadows; a valley was shaping its sinuous course where violet vagueness had seemed a plenitude of form and fixity before. A dull, gray, hard color never known in the fine lunar chromatrics, lay upon a stretch of leafless woods. A dark, sombre green, cold and funereal, betokened the pines and the laurel groves. As the moon dulled and the day dallied, stars had suddenly bloomed out with palpitating splendor. One of a white glister shone above the rugged eastern crags, and was the herald of the dawn. He was feeling the strength of the matutinal resurrection in his veins, in his lungs, expanding to its fine, keen freshness. He hardly realized that he had been awake all night, after a long day's tramp with his pick through the rugged gorges of the mountains. He had long since ceased to glance apprehensively to the right and left, lest there might be still an avenger lurking upon his track, as he took his way along the herder's trail through the savage wilderness. Confidence came renewed with renewed freedom. He stopped to see, through a gap in the mountain, all along the summits of the misty purple ranges, a line of vermilion rise, expanding into

the broad spaces of the pale sky, for the living sun was in the vital air. He hears an eagle cry, the sound infinitely wild and joyous with a savage enthusiasm in life; the splendid sweep of the great bird's wings describe long curves in the light air, and the yellow glow slants so far, so far! A warm day,—for where is the frost? That fine vaporous tissue, all that there is to show for those premonitions of winter in the vanished white rime! All going down and down to Hang-Over Mountain, to lurk about the cold currents of the Little Tennessee.

There was moisture on the full yellow leaves of the hickory, the splendid red of the scarlet oak and the sourwood, shaken out afresh as bravely as if summer burned still in the sap; there were ferns green yet, here and there. He stooped to pick a spray of the lilac "Christmas flower," and thrust it jauntily in the button-hole of his blue flannel shirt; then, as his path curved abruptly, he came within sight of the deserted little cabin which he and Baintree had lately made their camp.

Somehow, with its dark little roof beneath that vast sky, so splendidly aflame, the great fresh vigorous trees on every hand, the gallant wind a-blaring all its bugles down the ravines, the sense of great openness and infinite space, it seemed doubly mean, and the plots devised there curiously sordid, and the episode and escape of last night grotesquely ignominious. In the midst of the conscious physical luxury that every respiration of the high air afforded, he wished he had never seen the place; his cherished scheme, for which he had risked so much, palled for the nonce. He became aware of a great infusion of bitterness toward Jake Baintree, that was not less strong because of contempt.

"And where has he gone, I wonder?" he said, as he approached the cabin.

For there was no smoke from the

chimney, and the place was silent. He checked his pace as he went toward the door. The unhewn logs that had once formed the steps to ascend to the threshold had rotted down at one side; the wood quaked and gave way anew under his tread, as he laid his hand on the latch. It was not fastened, and the door easily swung back under his touch.

The room was vacant, illumined less by the rifts in the broken batten shutter than by the pale stream of light that came down the tunnel of the chimney, for the embers had died on the hearth. A repugnance, a paroxysm of fastidiousness, came over him as he looked in at the desolate discomforts, the sordid bareness, of the place.

"This is no way to live!" he exclaimed, forgetful for the moment of the wealth that barely eluded his clutching hand; and as he remembered it he thought it would be hardly earned. He had not cared for these things heretofore, although he had found scant congeniality in his comrade. The suspicion of crime which attached to him had seemed but the touch of romance to the backwoods desperado. But Jake Baintree had proved himself little fitted for that stanch rôle; and however natural his flight when he heard of the danger of the menace, Rathburn had not the dispassionate temperament to regard it leniently. He felt that it savored strongly of cowardice, he mentally designated his comrade a "contemptible cur," and he began to feel a certain absorbing curiosity concerning the whereabouts of Samuel Keale and how he had met his fate.

When he had kindled a fire and sat down before it, clasping his hands behind his head, waiting for the coals that he might prepare the primitive meal, which in his rough experience he had learned to cook, he entered upon a continuous expectation of Baintree's return. This grew to an irritable suspense. More than once he rose, walked to the door,

and stood looking over the vast landscape and scanning the little path that their feet had worn to the spring, with the vivid intimation that in another instant he should see the tall, cadaverous figure, the thin face, the sleek black hair, emerge from the clustering laurel. But except for a rabbit, leaping along, and pausing to feed itself upon a succulent green leaf, held very humanly between its fore-paws, — except for this wayfarer, and the slow paces of the sunlight loitering on to noon, naught came and naught went. Sometimes when Rathburn returned to the fire he examined anew the specimens which together they had found, — all strangely inferior, strangely meagre, in contrast to the rich bits of "float" which Baintree had showed him in the prison, and with which he had lured him on from day to day.

"He never found this beside that torrent in the gorge, — he may swear till he is blue!" Rathburn looked at the bit of rock, shook his head, and replaced it on the rude shelf that served as mantelpiece. And once more he went to the door.

There should be no more delays, no more tortuous lies, with which he had borne merely seeking to humor the ignorant mountaineer, to familiarize him with the idea of a coadjutor, to wear off whatever there might be that was strange in his garb and speech and manner, to wear out the constitutional distrust of the man. He would wait no longer; once let him lay hands again on Jake Baintree, — he unconsciously clenched them, — and he would have out of him the secret he so foolishly, so zealously, guarded. And yet daily Baintree intended to reveal it, — daily Rathburn could see it in his face; and when they would set forth to find the spot, the mountaineer would first become preoccupied, then silent, and presently stop short and pretend in clumsy fiction to recognize landmarks, and both would

go through a fruitless feint of digging to find mineral that both knew was still far to seek.

"There has been enough of it!" Rathburn declared between his set teeth, in his reverie.

The prospect had all apparently seemed equitable to Baintree while he was in the prison. He had rejoiced at the idea of securing an expert in some sort as a partner; he had voluntarily offered to divide. Perhaps with his liberty the inchoate wealth of his secret seemed more precious still; perhaps he merely doubted the good faith of his partner. But the summer months had gone, and autumn was waning. "And it's time there was an end of it," Rathburn said, still looking out of the door.

Exhaustion prevailed at last and overpowered vigilance. He had lain down upon the floor, half on a saddle that had been flung there, intending merely to rest; but he was soon asleep, and the sun swung vertically above the Great Smoky, and gradually took its way down the steep western slopes, and presently the light faded from the purple earth, and the stars were in the great altitudes of the sky, alternating with vast spaces of gloom, for the night had brought clouds, and the moonrise was impenetrably veiled. Still he slept, unheeding that the fire had died to an ember on the hearth, unheeding that the wind howled in the gorge. The door shook in its rude grasp; the roof creaked; sharp draughts came through the cranies, and scattered the dry ashes about his feet and about the floor. Suddenly there was a sound outside other than the swirl of the dead leaves about the rotting threshold. A stealthy step came to the window. A face peered in through the rifts of the batten shutter.

Rathburn might have seen it, for the embers sent up at that moment a fitful blue gleam that played over the room, showing its dishevelment and his own recumbent figure, with its yellow head

on the old dark saddle, and showing as well the face that looked in, — but he was too deep, far too deep, in his dream.

The tiny flame dropped; the red ember glowed; the room was lighter than the black wilds without, and perhaps the recumbent figure beside the hearth was still visible to the peering eyes, themselves now invisible from within. The subtle influence of their long, steadfast scrutiny shook even the deep securities of slumber. It pervaded Rathburn's consciousness, — how, with all his science he might hardly have explained. He shifted his attitude once or twice; then with a great start he struggled up to his feet.

For a moment the stupefying pain of a sudden awakening possessed his torpid consciousness. The next, he heard the wind trumpeting a blast that he had learned to know, and he reluctantly realized his surroundings. Once more he felt the chill of those scrutinizing eyes upon him, — a vague uneasiness which he could not recognize. His long-drawn sigh of somnolent reaction was checked midway. He stooped to the fire, and vainly sought to coax the embers to kindle anew. The sound of his own voice in an impatient exclamation had a strange echo in the empty loneliness of the place. He had matches in his pockets, or, like the provident mountaineers, he would not have suffered the fire to die. It was only a moment or two before the long, ribbon-like unfurlings of the white flames of pine knots were flying up the chimney, and there was no face at the window, and no sound but the riotous play of the wind without.

He had taken a chair before the fire when his alert ear discriminated in the elemental stir without a step that deliberately approached. There was a hand upon the latch.

"Come in!" he sang out, without rousing himself, or hardly turning his head. He felt sure of the identity of the new-comer. He could measure, too,

the deprecating envy and embarrassment that the contemplation of his serenity and bravado would excite in the wary and timorously suspicious Baintree, and he was in the mood to-night when that display of manly superiority was a grateful solace to his feelings and pride, so seriously jarred by the events of last evening. He did not look up until Baintree was drawing the other rickety chair to the fire, bending upon him an eager, inquiring face, every muscle of which expressed his surprise, his suspicion, and his earnest plea to disarm criticism.

"Howdy do, Jake," observed Rathburn, enjoying his suspense. "The weather is getting to be 'some,' if not more, ain't it? Listen at the wind, will you."

"The wind's sorter harsh ter-night," said Baintree. He sat down quietly in his chair, taking his cue from Rathburn's manner and emulating his composure. Nevertheless, to the trained medical eye he was showing many symptoms of overwrought nerves, of long, harassing anxiety; he had doubtless been without food, without sleep, for many an hour.

Rathburn was conscious of his own advantage in the coming interview from the long, restful slumber in which the day had passed, and which had given brain and will again into his own control. The professional conscience, however, stirred at the sight of physical need.

"Get you something to eat, Jake," he said with his professional manner. "You want it. Must be something on the shelf."

But Baintree, rubbing together his long, thin hands, a trifle chilled, for the temperature without had changed, declared that he was not hungry.

"All right," returned the doctor, lightly. "I can lead a horse to water, but I can't make him drink."

The word seemed to remind Baintree

that there was a bottle on the shelf as well as food. He got up with his alert, soft step, took a long pull at it, and came back to his comrade with its effects distinctly apparent in the aroma upon his breath and the confidence which it served to impart to his manner. He pushed his hat far back on his sleek black head, rubbed his face once or twice between his hands, and then, leaning his elbows on his knees, he spread out his thin, almost transparent fingers over the blaze. He looked craftily up, presently, at Rathburn, who sat gazing placidly into the fire, one hand stroking his long yellow mustache, his feet encased in their high boots, his symmetrical figure trim and light in his blue flannel garb, carelessly donned and worn as it was. Few people could have augured from his easy composure and his debonair grace that he had lately been in danger of his life at the hands of a mob, or that he owed his security to aught that he could plan or compass.

"Marcelly Strobe mus' hev been fool-in' we-uns some. Funnin', I s'pose," Baintree hazarded.

"She told the truth, as she always does, I am sure."

Baintree's outspread hands quivered despite the fictitious courage imparted by apple-jack. His eyes dilated.

"War — war thar ennybody thar sure enough?"

"Plenty of 'em. But only two came to the forge."

"What — what did they say?"

"Oh, they were civil enough," returned Rathburn in an offhand fashion.

"How did you git away from 'em?"

"Oh, I had no trouble. I did just as I told you I would: went to the blacksmith's house and roused up his mother, and pretended to be hunting for him."

"Did that tale go down?" asked Baintree, his relish of deceiving the enemy even by proxy causing his eyes to glitter.

"Not a bit of it. That devil Teck

Jepson had got wind of our being warned, and of who warned us. He just felt sort of good, I suppose, and let me off."

"He would n't ef I had been thar," said Baintree, with a pessimistic nod of the head.

"He would!"

Baintree did not retaliate with a counter-retort. He was silent for a moment. Then he observed, "Teck an' Marcelly useter keep comp'ny tergether. I'll bet she got skeered arterward, an' let him know she hed gin us the word."

"She ain't one of that kind. She don't scare worth a cent. She's worth any ten men!"

There was something so fervent in his tone that it seemed to give a new

and unique direction to Jake Baintree's thoughts.

Presently he observed, "She air a powerful good an' pritty gal, Marcelly air! But she ain't in no wise like them young town gals in Glaston. I useter see 'em on the street whenst I war fetched from the jail ter the court. Them's the sort ye been 'quainted with, — the kind that walks with par'sols. She ain't in no wise like them fine town gals."

"And what if she ain't? She's better than them all put together, and a thousand times prettier."

It was hardly twenty-four hours since she had bestirred herself to save his life, and his heart was still warm toward her.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE first three volumes of Mr. Stedman's *Library of American Literature*¹ cover the colonial and revolutionary times down to the adoption of the Constitution. It may seem surprising that three large quarto volumes should be required to hold what is worth preservation in a period usually regarded as barren, in a literary sense; but the editors have interpreted the term "literature" in a liberal way, and mean to present in this collection a view of the intellectual life in the colonies, and later in the States of the Union, without too strict a regard to that quality of form and style which makes literature classic. The colonial writings are for the most part interesting on historical grounds: they consist of chronicles, diaries of adventure, and all kinds of sermonizing; and undoubtedly, as a whole, they are very tedious, more fit for the leisure of our

state historical societies in their proceedings than for general reading. The impression that there is so little of real value in the colonial literature that it is not worth while to search for it is widespread; and in a certain sense this is true. In those days literature was not practiced as a fine art in this country. The books that were written, however, came very near to the real life of the people, reflected their thoughts and their doings with truthfulness, if not with beauty, and constitute the record of the settlement. Literature was at all events a practical art. There was as much life in sermons then as there is in newspapers now; and in the tragedies of the wilderness, in shipwreck, Indian battle, and pirate-hunting, in Quakerism and witchcraft, there was that union of romance and reality which gives to history the liveliness of fiction. One who is unac-

¹ *A Library of American Literature.* From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE

STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. In ten volumes. Vol. I., II., III. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888.

quainted with the stores of our historical societies would turn these pages with surprise at their riches. The first volume is the American Hakluyt. Here is a chapter out of that voyaging which was opening the whole western world, and to us the most interesting of all because it contains the adventures of the American coast; it is read, too, as it came from the lips of the men who were themselves chief actors in the scene, direct in speech as they were sturdy in deed. There is no art in the saying of their words, but the pulse of the action is still to be felt in their narratives; the story is yet warm with memory of joys and sorrows, the *ipsissima verba* of castaways rescued against hope. One who would obtain a vivid impression of what planting the wilderness was could not do better than read these pages, in which admirable selection has brought together the best of these living narratives; and as he continues, he will find the entire life of the colonies, their hopes, beliefs, and customs, their perils and their deliverances, opening under his view. The collection in these three volumes is an illustration, better than any history, of the first hundred and fifty years of English life on this continent.

A considerable part of the material is necessarily familiar, inasmuch as the more important events in history and the more striking incidents in personal adventure are natural subjects for editorial selection; but these are told from the original sources. It is unavoidable, too, that the colonies of Virginia and of New England, especially the latter, should occupy a disproportionate place, because their inhabitants left more written records of themselves and came more into the ken of travelers. Intellectual life was more vigorous among the Puritans of the Bay than elsewhere, and the whole social system felt its stimulus. From the other parts of the country we get little else than descriptions of places, anecdotes of warfare, and a few

characterizations of men, together with the famous shipwreck of Sir Thomas Gates off the Bermudas, which some suppose to be the original of Shakespeare's storm in the *Tempest*, and the dolorous narrative of Colonel Norwood's voyage and sufferings in Virginia, which is as fine a story of adventure as the chronicles contain, and is told in a manner to delight Kingsley or Thackeray. We get, also, a glimpse of the Southern pirates, but no more. Similarly, the collection affords only a slight account of New York, a bird's-eye view of the trading village, and a glance at its city politics, disturbed even at that early day. It is New England that furnishes the bulk of the matter which has come down to us, from the internal troubles of the Leyden church, the landing at Plymouth, the coming of Endicott, Morton of Merymount, the hiding of the king's judges, down through Quakerism and witchcraft, French and Indian wars, to the defiance of Adams and Otis. This was a most interesting period, with changes and incidents in plenty, with solid characters for counsel and action, and with one of the most remarkable communities of the world to mould and develop. Mr. Stedman's skill in so choosing extracts from the mass of forgotten writings as to place before us the traits of the people is a very fortunate gift. It is especially matter for congratulation that he has taken from the ecclesiastical record so many characterizations of the leading Puritan ministers, such as Hooker, Shepard, Cotton, Eliot, the Mathers, and also of some of their wives. Of the theology of the time, he gives no more of the blazing kind than is needful to a full idea of the sermons of the divines, while of other extracts there are enough to show that if the people thought much upon the wrath to come, they also sought pious and godly living. Perhaps the most curious theological examples are the denunciations launched by the Quakers at Endicott

and his fellows, in the style of the Hebrew prophets : " Woe, woe to thee, thou bloody town of Boston, and the rest that are confederate with thee, and it thou canst not escape, — thou who hast shed the blood of the innocent people called Quakers, and imprisoned and fined them, and taken away their goods, and they have become a prey unto thee, for thee to exercise thy cruelty upon them ; and thou boasts in thy wickedness, and ' thinks thou dost God good service to brand and put to death ' the people called Quakers. Verily this is the thoughts and intents of the hearts of many of you in New England ; but especially within thee, and within thy jurisdiction that belongs to thee, O thou town of Boston ! " Of this kind of jeremiad there is a considerable amount, but the extract is interesting as an example of that command of Biblical style to which much of the earlier volumes owe what literary merit they contain. The Scripture, from the time that the Bible was a new book in England, was almost an English dialect ; and in these divines of New England one sees how invigorating it was before it became a cant. Undoubtedly it encouraged the exhortatory style of harangue, but it gave force to the utterance of the mind, and from a literary point of view great influence is to be ascribed to it. Wherever the style rises and becomes fervid, one easily perceives the study of the Bible ; intellectual passion, high feeling of all kinds, took on this Scriptural expression ; it was the poetry, the highest form of impassioned speech, of the period. Even in descriptions one sees its dominating influence. It is not the mosaic of Biblical words that we refer to, but the very spirit of the orator who pours them forth. Here is an admirable instance of the manner of it ; and a more vigorous picture of battle, one more abundant in the ancient English force, could hardly be found. It is from the pen of William Hooke.

" Here ride some dead men swagging in their deep saddles ; there fall others alive upon their dead horses ; death sends a message to those from the mouth of the muskets ; these it talks with face to face, and stabs them in the fifth rib. In yonder file there is a man hath his arms struck off from his shoulder, another by him hath lost his leg ; here stands a soldier with half a face, there fights another upon his stumps, and at once both kills and is killed ; not far off lies a company wallowing in their sweat and gore ; such a man whilst he chargeth his musket is discharged of his life, and falls upon his dead fellow. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. Death reigns in the field, and is sure to have the day, which side soever falls. In the mean while (O formidable !) the infernal fiends follow the camp to catch after the souls of rude nefarious soldiers (such as are commonly men of that calling), who fight themselves fearlessly into the mouth of hell for revenge, a booty, or a little revenue. How thick and threefold do they speed one another to destruction ! A day of battle is a day of harvest for the devil."

Such an extract is sufficient to show that these pages are not without masterly style. It is interesting to observe, too, in these theological portions the efforts of the imaginative faculties of the mind to make themselves felt, in parable and fancied dialogue, and here and there one comes on that not unfrequent union of the actor and the preacher which was offensive to the usually grave and serious ways of the Puritan pulpit. There was one preacher who enacted Christ's agony and impersonated God dropping sinners into the pit. Perhaps long discourses encouraged such sporadic attempts at variety.

Outside of this infusion of the noble language of Scripture into style, there is little for the literary critic to notice. In the minds of the writers one perceives

no great distinction, no remarkable individual gifts. It is plain that piety and strength of character must have sustained intellectual power in these leaders of the community. Jonathan Edwards was the sole example of a mind of the first order in the colonies, and his metaphysical analysis and closeness of logic stand by themselves, apart from all else in the collection; for though Bishop Berkeley is included as a contributor to American literature, and some pages of Berkeleyism are interpolated, the mind refuses to regard him as other than an Englishman of the mother country. John Norton, also, occupies a solitary niche, with his style deeply imbued with classical example and studded with the names and maxims of the ancients. He alone shows the powerful influence of the old collegiate learning; nor did he emulate the example of Cotton, whom he eulogizes as "savoring more of the cross of Christ than of human learning." In him alone we come upon those mingled strains of pagan learning and Puritanism which were most happily blended in Milton. The other noted ministers of the early colonists have a family resemblance, and their memory, as here shown, exemplifies the common ideal of the "godly men" who planted the church in the new soil.

In the broad view which such a collection as this gives, one trait in the public spirit of the colonists stands out prominently with equal eminence in both the lay and clerical authors, in New England and in Virginia. There were carpers, of course, restless spirits, adventurers of all sorts, who had fault to find, who felt irked by restraint, and would have produced some Gonzalo's commonwealth. But, commonly speaking, they looked upon this country, this wilderness as they called it, as a paradise, a land of promise and plenty, where the poor people of the Old World could begin life anew. The terms in which they describe the fertility of the land, the excellence of the climate, the speed with

which comfort was obtained, all the advantages of material prosperity, are identical with those now associated in our minds with the new West. Kansas and Nebraska are not praised more in our day, nor is the opportunity the West offers for the poor to build homes of plenty more persistently and glowingly put forth than is the lot of the planter and the colonist subject for congratulation in many of these extracts. It is true there were Indians, but, generally speaking, the Indians were kind friends to the first comers; there were shipwrecks, such as that marvelous one of Thacher and Avery on their August voyage from Ipswich to Marblehead, which gave the name to Thacher's Island, but such perils were exceptional. The well-being of the people at large was greater than in the mother country; they were full of hope and energy, and rapidly developed that versatility in expedients and keenness in acquiring wealth which were to be the great traits of their descendants. They prized, too, from an early date, their liberties. These were never left unmentioned in the enumeration of their blessings. Nor was it many years before they were proud of their achievements, like a Western community; only that they were more prone to see the hand of God in it, and to look on themselves as God's people, of whom he had a special care. This was true more particularly of New England. The heresies that arose among them are a proof of the free action of their minds. The persecution of the dissenters, of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, and the delusion of the Salem witchcraft have been made much of; but however lamentable these seem now, in a different age and a more settled society, they were then looked on as religious disorders of the same nature, relative to the commonwealth, as were the doings of Morton at Merrymount in a secular way. The Puritans believed in government, and had the English sense for it,

and they valued their liberties likewise in an English temper. When the most has been charged against them, there remains the state they founded, with the public spirit that grew up with it; and the fact that from the first they nursed this high hope of their fortunes, looked on the land as their own and believed in it, and regarded their prosperity in a free condition as God's dealing with them was one fundamental ground underlying the entire revolutionary period. The Revolution was ingrained in them by their birth as citizens of the New World.

This is one reason why, when we come to the third volume of the work, there is no break in the continuity of the Puritan spirit. A new political question had arisen, and men in secular life were called to the front by it, but the temperament of the people as expressed in the new voices was the same. Society had grown more varied, and commerce and law were coming into rivalry with the pulpit; yet the mental tone is still one of sobriety, dignity, and a fervor which did not pass into unreason. At the beginning of this volume stands Franklin, and nearly all the men of the Revolution appear before the end is reached. The change that is noticed is a great one. One feels that the colonies, in obtaining independence, have passed into the state of a true nation. Washington's Farewell Address is here, and more than the Declaration itself, which is also here, those words of Washington signal a new era. Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Patrick Henry's famous speech, Paine, and Otis admonish the reader that the question is no longer of sea or land adventures, of Berkeley's or Edwards's theories, of Cambridge or Saybrook platforms, but of those broad matters which concern the founding of a stable state. This volume is necessarily largely political, and yet the selection here has also been excellently made, and the nature of the contents lightened

by introducing many letters of our public men. Even here we do not come into the view of literature, in the ordinary sense. Mr. Stedman has done his best by the poets and poetesses, but without any success in restoring to them any of their contemporary lustre, such as it was. In the earlier volumes there were a few verses, all that could possibly be called into service; in this volume there are many, and those which illustrate the popular songs of the Revolution well deserve such remembrance as is given them; but even with Freneau, the first name which yet retains a lingering reputation in the world, he cannot persuade us that Poetry had yet come to the shores which Berkeley and Herbert had prophesied should be her chosen seat. There is only one copy of verses, by a youth who died at twenty-two, and left this pathetic waif of pleasantries behind him, which has a spark of nature in it, and with it the volume ends.

The Library, it will be seen from what has been said, is, so far as it has gone, an excellent and convenient *résumé* of all writings which by a liberal use of the word can be called American, for the first century and a half after the settlement. The extracts afford a complete and abundant view of this literature in travel, history, anecdote, theology, politics, and versifying; and the passages chosen are such as illustrate in the most instructive and entertaining way the habits and customs, the modes of thought, the lives, and the public spirit of the people, so far as any record of them survives. Many of the originals from which these extracts are made are rare or difficult of access, and many of them also are such that even a patient reader would never hunt out their contents. The editors claim that the "first two volumes contain a more select and compact representation of the writings of our colonial divines than has before been attempted." Certainly these two volumes serve the purpose of exhibiting the general character of the Puritan

mind in New England admirably, and the justice with which a somewhat delicate task has been discharged is notable. There are few persons whom it is easier to misrepresent than those divines of the old stock; but as they are illustrated here by their own words, they really seem to live and speak in their proper persons. As much can be said, too, for the sufficiency of the tales of personal adventure, of Indian warfare, and of the disturbers of the colonies. In the third volume, which summarizes the growth and progress of the ideas of the Revolution and contains its greatest state papers, one feels that only a part of that large mass of admirable political speech and

discussion is given; but the best of it has been included, and so as to reflect in a lively way the times and the men. In the succeeding volumes, literature proper, though not to the exclusion of anything which may be fairly embraced under the name of the nation's writings, may be expected to hold the chief place; and so far as the plan of the work is disclosed, it bids fair to be as useful and successful as what has already been published. At all events, these three volumes are a substantial addition to popular literature, and make, as they profess to do, a library of our best American reading for the people at large.

MRS. CUSTER'S ARMY LIFE.

THE experiences of a woman in rough-and-ready campaigning must necessarily be interesting. There is a novelty in her position and in her view of men's affairs which is unfailing, and to this is added the attraction of admiration for her pluck. Mrs. Custer's parents objected to her marriage because of the hardships of barrack-life to which she would be exposed, but in their wildest fears they could not have anticipated the tenth part of what it fell to her duty to endure. Her husband was a campaigner of a thousand, and in following him she had to meet with as much as an officer's wife could be subjected to by circumstances. Her story¹ is divided into two periods. The war being over, General Custer was dispatched without delay to the Southwest, partly to aid in the pacification of the country, and partly with a view to the contingency of an invasion of Mexico, in case there should be need of maintaining the Monroe doc-

trine by force of arms. The latter plan was, fortunately, not required to be put in execution. Enough remained in the task of restoring order in Texas to exercise the tact and discretion of the young general and the endurance of his wife. Her narrative is largely one of camp incidents and the discomforts of the marches in Texas. Her description of the journey south, and of the look of the country and the temper of its inhabitants, is a lively account of the unsettled condition of affairs on the close of hostilities; but the main story does not begin until the command advanced into the Texas wilderness. Throughout the volume much attention is given to the personnel of the company immediately about her: the servants, the relatives of the general, the friends among the officers, are the leading characters, and the horses and dogs are given a hardly inferior place; in fact, we have here a history of General Custer's family, as that word is used in

¹ *Tenting on the Plains; or, General Custer in Kansas and Texas.* By ELIZABETH B. CUS-

TER. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

army parlance. The pests of the country, the snakes, tarantulas, scorpions, alligators, mosquitoes, ants, and other live annoyances, naturally fill a large space to her womanly eyes, and are the occasion of many anecdotes. Among the ravages of the ants is one which we believe is unparalleled. It occurred when the general was ill with breakbone fever, and was unwillingly reduced to taking large quantities of quinine. As he became convalescent, it was noticed that the enormous ration of pills disappeared mysteriously, not at all to his sorrow. He pleaded entire ignorance, and on watch being set it was discovered that the ants had taken a liking for the round white balls, and when night came would climb the table and laboriously carry off the pills, as many as thirty at one raid. This is only a bagatelle among the troubles which the numerous pests of the region brought about, and which are detailed most feelingly. Such things were by no means the real hardships through which the young wife went with endless perseverance and courage, and for which the few amusements were not to be reckoned as compensations. Life on horseback and in the open air, nevertheless, has such invigoration in it that one can endure almost any measure of discomfort so long as one does not break down entirely; and Mrs. Custer transfers to her pages the attraction of such existence and its vitality. The family, moreover, was a merry one; the taste for practical jokes which flourishes in such circumstances was indulged to the utmost; there was a great deal of pure fun and high animal spirits; and by including all this in the tale, and never losing the sense of comradeship which belongs to camping-life, the narrative is enlivened and made real. But there was little regret at leaving Texas, it would seem, except for the separation the move caused when the general's staff was disbanded.

The second scene of the volume is in the plains of the Northwest, and its ad-

ventures are with the buffalo and the Indian. In this portion a near view is had of barrack-life, and Mrs. Custer writes with much sympathy for the temptations which it offers, especially with respect to drunkenness. Her husband was a teetotaler, and this quickened her perception of what a man who did not drink or was trying to reform had to meet at the hands of his companions. But barrack-life is at the best dull, and the interest here is rather in the expeditions of General Custer into the Indian country, with his letters to her, and in her journeys to join him. The humors of the plains, the weaknesses which come out so markedly in the confined life of small groups of men, the negro occupation of the fort, comical incidents, horses, dogs, hunts, all that goes to make up life in a frontier garrison, are portrayed with great detail; the picture is as complete as could be wished. It is too fragmentary and disconnected to have justice done it without liberal extracts. On the march the adventures were often stirring, and there was frequently peril from floods and accidents and Indian ambushes, while there were also much privation and exposure in that unsettled and weather-beaten country. Mrs. Custer was at one time in the exceedingly unenviable position of a woman in an Indian fight, whom the officer in command had promised her husband to shoot in case there were danger of her falling into the hands of the savages; and though the attack was beaten off, it was quite possible that the officer would have been called upon to do his work, as he said he would have done it without hesitation. But this and other such matters can be left to the reader's perusal. He will find the narrative full and vivid, if somewhat rambling and diffuse. The very defects of the volume show how much trivialities count for in the frontier life, and emphasize the dreariness of it; and one is brought very close to the lot both of the settlers and

the soldiers by the extended view of the hard conditions of existence at that time on the vast border of Western emigration.

What gives peculiar interest to these reminiscences, beyond their value as a record of observations of a life difficult to reach through books, is the personality of the popular hero who is the centre of all that goes on. General Custer's character has been often described, and here he is seen in his family life without a veil. Frank, brave and humane, quick-witted and self-controlled, he was the beau-ideal, to use the old phrase, of a soldier; he was born and trained to his career, and he had great qualities for its successful conduct. Here he is shown not so much in the field as in the tent; not assailing the enemy with his perfect courage and wild dash of assault, but living with his familiar friends, taking his sportsman's pleasure in the hunt, indulging his affection for his horses and his innumerable dogs, and, when occasion came, doing his duty with the quiet firmness of the hero. He was in those years, the ten years after the war, still in his early manhood, with much of boyish spirit; though he had won his way so rapidly to rank and distinction, he remained young, and the geniality and freedom and warm attachment that made him popular, as much as his ability, were striking qualities of his nature. It was a test of his metal that, being so youthful and open, he had to bear honors and duties beyond his years; and he endured the test like gold. We find here in his unrestrained and thoroughly natural letters, usually about common things of the day, a passage in which he speaks of himself. He writes

from his camp among the Indians to his wife in 1867:—

"I have so much to be thankful for in my life, God grant I may always prove as deserving as I am grateful to him for what he has given me. In years long numbered with the past, when I was verging upon manhood, my every thought was ambitious—not to be wealthy, not to be learned, but to be great. I desired to link my name with acts and men, and in such a manner as to be a mark of honor, not only to the present but future generations. My connection with the war may have gained this distinction; but my course during the last five or six years has not been directed by ambition so much as by patriotism, and I now find myself, at twenty-seven, with contentment and happiness bordering my path. My ambition has been turned into an entirely new channel. Where I was once eager to acquire worldly honors and distinctions I am now content to try and modestly wear what I have, and feel grateful for them when they come; but my desire now is to make of myself a man worthy of the blessings heaped upon me."

These are simple, true words; and read in connection with this view of his circumstances on the frontier and of his nature as it shows itself in daily life, they bear the stamp of the finest manhood. The tribute that has been paid to his gallantry may well be paid to the man himself in all the compass of his character. His companionship was what made life in the camp dear to his wife, and one does not wonder, although feeling admiration for her devotion, that she chose to endure so much for his sake.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Pitch-Pine Meditation. IN outward, every-day affairs, in what we foolishly call real life, man is a stickler for regularity, a devout believer in the maxim, "Order is heaven's first law." He sets his house at right angles with the street; lays out his grounds in the straightest of straight lines, or in the most undeviating of curves; selects his shade-trees for their trim, geometrical habit; and, all in all, carries himself as if precision and conformity were the height of virtue. Yet this same man, when he comes to deal with pictorial representations, makes up his judgment according to quite another standard; finding nothing picturesque in tidy gardens and shaven lawns, discarding without hesitation every well-rounded, symmetrical tree, delighting in disorder and disproportion, loving a ruin better than the best appointed palace, and a tumble-down wall better than the costliest and stanchest of new-laid masonry. It is hard to know what to think of an inconsistency like this. Why should taste and principle be thus opposed to each other, as if the same man were half Philistine, half Bohemian? Can this strong æsthetic preference for imperfection be based upon some permanent, universal law, or is it only a passing whim, the fashion of an hour?

Whatever we may say of such a problem, — and where one knows nothing, it is, perhaps, wisest to say nothing, — we may surely count it an occasion for thankfulness that a thing so common as imperfection should have at least its favorable side. Music would soon become tame, if not intolerable, without here and there a discord; and who knows how stupid life itself might prove without some slight admixture of evil? From my study windows I can see sundry of the newest and most commodious mansions in town; but I more often look,

not at them, but at a certain dilapidated old house, blackening for want of paint, and fast falling into decay, but with one big elm before the door. I have no hankerings to live in it; as a dwelling-place, I should no doubt prefer one of the more modern establishments; but for an object to look at, give me the shanty.

Human nature is nothing if not paradoxical. In its eyes everything is both good and bad; and for my own part, I sometimes wonder whether this may not be the sum of all wisdom, — to find everything good in its place, and everything bad out of its place.

Thoughts like these suggest themselves as I look at the pitch-pine, which, to speak only of such trees as grow within the range of my own observation, is the one irregular member of the family of cone-bearers. The white or Weymouth pine, the hemlock, the cedars, the spruces, the fir, and the larch, these are all, in different ways, of a decidedly symmetrical turn. Each of them has its own definite plan, and builds itself up in fastidious conformity therewith, except as untoward outward conditions may now and then force an individual into some abnormal peculiarity. And all of them, it need not be said, have the defect of this quality. They are not without charm, not even the black spruce, while the Weymouth pine and the hemlock are often of surpassing magnificence and beauty; but a punctilious adherence to rule must of necessity be attended with a corresponding absence of freedom and variety. The pitch-pine, on the other hand, if it works upon any set scheme, as no doubt it does, has the grace to keep it out of sight. Its gift is genius rather than talent. It has an air, as genius always has, of achieving its results without effort or premedita-

tion. Its method is that of spontaneity; its style, that of the picturesque-homely, so dear to the artistic temperament. Its whole make-up is consistent with this germinal or controlling idea. Angular in outline, rough and ragged in its bole, with its needles stiff and its cones hard and sharp, it makes no attempt at gracefulness, yet by virtue of its very waywardness it becomes, as if in spite of itself, more attractive than any of its relatives.

The Puritans of New England are mostly dead; the last of their spiritual descendants, we may fear, will soon be dead likewise; but as long as *Pinus rigida* covers the sandy knolls of Massachusetts, the sturdy, uncompromising, independent, economical, indefatigable, all-enduring spirit of Puritanism will be worthily represented in this its sometime thriving-place.

For the pitch-pine's noblest qualities are, after all, not artistic, but moral. Such unalterable contentment, such hardness and persistency, are enough to put the stoutest of us to shame. Once give it root, and no sterility of soil can discourage it. Everything else may succumb, but it — it and the gray birch — will make shift to live. Like the resin that exudes from it, having once taken hold, it has no thought of letting go. It is never "planted by the rivers of water," but all the same its leaf does not wither. No summer so hot and dry, no winter so cold and wet, but it keeps its perennial green. What cannot be done in one year may, perchance, be accomplished in three or four. It spends several seasons in ripening its fruit. Think of an apple-tree thus patient!

The pitch-pine is beautiful to look at, and "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," but it would be a shame not to add that it is also most excellent to smell of. If I am to judge, scarcely any odor wears better than this of grow-

ing turpentine. There is something unmistakably clean and wholesome about it. The very first whiff savors of salubrity. "The belief in the good effects of pine forests in cases of phthisis is quite unanimous" (so I read the other day in a scientific journal), "and the clinical evidence in favor of their beneficial influence is unquestioned." Who can tell whether our New England climate, with all its consumptive provocations, might not be found absolutely unendurable but for the amelioration furnished by this generously diffused terebinthine prophylactic?

When all is said, however, nothing else about the pitch-pine ever affects me so deeply as its behavior after man has done his worst upon it. It would appear to have some vague sense of immortality, some gropings after a resurrection. The tree was felled in the autumn, and the trunk cut up ignominiously into cordwood; but in the spring the prostrate logs begin to put forth scattered tufts of bright green leaves, — life still working under the ribs of death, — while the stump, whether "through the scent of water" I cannot say, is perhaps sending up fresh shoots, — a piece of *post-mortem* hopefulness the like of which no white pine, for all its seemingly greater vitality, was ever known to exhibit. But leaves and shoots alike come to nothing. If a pitch-pine die, it shall not live again. The wood's blind impulses, if not false in themselves, were at least falsely interpreted. Alas! alas! who has not found it so? What seemed like the prophetic stirrings of a new life were only the last flickerings of a lamp that was going out.

Quick
Temper.

— A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be undesirable possession, a quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper!" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with

the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply, "Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quickest-tempered people in the world!" given in a tone that does not imply modest deprecation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now this willingness — eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called — to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar;" nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and — after a little lapse of time — forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and *unrighteously* (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for

good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this tempering episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly — in a flash of thought — the outburst would be averted.

Let the people with slow tempers, if there be any such, assert themselves and claim their superiority. Let them declare that they are not deficient in sensibility; that they are not callous, heavy, nor mean-spirited; but that they are really the quick ones, quick in intellect and in discrimination, and so able to control the temper with which, after everything has been said, I am inclined to think we are all, in the beginning, equally gifted.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Found, yet Lost, by E. P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) North Liberty is a Connecticut village, and the Ar-

gonauts are certain of its inhabitants who flee to California to complete the drama begun in the eastern village. Mr. Harte has seldom made such ducks and drakes of his coin as in

this story, where the use of character and incident is willful and in violent opposition to naturalness and truth. — *Olivia Delaplaine*, by Edgar Fawcett. (Ticknor.) This novel is more in Mr. Fawcett's vein than the temperance story which we have mentioned. The shadings of character in New York society offer a truer field for his intellectual industry. — *Perrault's Popular Tales*, edited from the original editions, with Introduction, etc., by Andrew Lang. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.) Mr. Lang has done us a service in giving us these famous little stories in the text of 1697. They have a new charm with their old-fashion punctuation, orthography, and capitalization. The editor's painstaking notes and, above all, his delightful essay on Perrault, place us very deeply in his debt. — *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder* (Harpers) is an anonymous story of romantic adventure somewhat in the Haggard mood. The plot is not without ingenuity. — The latest addition to Miss Wormeley's admirable series of translations from Balzac is the *Magic Skin* — *La Peau de Chagrin* in the original. Mr. George Frederic Parsons enriches the volume by contributing a strikingly acute and interesting study of this story, which is one of Balzac's briefer masterpieces. (Roberts Bros.) — The lovers of stories that have beginning, middle, and end, will heartily welcome *The Black Arrow*, a Tale of the Two Roses, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.)

Poetry and the Drama. Metrical Translations and Poems, by Frederic H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. (Houghton.) Dr. Hedge's contribution of translations is mainly from the great Germans, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and shows his nervous, forcible diction; he contributes also the original poems of the volume, which are mainly occasional verses and hymns. Mrs. Wister's choice lies among less-known writers and poems, but in both cases there is a scholarly mark and a resolution of literary power. — *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes*, together with the *Rhyme of the Border War* is the full title of Mr. Thomas Brower Peacock's volume of poems, which is introduced with a biographical sketch and critical study by Professor Thomas Danleigh Suplée. A. M., Ph. D., F. R. S. (Putnams.) Seldom does a volume of poetry come under such a military escort as this, for besides the procession in front, headed by Mr. Peacock's portrait and autograph, there is a brass band of comments, criticism, etc., to bring up the rear. Footnotes freely scattered through the book represent the mob of boys, and curiosity is heightened to get a look at the Escorted. We open at random and come upon this stanza: —

"Full twenty years James reigned supreme
The monarch of his own desire;
His will was all the law, 't would seem,
That marked his mad career of fire."

One of the small boys at the foot of the page sings out that this is Jesse James. We turn the leaf: —

"Now as she combs her flowing tresses dark,
Lo! that fair hand, how perfect is its make!
Behold that face and form, her beauty mark!
'T is to enshrine fair Corolinda Blake."

No footnote here, and we are left to conjecture whether Corolinda is an historic or imagined creature. Mr. Peacock takes himself much too seriously, and we may add in passing that he takes the *Saturday Review* in its comments on his poem too seriously, though we admit that the jocularity of our English brother is very successfully smothered. — *Cloudrifts at Twilight*, by William Batchelder Greene. (Putnams.) It is true there is some doubt whether the next day is to be fair or not, but on the whole we should say that the chances are it will be rather dull and cheerless. — *Iona: a lay of Ancient Greece*, by Payne Erskine. (Cupples & Hurd.) The work of a writer who has a thought which she chooses to express in terms of verse: the writing is free and unconstrained, and there is a certain simplicity and purity of diction which wins respect, but though the poem is Greek so far as this goes, there is no such decision of form and directness of tale as the subject demands. The writer has command of language, but in handling words as in handling troops power is shown in making a small number do effective work, not in marching long lines up a hill and then down again. — *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*, by the late George Frederick Cameron, edited by his brother, Charles J. Cameron. (Alexander Moore, Boston.) Mr. Cameron was a Canadian writer and journalist of earnestness and feeling. He was young and ardent, and had not learned to separate his function as a journalist from his gifts as a poet. Thus some of his fervid poems are editorials in verse, but this cannot be said of all. It may be said, however, that the journalistic facility seems to have got into his poetry, and his lyrics impress one rather as poured freely and without stint from a nervous nature than subjected to the discipline of obedience to art. — *Poems*, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Gottschberger, New York.) We are a little surprised at the bulk of Mrs. Cooke's poetical work, but we have no right to be when we consider how much of a range her prose takes. This volume shows her also as a nice observer, a generous lover, and a woman of spiritual insight and force. — *Andiatoroté*; or the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George, and other Poems,

hymns, and meditations in verse, by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth. (Putnams.) An interesting book, if for no other reason than that it represents both the devotional and the literary side of a Roman Catholic writer who writes, not as a foreigner, but as an American. It is noticeable that the religious element has less hagiography about it than is common with the work of Roman Catholic writers in Roman Catholic countries.—*Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire*, by Aubrey De Vere. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) Mr. De Vere, in his interesting preface, points out the characteristics of that period which preceded the Middle Ages, and his poems are reflections of that time and spirit. His poetry has thus an intellectual origin, and will be read, we think, rather as a poetical comment on early Christians than for its own charm; but it is always a man of fine taste and pure mysticism who writes.—*Mary Tudor*, an historical drama, by the late Sir Aubrey De Vere. (George Bell & Sons, London.) There was a poetic power in the earlier De Vere which seems more native and genuine. This drama contains little of the lyric element, but is a forcible presentation in dramatic form of the view taken of Mary by a patriotic Englishman who also was a Romanist.—*The Triumph of Music and other Lyrics*, by Madison J. Cawein. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) Mr. Cawein has drunk deep of the overflow of the Pierian spring which runs through Swinburne's fields, and after reading a number of these lyrics and hearing their sound we find ourselves driven to wonder somewhat where the sense is.—*Plays* by Charles Gildehaus. (John L. Boland Book and Stationery Co., St. Louis.) Two of these dramas, *Æneas* and *Telemachus*, are drawn from antiquity; one, *Sibyl*, is drawn from contemporary life, and all are curiously taken from the left-off language of Shakespeare. We advise readers who want fresh literature to buy this book.—*Rebecca the Witch*, and other tales in metre, by David Skaats Foster. (Putnams.) The poetry of a writer who relies for his effects upon simple, natural sentiment, or very palpable humor.—*Along the Shore*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Lathrop has a delicate perception of subtleties of color, form, and movement; she perceives *nuances* where others would find blank intermissions, and thus her poetry abounds in felicitous phrases and single bits of effect, though it would be hard to find the full, rounded, poetic form which takes no account of the reader's mood.—Smith, Elder & Co. are issuing a uniform edition of Browning's poems in sixteen volumes, the first three of which are now ready. The books are very neat in typography

and binding, but the proof sheets seem to have been carelessly read. On the opening page of *Strafford*, for example, the omission of a period at the end of a line and the dropping of the second letter in the line immediately following make sad work for the general reader. Mr. Browning's text is none too lucid even when it is correctly printed. In this respect the London edition falls short of the American, which, by the way, is the first complete collection ever made of Browning's poetical works.

Theology, Ethics, and Religion. *The Heart of the Creeds*, historical religion in the light of modern thought, by Arthur Wentworth Eaton. (Putnams.) An attempt at popularizing what may be termed, for want of a more exact epithet, Broad Church theology in the Episcopal Church. The book is not especially forcible, but it has good temper.—*Manual of Christian Evidences*, by George Park Fisher. (Scribners.) A compact volume, in which Professor Fisher, with his sound judgment and lucid method, seeks to furnish students with a convenient means of considering the evidences of Christianity as now ordinarily presented.—*The Faith that Makes Faithful*, by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A little volume of eight homely talks on religion and character, with many energetic words.—*Show us the Father*. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A half dozen addresses or sermons by Unitarian clergymen who represent the aggressive Western radical section. The writers tackle large subjects in a half hour, with results necessarily general, vague, and somewhat unprofitable. A little humility, by the way, would do these iconoclasts no harm. One may be provincial in thought even in Chicago.—*The Anointed Seraph*, by G. H. Pollock. (John F. Sheiry, Washington.) This is a thin volume one, of which a nebulous volume two is to contain, as it were, the answers to the conundrums now propounded. "Two men were walking around Boston Common, and had already made the circuit, when the clock in Park Street steeple reminded them that there was but an hour yet to midnight, and it was time for them to turn homeward." So the book begins. Nothing could be more encouraging, more genuinely realistic. Now here is the last sentence in the book: "Ishmael and Israel may stand as another expression for, or illustration of, the two principles in the natural world. They may also represent the two parts of the broken Tetragrammaton. But more than all, they may stand for the two keys embodied in the Anointed Cherub and the Anointed Son: the key of nature, and the key by means of which the mystery of God shall be solved." When

two men walk round Boston Common discussing anointed cherubs, tetragrammata, keys embodied, Ishmael and Israel, we wonder that they should go to bed so early as eleven o'clock. — Palestine in the time of Christ, by Edmond Stapfer, translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. (Armstrong.) A series of studies on the social and religious life of the Jews in the first century, based upon an examination, mainly, of the New Testament, Josephus, and the Talmuds. The author is a French Protestant, and while the book has nothing, probably, which is not accessible to the English student, the subject is presented in an orderly, clear manner; nor does one feel that the author has in mind an audience already affected by Renan. — The Realities of Heaven, eight lectures, by the Rev. T. F. Wright. (W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.) From the standpoint of Swedenborgianism, with more criticism of other doctrines than is usually indulged in by writers of this society. — The Field-Ingersoll Discussion. (North American Review, New York.) A reprint of a series of articles, by R. G. Ingersoll and H. M. Field, upon faith or agnosticism. There is a great hurdling of missiles in this book, but when the field is cleared, there appear to be no dead or wounded.

Text-Books and Education. Principle and Practice of Morality, or Ethical Principles Discussed and Applied, by E. G. Robinson. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) President Robinson, of Brown University, follows his great predecessor, Dr. Wayland, in producing a text-book on moral science, but whereas Wayland confined himself mainly to practical morality, Dr. Robinson gives his strength to the preventive principles. By so doing he more nearly meets the demand of colleges. There is an interesting chapter on the origin of the conscience, in which the theory of evolution is considered in its bearing on the subject. — Composition and Rhetoric, by practice, with exercises adapted for use in high schools and colleges, by William Williams. (Heath.) A convenient book for teachers in search of examples, but we should hesitate about giving so many more examples to correct than models of excellence. — The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of Schoolhouses and School Life is a prize essay, by D. F. Lincoln, issued by the American Public Health Association. (Concord, N. H.) It deals with site, plan and arrangement, ventilation and heating, hygiene of the eye, school-desks and gymnastics, affections of the nervous system and supervision. — Nature Readers is the general title of two little books, written by Julia McNair Wright. (Heath.) The plan of the books is to give beginners in reading an acquaintance with simple facts in nature. We have no criticism upon the facts in the book,

but object to giving barren reading-matter instead of literature for reading. These books have no style whatever, and surely style in literature is of the first importance. — Education in Bavaria, by Sir Philip Magnus. (Industrial Education Association, New York.) A pamphlet devoted especially to stating the opportunities for manual training under the system prevailing in Bavaria, which is compared chiefly with the English methods. — Atalanta's Race and other tales, from The Earthly Paradise, by William Morris; edited by O. F. Adams, with the coöperation of W. J. Rolfe. (Ticknor.) It was a capital idea to take these stories for use in reading, and the notes are interesting and helpful. — Variant edition of Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, with introduction and notes, by Henry Johnson. (Houghton.) This is a valuable contribution to the academic study of Shakespeare, since it offers a fac-simile reprint of the text of the first folio, 1623, with foot-notes giving every variant in spelling and punctuation occurring in the two quartos of 1600. It is valuable, we say, because it will enable teachers and students to take up the text of Shakespeare as one might take up the text of a Greek classic. — Plea for an American Language, or Germanic-English, showing the necessity of systematic spelling and of making our words pure, self-developed, and self-explaining according to Greek, German, and Irish models, with a grammar, reader, and vocabulary of the proposed American language; appeal to Germans, Irishmen and Scandinavians as well as the Americans in behalf of an expressive tongue; the present English proven to be a national misfortune. By Elias Molee. (John Anderson & Co., Chicago.) We print the entire title-page, that any one who wishes a language *ragoût* may know where to find it. — Warman's Practical Orthoepy and Critique, by E. B. Warman. (W. H. Harrison, Jr., Chicago.) The main portion of the book is taken up with a list of words often mispronounced. The author seems to show good judgment in his decisions. — The Child and Nature, or Geography Teaching with sand modeling, by Alexander E. Frye. (Bay State Publishing Co., Boston.) A book of suggestions to a teacher, but it is unfortunately too ambitious for use by any but a trained teacher. Its author shows himself to be a vigorous student in the field. — Chemical Problems, by J. P. Grabfield and P. S. Burns (Heath), has also a number of examination papers, apparently from those used at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — Exercises in English; accidence, syntax, and style, carefully selected and classified for criticism or correction. By H. I. Shaug. (Heath.) An English practice-book for teachers' use.